Short BUTT Sweet:

Female Spanking Stories

By Yu May

Siku and the Qalupalik 2
Brain Rot, Butt Hot 38
Humble Pie For Cathy McCain 95
Chapter I: Cathy Starts a New Chapter in Life 95
Chapter II: Cathy's Breakfast Bar and Grill 123
Chapter III: Cook the Cook's Caboose 148
El Dolor de la Luchadora 178
Pain Is (Not) Funny 207
Spanked by the Tutor 266
Life-Lessons From a Twenty-Something Spanked Female 302
Spanking Memories: Lin Mayrie 333
The Judgment of Sister Agnes 342
Chapter I: The Fall 342
Chapter II: Confession and Absolution 362
Jane and Josephine: The Lady and Her Maid 406
Clara Whitmore's Strange Request 452
Chapter I: The Letter 452
Chapter II: The Cane 463
Meet Tenny 475
On Taming a Princess of Mars 526

Siku and the Qalupalik

Once upon a time, in the icy expanse of the Arctic, where the sky met the sea in a dazzling dance of colors, lived a sixteen-year-old Inuit girl named Siku. Her days were filled with hard work, though they were not without the simple joys of family life.

However, her nights were haunted by dreams of the unknown, beyond the safety of her home.

Despite her parents' stern warnings about the treacherous ice fields and the dark legends that clung to them, Siku felt an irresistible pull toward the forbidden.

When she was a little girl, Siku's mother, Nuka (or her *anaana*, as Siku always called her), had told her tales of children venturing too close to the dark ice, only for a Qalupalik to snatch them away to its murky home beneath the depths.

In Anaana's stories, the wicked Qalupalik always wore a hooded parka covered with eider duck feathers and carried a large pouch in which it would carry away its hapless prey. But as Siku grew older, she decided that such stories were only meant to scare little children, like her eleven-year-old brother, Anik.

One crisp morning, under the pretext of gathering firewood, she chose to take a shortcut across the frozen sea ice, far past the "old ice." Siku trusted that she would sense if the ice was too thin. Her father, Aput (or her *ataata*, as Siku called him), had taught her to ice fish only last year.

Her heart pounded with both fear and excitement as she felt the waters of the sea hum beneath her feet, enjoying the thrill with each step. The wind whispered secrets in her ears—tales of spirits and creatures that roamed these waters, hidden from human eyes.

As the midnight sun approached, casting long shadows across the frozen landscape, Siku noticed something moving beneath the ice, away from the shore. Ignoring the shiver that ran down her spine, she stepped closer, her breath visible in the cold air. Sure enough, two milk-white eyes stared up at her from beneath the ice: a Qalupalik.

Slowly, it knocked against the thin ice from below. Though its movements were hampered by the silver-black waters, the hammering of its fist sent a dense, reverberating tremor through the ice.

"... Doom... Doom... Doom!"

Siku was nearly entranced by the rhythm, but she remembered the tales her mother had told her. "You can't trick me, Qalupalik! I know you want me to step onto the nilas ice, where it's thin enough for you to break through."

Siku was right. That was the Qalupalik's favorite trick. But unlike an ice rink, Arctic ice is never uniform and predictable. And as Siku turned away from the Qalupalik beneath the dark ice, she failed to notice the thin sheet of snow disguising the color of the ice ahead of her.

As she felt the ice give beneath her boot, Siku remembered what her father had taught her. She backed her other foot away, lowering her hands to spread her weight more evenly.

Then a slimy, webbed hand with long fingernails erupted through the thin ice and snatched her ankle.

A fish-like woman's head arose, dripping, from the waters. Its laughter sounded like a dying fish gasping for air. "Too old for my first trick...not too old for my second trick!"

Siku kicked at its face, only to feel the ice give way beneath her other leg. She twisted toward

the white ice, planning to roll up and away from the black water, but the Qalupalik leapt up after her, wrapping its arms around Siku's leg in a mockery of a maternal embrace. "Come home, my child!"

Siku fumbled for the bone-handled woman's knife at her belt—an ulu. As an all-purpose knife, the ulu was designed for everyday tasks like scraping away ice, not for battle. Nevertheless, when Siku jammed the blade against the Qalupalik's bony arms, scraping away a layer of scaly flesh, the monster howled and slipped back into the waters. It only managed to take one of Siku's boots with it as a prize.

Trembling with relief, Siku gasped for air and turned to crawl back onto the white ice. Already she began to feel a chill reach her toes. When she heard an echoing voice call her name, Siku tensed, wondering if the Qalupalik had crawled ashore to hunt her above the ice.

Then she saw her father, Aput, crawling toward her. She cried out in joy. "Ataata! Here I am!"

***

Aput gave Siku one of his own boots, then led her at a crawl away from the young ice until they reached the old ice. The moment they reached the shore, Aput scooped her up in his arms as easily as he ever had when she was a baby and rushed her home, ignoring her pleas to give him his boot back.

When they arrived at their igloo, Nuka, Siku's mother, wasted no time stripping her daughter of her wet clothes and giving her a fresh amautik. As they all sat on furs and warmed themselves by the *qulliq* lamp, Nuka fussed over Aput's red foot for a moment before matter-of-factly declaring that she wouldn't be cutting off any of his toes for him if he got frostbite. This was her little way of thanking

him for saving their daughter and telling him that he wouldn't lose the foot.

Nuka harrumphed as she wrapped Aput's foot in fresh caribou-fur socks. "And what were you doing so far out beyond the old ice, I'd like to know!"

"Precisely what I was going to ask Siku."

Siku stiffened, suddenly feeling a chill despite the warmth of the *qulliq* fire.

Aput's face was implacable. "Well, Siku? Tell us the whole story, from the beginning."

Siku obeyed, hanging her head as she confessed to trespassing across the forbidden ice fields. She hoped that her harrowing tale of meeting a Qalupalik would distract her parents from that detail. Anik was riveted, but when Siku finished her tale, Aput and Nuka let the silence hang. The flame cast flickering shadows across both the icy walls and her parents' icy faces.

Finally, Nuka and Aput exchanged a single whispered word: "*Ânnitilauguk*."

Siku knew her fate was sealed. Her mother had requested permission to give Siku a good spanking for being bad, and her father had given the order. Long ago, as a little girl of eight years, Siku had once been spanked by her mother for wandering toward the ice. And only a year ago, she had watched Anik being spanked for toying with their neighbor's harpoon without permission and had silently laughed, thinking how foolish her brother had been to earn such a childish punishment.

Aput stood, then gestured to his wife. "You begin, Anaana. I'm going to ask the neighbor to borrow his seal drag. I need time to think. I'll finish with Siku once you've had your say."

Siku thrilled at the mention of the seal drag, remembering how, on the occasion Anik was punished for playing with their neighbor's

harpoon without permission, their *ataata* had calmly warned Anik that if he ever did it again, he would feel a whipping from the leather cord of a seal drag, not just a smacking from an open palm.

Nuka nodded, pulling off her gloves. "Yes, Ataata."

She was a woman of sturdy build, her hair pulled back tightly from her face, accentuating her stern expression, her hands showing the wear of years spent in hard labor. Wordlessly, Nuka confiscated Siku's *ulu* knife with one hand, setting it down with a soft clink of metal against the stone of the *qulliq* hearth. But at the moment, it was Nuka's other, empty hand that Siku feared more.

As Siku caught a glimpse of her mother's calloused palm, she remembered how fearsome those same hands had looked the last time Siku

had been punished for disobedience, eight long years ago. It felt like only yesterday.

Before Siku had time to worry about the prospect of a whipping with a leather cord, her *anaana* gently guided her up and led her by the arm to the low wooden platform that acted as the family's sole sitting place.

Nuka shook her head. "Don't be too long. I'll keep her *iqquuk* warm for you until you return!"

At the mention of her daughter's *iqquuk*—the word for "buttocks" in their language—Nuka planted two playful swats over Siku's parka, then deftly flipped it up before adding another two not-so-playful swats over Siku's snow pants, her *kamikluuk*.

Then, to Siku's horror, Nuka began to untie the knots that held up Siku's pants. As the *kamikluuk* flopped around Siku's knees, she

blushed and snatched at them, only to feel her mother guiding her steadily toward her knees.

But Siku resisted the gentle pull forward, standing up and away from her *anaana*'s terrible lap, and threw back her hand to hide her undergarments, her seal-fur *ilupaak*, from being seen. It was no use: Siku had slender, dainty little hands, but a not-so-slender, not-so-dainty, not-so-little bottom. "Please, Anaana! No!"

Anaana needed neither angry words nor blows to silence her disobedient daughter's protests. Her disappointed, patient look said enough. "Siku, you understand why this must happen?"

Siku felt shimmering tears welling in her eyes. "B-but, I... I only wanted to prove I was brave."

"I already knew you were brave. You didn't need to prove you were brave by disobeying. Now you must be brave by obeying. Come across Anaana's lap!"

Two tears trickled down Siku's cheeks and instantly crystallized to ice. Siku could fuss or argue, but although her mother would not force her across her lap, they both knew the outcome was inevitable: Siku knew her duty as well as Nuka knew hers.

"Yes, Anaana. I will obey," she whispered, her voice barely audible over the crackling fire.

Siku turned her face in shame away from her little brother, who was watching from across the igloo with polite, curious interest. Finally, Siku lowered herself across her *anaana*'s lap, her face turned toward the fire, feeling strangely comforted by the glow. Siku felt the texture of her *anaana*'s parka graze against her chin, the warmth of her body a stark contrast to the cold air nipping at Siku from behind.

Satisfied that his daughter had chosen to obey and submit to her chastisement willingly, Aput

stooped to exit the igloo, not wanting to witness his daughter's ordeal any further.

The first strike from mother's palm came, sharp and sure, echoing in the enclosed space of the igloo. Siku gasped, not from the pain alone but from the realization that her own folly had led her to this.

Each subsequent spank was like a steady drumbeat, resonating with the wisdom Siku had ignored; it was like a song. At first, Siku's pride felt the stinging blows more keenly than her backside, but with each sound slap the prickling heat built, overwhelming the chill of the air. As Siku's thoughts of self-pity melted away, she felt a strange clarity forming in her mind.

Fresh tears welled up in her eyes, not just from the physical pain but from a mix of shame, regret, and the love she felt from her mother, even in this act of discipline. As her cries built

to wails, her voice cracked before she melted into soft weeping.

Siku understood now: she needed this punishment. She had failed to respect her parents, to respect the dangers that surrounded them.

"I'm sorry, Anaana," Siku managed to whimper between gasps. The spanking was taking as much out of her as a hard morning of labor.

Nuka paused the punishment before resting her trusty spanking hand on Siku's quivering legs. With her other hand, Nuka gently stroked Siku's lower back, as if framing her daughter's backside. "You are my daughter, and I love you fiercely," Nuka said, her voice softening, "but you must learn to listen, to respect our ways, for they keep us alive. To make sure you never forget... I must make this spanking memorable. Stand up, Siku, and take off your *ilupaak*."

As Siku's eyes went wide, she clenched her buttocks as if trying to hold onto the fur-lined undergarments for a moment longer. But she remembered her promise to be brave and obey. Lifting herself to her feet, shivering, Siku undid the loops that held her *ilupaak* undergarments in place and felt them slip away.

As she neatly folded the *ilupaak* and offered it up to her *anaana*, Siku felt the contrast between her hot, stinging lower butt cheeks, which had been unprotected the whole time, and the cool air against her now completely bare bottom. Soon enough she knew it would be glowing red and toasty as the fire.

As if she had eyes on the back of her head, Siku knew full well that her little brother Anik could not take his eyes off her nude, spanked backside. But she couldn't be angry with him. "Watch carefully, Anikuluk, and don't repeat my mistake. This is what happens to disobedient children."

Anik nodded, too frightened to blink. “Yes, Ajak.” He felt sorry for his older sister and even admired her stoic courage, but he also agreed she had earned her punishment.

Nuka accepted the undergarments from Siku and stuffed them into her pouch before silently guiding her repentant daughter back across her knee. This time Nuka hooked her free leg across Siku’s legs to hold her in place, anticipating that Siku would soon be squirming and kicking. “Anik, go and fetch your father. The neighbors must be boring him with old stories. I need to keep Siku’s bottom warm and toasty to prepare her for her whipping, so I don’t want her waiting all day for him to finish her punishment.”

Relieved but also slightly disappointed, Anik nodded and crouched to crawl through the exit from the igloo.

Nuka was satisfied that Siku was prepared to learn from her transgression and thus felt no need to heap further recrimination upon her daughter. Slowly, silently, but surely, she began to spank Siku again. For her part, Siku tried her best to hold herself in place, though she did kick her caribou-skin boots against the frosty floor.

As the spanking built to a crisp, steady pace, Siku started to twist in place as if this were a dance. Fresh tears welled in her eyes and poured so freely they couldn't freeze against her burning face.

Finally Siku melted into fresh apologies. Though the spanking seemed unforgiving, Siku thought it only fitting. After all, she had ignored the unforgiving nature of the ice fields and of the dark spirits that haunted them.

Siku thought of how the Qalupalik would have shown her no mercy. Siku believed she deserved no mercy.

Nevertheless, Nuka pitied her daughter, and once she was satisfied that her daughter's bottom was an even shade of red, she paused the spanking and rested her hand soothingly against Siku's scorched seat. "There, there, Siku. That's enough for the warm-up. You may sit down by the fire to await your father's return."

Siku sighed with relief as she was guided back to her feet before she dimly registered her instructions. "Sit down?"

Nuka answered with a raised eyebrow that said more than words ever could, then reached for her sewing-needle case, carved from whale bone. With a single pin, Nuka hiked up the tail of Siku's parka and pinned it in place so that Siku's red bottom remained exposed.

Shuffling toward the fire, Siku gingerly sat down and actually felt the snow melt against her glowing red buttocks. Sure enough, her butt cheeks screamed in protest, but the coolness of the melted snow, juxtaposed against the warmth of the nearby dancing fire, felt strangely soothing.

She did not have to wait long. Anik ducked through the entrance, boasting that he had found their father, and began chatting about how the neighbors had to finish whipping their son before loaning them their seal drag before Aput crawled silently into the igloo and stood up. The bone handle was gripped in his gloved hand; the leather cord was wrapped around his fingers. “Siku, stand and face me.”

Siku felt the snowflakes clinging to her bottom as she stood to attention, quivering. As she stood face to face with her *ataata*, Siku’s backside faced the fire. The crackling flames

quickly melted the remaining flecks of ice, leaving her bare bottom damp and glistening.

Already the cooling numbness was fading as the warmth restored feeling to her skin. Siku felt a cold sweat at the thought of how the leather cord could easily tear into her unprotected flesh. "Ataata, is that—are you really going to whip me? With that?"

"I have to, Siku. You came within an inch of death today. I would rather whip you within an inch of your life than lose you forever."

Siku hunched her shoulders. Already the fire had dried away the last of the snow, leaving her backside feeling tender, scorched raw from mother's first spanking. "How many s-strokes do I g-get, Ataata?"

"How many do you think you need to remind you never to wander near the ice fields alone ever again?"

Siku couldn't bear to look her father in the eye. She felt fresh tears, not at the thought of the whipping but at the memory of her own foolishness. "I d-don't know, Ataata. I d-don't want to ever do it... ever go there again. Puh-please, don't... not..."

Siku took a deep breath and looked Aput right in the eyes. "Please, give me as m-many as you think I d-deserve, Ataata!"

"When I was a boy, not much older than you, I wandered off alone beyond the old ice, and my *ataata* gave me one hundred strokes with a leather cord. He said a man is lucky to get one hundred years of life, and I deserved one stroke for every year of life I nearly threw away. Do you think you could bear one hundred strokes?"

Siku tried to take another breath, but it caught in her throat. She felt dizzy. Finally she answered, "I'm scared, Ataata. I don't think

I'm strong enough or brave enough to bear it. But I will try my best to obey."

Aput let the moment hang, then gently wrapped his arms around Siku. Expecting her thrashing to begin right away, Siku was surprised by the gesture and melted into the embrace, welcoming the strong, musty scent of her father's parka.

"You're far braver than you know, my Siku. One day you will be able to explore the far reaches of the ice fields, but never alone. I will guide you. If you promise never to wander there alone ever again, then I do not think one hundred strokes is necessary. But I will still give you sixteen strokes. One for every year of life you have lived, since you should have known better."

As she heard her sentence pronounced, Siku nodded and sank deeper into her father's chest, thankful to be spared the agony of one

hundred lashes, afraid of the sixteen lashes she still had coming, but also in agreement with her father's judgment, all at once. "Yes, Ataata. I know I deserve the punishment."

Aput gently grasped his daughter by the arms and turned her to face the family's singular long wooden bench. "Very well. I'm proud of you for having the courage to accept what's coming to you, Siku. Go stand before the bench and rest your hands on it, with your bottom facing the fire."

As Siku obeyed, she felt the chill texture of the wood press against her palms, a sharp contrast to the radiant flames that seemed to lick at her exposed buttocks from behind. She knew full well that soon, all too soon, she would feel the leather cord of the seal drag licking against her, scorching, searing, burning into her naked flesh. She bowed her head and lifted her hips to present the target. "Please, punish me well. I am ready."

Her mind was ready. Her heart was ready. Her body was ready. But nevertheless, when Aput whipped the first stroke of the leather cord across both of her bottom cheeks with a snap, Siku discovered that there was no way to fully prepare oneself for the first lash. It felt as if it was ripping across her behind, tugging at the very skin. Siku sucked in a sharp, hissing breath, unable to scream.

Then, when she felt a second wave of pain as a throbbing welt rose in a thin line ending in a loop at the end of her right buttock left by the folded tip of the cord, Siku finally wailed, both confused and terrified by the new sensation.

In that moment she learned what real courage was. Before, she had thought herself brave when she foolishly wandered into a forbidden realm. She had not known the danger she was in. Now Siku knew full well the pain and suffering that awaited her, and when all she wanted to do was clutch her bottom, or

scream, or cry, or beg, or bargain, or plead, or run away, she chose instead to stay still and accept what she knew was her justly deserved penalty.

Aput saw his daughter's knees buckle once before she straightened her legs to reassume her position, trembling. His heart swelling with pride, he whipped her again, twisting his whole arm to add force to the wicked second stroke.

Siku's tears returned, and her resolve not to scream crumbled. The first five strokes landed slowly, so slowly that Siku had time to feel the whole drama repeat itself: the fear of the next stroke, followed by the temptation to struggle to flee, followed by her determination to stay firmly in place. Her cries rose until her voice cracked, and she melted into racking sobs.

Aput aimed the fifth stroke a little lower than he intended, landing across her thighs. By now Siku's *kamikluuk* had dropped all the way

down to her ankles, tangling across her boots as she kicked reflexively. Between ragged, heavy breaths she managed to stammer the words "Forgive me!" but she refused to plead for the punishment to end.

Aput adjusted his grip on the seal-drag cord and repositioned himself, aiming backhand strokes so that the folded end of the cord now landed against her left buttock. He didn't want the lashes to break skin, but even though her father was showing some restraint, Siku's buttocks were quickly starting to resemble a roasted haunch of torn red meat.

Courage alone was not enough. After the tenth stroke Siku's head sank to the wooden seat and her knees buckled. Without anger, Aput nodded to his wife and silently guided Siku up onto the long bench so that she was lying along it on her tummy.

Oblivious, Siku pressed her tearful eyes into her forearms and howled freely, only to feel her mother take her hands gently in hers. Siku knew then that the punishment was not over and looked up once, her lip trembling, before collapsing on the bench in fresh sobs, wheezing for air as snot ran down her face to join the tears pooling beneath her chin.

Her father said something in a stern voice, but Siku could not make it out. Fortunately the words were not meant for her. Aput told his son to help him hold down Siku's legs, and Anik did, still in awe at the sight of his sister's scorched buttocks before him.

Siku felt her legs being pinned down and twisted once before she felt her father's left hand pressing against the small of her back to hold her down. She had lost count long ago, but she didn't want to risk more strokes, nor disappoint her father, by resisting.

Fortunately the long ordeal had taken the fight out of her. She was too tired to resist, and dimly she thought how thankful she was for her mother using the "warm-up spanking" to wear down her resolve not to cry. Now it was easier to show the other kind of resolve: the resolve to trust her family and accept her fate.

Aput delivered the final six strokes in the same slow, steady pace as before: two strokes across her buttocks, followed by two strokes across her thighs, followed by the finale—two perfectly aimed blows, one across each of Siku's sit-spots, so that the tip of the cord left a looping welt across the tender flesh between her lower buttocks and upper thighs.

Setting aside the cord, Aput examined his work, then decided to deliver ten final swats with his hand to the same spots to make a more lasting impression. Ironically, this seemingly stern addition felt like a mercy to Siku. When she felt the clap of her father's hand, she

mewled once before recognizing that the whipping must finally be over. Siku was embarrassed to realize she must have collapsed at some point during her punishment.

By the end she found the strength to lift her bottom again, consciously accepting her spanking as before. As he landed the tenth and final spank with his hand, Aput's heart swelled with pride. "Well done, Siku. You took your punishment bravely. But you will still have to face the rest of the village and confess what you did to earn your beating. The other families will want to know what happened to you, and the children will have to be reminded of the dangers of the ice fields and of the penalty for disobedience. But there will be time enough for that tomorrow morning. For now you will spend the rest of the day with your mother. Do as she tells you."

Finally Aput's stern expression melted as he helped lift his daughter up from the bench. She

was too weak to stand and collapsed into his embrace, sniffling and sniveling. When Aput nuzzled his nose against her cheek just like he had when she was a baby, she giggled and nuzzled her *ataata*'s cheek with her nose in return.

Aput took Anik hunting, and Siku was left to attend to women's work with her mother for the rest of the day. No matter how tiring Siku's morning had been, her chores still needed to be done. Anaana fetched a hand-carved wooden footstool from outside, and Siku was forced to sit on it uncomfortably as she helped her mother sew.

But the fresh, angry buzzing sensation quickly faded to be replaced by a dull ache from the welts. Certainly it wasn't pleasant, but Siku found she could concentrate on her work so long as she didn't squirm on her seat too much.

Aput and Anik returned near the end of the working hours for the long Arctic day, and the entire family snuggled together in seal furs. As she drifted off to sleep, Siku thought of how tomorrow she would be brought before the rest of the village families to confess her foolishness.

She remembered how a girl her age had once been flogged before the entire village as punishment for stealing, first by the father of the family she had stolen from, then again by her own father.

Siku felt her heart stop and knew that she would surely be flogged again tomorrow morning. After all, she had deliberately broken a cardinal rule. But as she felt her mother and father breathing in their sleep next to her, Siku decided that another whipping was the least she deserved. Anything was better than being lost forever in the dark world hidden below the black ice. She fell asleep, praying for courage to face what was coming to her.

The next morning Siku busied herself before her *ataata* reminded her of her duty. The whole family exited the igloo and worked outside. Sure enough, other families who had heard all about the previous day's trouble gathered at their igloo, eager for gossip. Mothers brought their children, whispering warnings and lectures about what would happen to them if they ever wandered near the ice.

Siku grimaced, imagining how she would soon be bent over and thrashed before every man, woman, and child in her community. As Aput put a hand on her shoulder, she tensed, awaiting the command from her father to assume the position for another whipping.

Would he order her to bare her bottom as well, here in the frigid outdoors? The chill air would surely numb her buttocks and probably burn her flesh as badly as the whipping itself. Aput smiled. "Well, what are you waiting for? Sit

down and tell them your story from the beginning. Leave nothing out."

Siku swallowed before her tense expression softened slightly so that she looked more quizzical. She stood on tiptoe to whisper into her father's ear. "Aren't you going to flog me, just like that thief got punished?"

"Not unless you need another flogging to teach you to stay away from the ice fields. You don't need another thrashing to remind you, do you?"

Siku shook her head.

Aput nuzzled her cheek with his nose again, his eyes twinkling. "Then of course not. After all: *iqquuk aquppisiginaqtuk*."

In some Inuit cultures, "*Iqquuk aquppisiginaqtuk*" is an idiom: "Buttocks are for sitting."

As she sat down to tell her story to an expectant audience of children, Siku's heart was filled with gratitude. She was grateful to be alive, grateful for her family, and grateful that she had been spared the trial of a second round of punishment. She was even grateful for the soft twinge that remained from yesterday's whipping.

Most of all, she was grateful to have the privilege to sit down and tell her story. She left nothing out, not even the details of her well-deserved spanking. The story became a favorite tale in the village, and Siku loved to tell it, even when she was old and grey.

The End

[Author's note: Some western anthropologists have made visits to the various Inuit and Yupik peoples of northern Canada, Alaska, and Russia. The term "eskimo" was once commonly used to describe these groups as a

whole, but has since become outdated. Because some western anthropologists have claimed that the inuit people have a cultural dislike for displays of anger, and have written charming accounts of inuit parents showing remarkable patience toward their young children, this has led to the creation of an internet myth that inuit parents never spank their children, and use storytelling as their sole means of discipline and punishment.

The easiest explanation for the rise of this myth is that it serves as a sort of "noble savage" archetype, which can easily be disproved by reading first-hand accounts from inuits, who have both a term for corporal punishment, and have openly discussed corporal punishment as a traditional form of punishment for children in interviews.

Of course, although it is a myth that no Inuit parents use corporal punishment, this does not mean that all Inuits use or favor corporal

punishment. This story is meant to be a fairy tale, and therefore no particular tribe or geographic region is identified specifically.]

Brain Rot, Butt Hot

Written by Yu May
Concept and characters created by SowreeBuns

"All right, Four-eyes, prisoner is all yours."

"My name isn't 'Four-eyes,' thank you. It's—"

The chief warden shuffled the forms on his desk and waved a hand toward the door, which bore a sign that identified it as the Judicial Corporal Punishment Room. "Yeah, yeah, I can read. Better get used to answering to nicknames if you want to work in discipline and corrections. Definitely not a job for those who are easily... butt hurt. He he."

"Four-eyes" adjusted his glasses, then marched out of the office. He didn't mind a bit of teasing, but what was it about the Baby Boomers in this industry? It was like every one of them felt the need to ruthlessly haze the unpaid college interns.

After spanking had finally been legalized as an alternative to prison time for juvenile delinquents and first-time offenders with a misdemeanor, the industry was always hiring.

Nevertheless, despite the lack of benefits, unpaid intern positions were still ruthlessly competitive. In this crappy economy, every single college student had "Pro Spanker" at the top of their wish list for a part-time job.

Four-eyes had spent months enduring the six-round interview process and had already written multiple essays on the theory and practice of corporal punishment, not to mention the ethics, history, and philosophy behind it. He'd taken pre-med anatomy courses to study the effects of corporal punishment on the human body and the state-sanctioned safeguards that had been put in place to lower the risk of permanent injury to convicts.

Four-eyes didn't particularly care about the academic side of the judicial corporal punishment industry. There were only two things he did know: that a professional spanker usually got paid six figures as a starting salary, with benefits, and that no A.I. could permanently replace this job.

There had been attempts by Silicon Valley. The automatic spanking machine business was widely considered a growth industry by Wall Street, but even if A.I. did take over the world and spend the rest of eternity spanking misbehaving children for parents who couldn't be bothered to do it themselves, there would always be some jobs that required a human touch, not to mention human judgment.

Many accused criminals simply pled guilty to minor offenses just to get their legal troubles over with as quickly as possible. After all, if they were found guilty, they'd be getting spanked anyway before getting tossed into

prison. But as long as the accused convict consented to receive "preventative" corporal punishment, even an intern could act as judge, jury, and executioner.

Four-eyes entered a stark, surgically clean, beige-painted room. He was allowed only a clipboard, his forms, and a soft wax pastel crayon for writing. After an unfortunate incident, pencils and pens were banned in the corporal punishment room. The unfortunate intern who had been the victim in the incident now bore the unfortunate nickname "Stick-up-yer-ass."

The most notable features of the spanking room were a restraining bench in the center of the floor, a rack of spanking implements with placards containing various specifications in minute script, a few propaganda posters advertising the importance of safety and the unimportance of the prisoner's consent for a proper legal spanking.

The prisoner was seated, straddling a backwards plastic chair, bowing her head. She was wearing a baggy orange jumpsuit.

She had a short, dainty build, but she'd developed some noticeable feminine curves. Her skin was a light golden tan, contrasting with her shockingly blond hair. As she noticed him, she tossed her head back, flipping her hair over her shoulder. "Sup, Four-eyes?"

Four-eyes caught a glimpse of black, undyed hair roots. So, not a natural blond? As he took a closer look at her almond-shaped eyes, something clicked, and he realized she must be partially Asian. Maybe Eurasian, or Filipino American. It was hard to tell. He wasn't sure if her tan was all natural or the result of sunbathing.

Four-eyes shook his head. "Hello. My name is Mister—"

The prisoner talked right over him. “Mister Four-eyes.”

Four-eyes glared at the prisoner, then made a small tic in crayon on a checkbox in his form. The text box read: “Were extra strokes for insubordination required? Check yes or no. Number of extra strokes required: [blank].”

Four-eyes flipped back to the page that represented his legal script. “Are you, um... Z. Gennedy? I need a verbal affirmation.”

“I dunno, chief. Maybe I’m somebody else. If I’m not Zee Gennedy, do I get to dip?”

“I need a yes or no for legal purposes.”

“No cap? Okay, yeah, that’s my handle.”

“... Yes or no?”

“Yeah, dawg.”

Four-eyes groaned. “So, yes… Hang on, they didn’t fill out your full legal name properly. What does the Z. in your name stand for?”

“Zee. I’m Z-E-E Gennedy.”

“Z. E. E.? Are the two middle initials on your driver’s license or birth certificate?”

“What middle initials?”

“The two E’s.”

“No, it’s two N’s in Gennedy, not two E’s… Though I guess there technically are two E’s, just split up.”

Four-eyes tapped his clipboard. “No, not your last name. Your first and middle names.”

“Oh, yeah, that’s Zee Dee Gennedy. Mom calls me that when I’m in trouble… Hang on, I think the Dee is short for something. Like Deeandra or som’. Is that what you need?”

Four-eyes furiously rifled through the stack of papers. “No, no, the Z! What does the Z stand for? Good grief. They were supposed to scan your driver’s—”

He found the driver’s license. In her picture, Zee was wearing multiple decorative piercings. Four-eyes sighed. “So your full legal name is Zee Deidra Gennedy. Do you recognize this scan as your current driver’s license?”

Zee smiled curiously, rolling her tongue inside her cheek. “Straight fire, bet.”

Four-eyes made a furious check in the box that asked him to ensure the prisoner verbally identified herself as the convict. He moved down the list. “You are alleged to have engaged in shoplifting—um—sixty dollars’ worth of merchandise labeled as—er—PKMN T.C.G. Packs? What’s that, a drug?”

“Pokémon Trading Card Game packs? Yeah, dawg, I’m an addict.”

"Pokémon? Like the cartoon... with Pikachu?"

"Top ten anime-level anime, straight fire. What gen did you first get into? Wait—don't tell me, I wanna guess. You've gotta kinda Harry-Potter millennial boomer vibe going. You're a Gen Wunner, F.R.?"

Unsure what any of that meant, Four-eyes tapped the box. "We're not here to make small talk. This says you were apprehended by security, confessed to the crime under police questioning... quote, 'Yessir officer, I'm straight-up guilty af, no cap. Just, please don't snitch to my mom—she'll fold me like a lawn chair and light me up if she ever finds out I dropped my whole-ass allowance on Pokés. If I don't pull a Mega Charizard Y ex Mega Hyper Rare Gold #294, my ass is already cooked, FR, yo!'"

Zee swallowed. "That... was taken out of context."

Four-eyes raised an eyebrow. “In what possible context is that not a confession of guilt?”

“When the fuzz nabbed me, I figured I was just in trouble for double-dipping more than store limit. I was flying through the self-checkout on the DL real smooth, but I forgot about the two packs in my back pockets. I didn’t even know I had the ones they wanted to pin me for yeeting.”

“... Nevertheless, your attorney’s note indicates that, as part of your plea deal, you consented to accept preventative corporal punishment in lieu of a full trial?”

“That’s the deal where you spank my red-hot gyatt hot n’ red, ain’t it?”

“Your what?”

“You know. Muh ‘gyatt.’ As in, gyatt dayum, dat’s a fine ass, she thiccer than a bowl of oatmeal?” Zee spun in her chair, revealing her wide, child-bearing hips. The baggy orange

pants did nothing to disguise her shapely rear end. Zee slapped it firmly. "This my gyatt, bro."

Four-eyes drew a circle around the numbers that indicated the mandatory minimum and maximum number of strokes for corporal punishment. "I see. Yes, I'm afraid it's my duty to administer corporal punishment on your gya—ahem—your hindquarters. This is your last chance to back out, but doing so will result in you being immediately arrested and remitted to police custody to await a formal trial. Will you consent to submit to your spanking?"

Zee spun on top of her chair, flopping down to sit on her curvy bottom as if hiding it from inspection. She almost looked like a normal, polite young woman before she kicked up her foot and tipped her chair back at a dangerously jaunty angle. "Word up. Head down, ass up. That's th' way we like to—"

"You understand that before I can administer your spanking, you will have to partially undress? I'm legally required to deliver each stroke across your bare buttocks, or it doesn't count for the purposes of preventative corporal punishment."

Furtively, Zee glanced backwards at her rear end, then slumped slightly in her chair. "Um... yeah?"

Four-eyes pointed his crayon toward cameras mounted on the wall. "Furthermore, you must consent to having this procedure recorded for the purposes of your parole officer and to act as evidence for your legal representation?"

Zee forced a nervous smile, carefully avoiding looking at the cameras. "No big!"

"Would you like to use the toilet before we begin?"

"Skibidi."

"... What?"

"Skibidi toilet."

Four-eyes narrowed his eyes. "It's not uncommon for a prisoner to lose control of their bladder during a judicial flogging. If you piss yourself, there's a fifty-dollar fine for the mopping service. So, with that in mind, do you need to go to the bathroom?"

"Oh, nah dawg, all good. I went potty right before I got here."

"Then I'll need your signature here... and here."

Zee stuck out her tongue as she carefully spelled her name in all-caps block letters. She started to sign the second line, then froze. "Wait... what's all these numbers? I get how many whacks?"

"The mandatory minimum for petty larceny is a hand spanking, followed by at least one set of six strokes with the paddle."

"At least six? So you can go higher than that?"

"Theoretically, up to the legal limit of thirty-nine strokes, but the judge usually recommends—"

"So you could give me six, or—like—one more than six, right?"

Four-eyes gritted his teeth and tried to make his voice sound low and dangerous. "Well, the tradition is for strokes to be administered in sets of six for easy counting, but using my legal discretion, I suppose I could make it seven."

Zee rocked back and forth in her chair, pumping her fists. "Six-seven!"

Four-eyes took a sharp breath and jotted down a note. "Very well. You will get one hundred spanks with my hand to act as a warm-up, plus

seven strokes with the paddle instead of six for every set earned. That's well within my purview."

Zee froze. "Huh? Am I clocking you right, F.R.? It was just a joke, my dawg."

"This is not a joke, Miss Gennedy."

"But you said the biggest number was thirty-nine!"

"That's the absolute maximum number I'm allowed to deliver with an implement. The hand spanking is a separate category. Surely your lawyer explained this to you. While we are on the subject..."

Four-eyes flipped to a damning photograph that depicted a close-up shot of Zee's jean-short-clad buttocks, with both packs of Pokémon cards clearly in view poking out of her back pockets. The judge had typed a personal note in the column. "... It seems the judge recommended I give you two sets of

strokes, one for each packet of stolen cards. Since we agreed you'd get seven strokes instead of six, that'd come to a total of fourteen."

Zee stamped her feet, then drew her knees to her chest. "But, Four-eyes! It was an accident! I'm keeping it real, no cap! You can't give me that many! My butt will fall off!"

Four-eyes showed her the page with her signature. "Well, too bad, because I can give you that many, and more... no cap. It's not my job to declare you guilty or not guilty. It's my job to spank you. If you want to take it to court, I can call the warden."

Zee's pupils shrank to pinpricks as she shifted in her seat. "Please! I can't go to jail! Do not pass go, do not collect 200 dollars! Look at me! If I get jumped, I'll get my ass whooped!"

"Then you get your ass whooped, and it's not my problem. You brought this on yourself. My

job is to make sure you think twice before you ever do it again. So, time to make a decision."

Zee ran her fingers through her hair. "But does it have to be that many? Can't I just get the hand spanking, plus the six-sev—uh, just the six? Or even just the twelve?"

"You could have. But I've decided to give you what the judge asked for, plus what you asked for. I expect a simple answer of yes or no. Will you consent to be spanked?"

Zee groaned. "Okay."

"Yes, sir."

"Actually, my pronouns are she/her/hers when I'm in a princess mood. But I also like ze/zim/zer when I'm vibing more with Piccolo's aura. Sometimes I feel like I have more of a little-green-man energy kinda vibe to me, you dig?"

"You will refer to me as sir, or you will get another seven strokes."

Zee's eyes fluttered. "Oh. No problem. Yes, sir. You can spank me, sir."

Four-eyes sniffed sharply. "Then I'll have to ask you to undress. I'm not allowed to touch your clothing other than to remove your undergarments immediately before the hand spanking begins. You may keep your top, but your pants must be completely removed and left on the table."

Slowly, Zee stood and dropped her pants, her lip quivering as she pouted. The orange top had been specially designed for convicts sentenced to corporal punishment. The jumpsuit was made from tear-resistant fabric, designed to avoid snagging or catching on anything. The front of the shirt had a long tail like an apron, meant to provide a thin shred of

modesty, but the back had a cutaway which deliberately exposed the buttocks.

As Zee bent over to step out of her pants, Four-eyes noticed her panties were decorated with Japanese kanji and recognized the logo for *Jujutsu Kaisen*. It had been on his anime watch list, but he hadn't gotten around to it yet.

Zee stood and glanced at the imposing restraining bench looming in the center of the room. As she glanced at Four-eyes, Zee curled her mouth into a desperate attempt at a smile. "So, where do you want my cakes, bakes? Let's get cookin'... sir!"

She added the last word quickly, her eyes flicking back to Four-eyes. Four-eyes seated himself on the empty chair. "We will start with a traditional over-the-knee hand spanking. You should know, in the event that a misdemeanant is convicted for petty larceny, she—or ze—can usually expect at least one hand spanking per

week while serving her/zer prison sentence. It's part of the Inmate Discipline Program. I hear the slang for it among inmates is 'the regularly scheduled maintenance spanking.'"

Zee stood staring at Four-eyes' lap, her knees knocking. "Really? Like what you do for old rides? Sounds lit. My dad says I should be a mechanic when I grow—"

Four-eyes patted his lap. "Lie across my knees, Miss Gennedy. I'm not going to force you. Bottoms up, as it were."

Zee flopped down roughly, pressing her tummy flat against Four-eyes' thighs. "Yessir!"

To his immense satisfaction, Four-eyes noticed a series of soft, pink handprint-shaped marks across Zee's lower bottom. It seemed that just this morning her parents had given her a foretaste of the justice she would face today. It was a relief to know that wholesome family values were still being upheld in the world.

As Four-eyes reached for the waistband of Zee's slightly dated current-year-seasonal-anime panties, she clenched her butt cheeks tight as if clinging to them for dear life. "Er—is it possible for me to keep my lucky undies?"

Four-eyes pinched the elastic waistband of the panties on either side of Zee's hips. "You will get these back as soon as we are finished."

"I mean—keep 'em up during the butt whooping? Pretty please, sir? It's not like they're going to do anything to save my ass from getting roasted in the Q.T.'s."

"No. You have no constitutional right to bear panties. But the law does require you to be bare-bottomed. Heh!"

Four-eyes glided the panties down below Zee's bottom with a clean, fluid tug. At the sight of her bare bottom, he was intrigued to discover that though she did have a noticeable bikini tan line, at least her tan was all natural. Somehow

he found that charmingly authentic. He wasn't exactly finding a strange new respect for her, but it made him feel slightly less disrespect for her.

Zee squeaked like a mouse as she tried to cover her blushing pink buttocks, but it was too late. A set of two tattoos were stamped along each side of her hips, clear as day: a little cartoon chibi astronaut, twerking. Four-eyes stared at the tattoos. "Is that... the guy from *Among Us*? Like in the old memes?"

Zee buried her face in her hands. "Uuugh... please, don't say it!"

Four-eyes patted Zee's behind, stretching her butt cheeks to watch the tattoos stretch in response. "Seems pretty sus."

"No, no, no! That's so cringe! Amogus isn't cool anymore! It stopped being funny after 2021!"

Four-eyes bounced Zee's bottom cheek in his cupped hand, creating the illusion the cartoon astronaut was really twerking. "No. That meme was never funny. Your reaction, on the other hand..."

Four-eyes landed a surprise spank, lightning quick, across the center of Zee's buttocks. The force of the impact made the tattoos jiggle. "Owww!"

"... Now that was funny."

Digging her nails into Four-eyes' pant leg, Zee glanced over her shoulder, staring daggers at her persecutor. "It's so not it! You're straight Ohio power-tripping. I thought you were supposed to be a pro. You're already molly-wopping me! Why you gotta mog me too?"

Four-eyes sighed. At last he was in his element. His years of unpaid labor were finally bearing fruit. "Ah, this is quite purposeful. Think

carefully, Zee. Is there anything you would like to say in your defense before I begin?"

"I thought it was low-key a big L to be your own attorney."

Playfully, Four-eyes patted her twice across either buttock, left then right. "But this isn't a courtroom, Miss Gennedy. If you were found guilty by a jury of your peers, you'd be in real trouble. The spanking you're getting today would be just a foretaste of what was in store for you. Just imagine it. Day after day..."

Four-eyes landed a firm spank aimed across her left buttock with surprising force. Ignoring Zee's howl of protest, he raised his hand high and brought it down again across her right buttock. "Week after week..."

He delivered four spanks, faster, using the same left-then-right pattern. Zee squirmed across his lap. "Oowww! Ow-wow-ow!"

"Month after month..."

Eight more spanks. Four in a row to the left buttock, followed by four in a row to the right. Zee yelped as she noticed the change in pace, then yelled long and hard. “Eep! Yeeeaaaaaahooow!”

Four-eyes raised his hand high, waiting for just the right moment. “Year after year…”

Zee’s eyes fluttered open, looking at him with a silent, desperate plea for pity. But Four-eyes only spanked her harder, faster. After delivering sixteen spanks, he paused for half a beat. If Zee had been paying attention to the numbers of spanks, she might have been expecting a reprieve. “Bah. She probably doesn’t have enough of an attention span to appreciate a spanking this good,” thought Four-eyes, before he carried on spanking at a relentless pace. He gave her another twenty good spanks, keeping a silent count. Fifty-one total so far. And he could give her up to two hundred spanks with

his open palm without going over the legal maximum.

In his advanced placement corrections officer courses, Four-eyes had excelled at the physical aspects of spanking: strength, timing, hand-eye coordination. But it was only after working with his beloved spanking coach, Mrs. Karen Bee, that he had mastered the subtler aspects of spanking.

She had forcefully ordered him to spank her own muscular bottom until he finally got the hang of it. The beauty of spanking was that it allowed the disciplinarian so many options to educate the unfortunate person on the other end.

Four-eyes paused the spanking and breathed dramatically on his palm. Then he made a point of lowering Zee's panties the rest of the way down her legs. When he reached her

ankles, he patted her thigh, and she obediently started to step out of her panties.

With a flourish, Four-eyes snatched the undergarments off her foot and set them neatly in front of her face. That would give her something to think about. “All right, Miss Gennedy. We’re almost halfway through the warm-up spanking. Tell me, how does your bottom feel?”

He watched her bottom quivering with a satisfied look on his face, letting the moment hang. Zee hissed and sniffled.

Then Zee planted her feet on the floor in a steady horse stance and thrust her hips up and down, twerking violently. “Gyaaat, dayum! You makin’ my ass clap! Can’t you catch me a break… sir?”

He watched in disgust as she waggled her hips, making the puppy fat on her plump rump flap and flop. He delivered a ferocious slap across

the center of her butt crack, sending her stumbling forward and back across his lap. Then, with a practiced motion, he pinned her knees in place between his legs. “That does it. Just for that, you’ve earned a few extras for struggling.”

Bucking reflexively, Zee kicked up her legs once before her brain slowly processed what she had just heard. Then she dropped her feet, desperately resisting the urge to fight. “Huh? But, sir, I wasn’t throwing no shade. I was glazing you!”

Four-eyes silenced his victim with another two quick spanks, then swung his arm high, preparing to unleash a furious volley. But he caught himself.

No, Coach Bee had taught him that a champion spanker had to keep his cool when facing a hard-assed opponent. The whole point of the warm-up spanking was to give the

spankee time to reflect before the main event. "Miss Gennedy, if you flail around like that, you're liable to hurt one of us. Now hold still and take your spanking like a lady."

Zee turned, blushing as she held her hands delicately against her cheeks. "Aw, you really think... I'm a lady? To be honest, I think I'm more of a strong, gyaru, tsundere, shonen-jump-tomboy-on-my-training-arc, Toph-core, oath-of-vengeance-Paladin-coded—"

Four-eyes had already had enough brain rot for one lifetime. Giving up on the idea of making the warm-up spanking instructional, he silently counted out the next fifty slaps, then added another ten to serve as extras, making them the hardest of all, for a total of one hundred and twelve swats.

By the time it was over, Zee was gasping for air. Her eyelashes were damp with tears, but she

had successfully resisted the urge to break down crying. Frowning, Four-eyes picked her up off his lap and set her on her feet. “All right, Miss Gennedy… you got through the hand spanking. But that was only the warm-up.”

Zee winced and rubbed her bottom. “Did I take it like a little pog champ, sir?”

“… You certainly took it.” He reached around her waist and pulled her hands away from her backside. “Pick up your underwear and set them on the table next to your pants. And no more rubbing.”

Holding her hands flat against her sides, Zee shuffled around the chair, careful to keep her butt out of view. She bent at the knees to pick up her panties, then tossed them to land by her orange prisoner pants. They flopped off the edge of the counter, forcing her to retrieve them again. This time she bent at the waist,

knees straight, so that her buttocks poked skyward behind her.

As he snuck up behind the bare-bottomed, brain-rotted babe, Four-eyes cleared his throat. "Ahem, Miss Gennedy! May I have your attention?"

Zee shot back up, twisted on her heels to face him, and slammed down the panties on the counter behind her. "Shoot dang! I didn't forget not to rub, did I? You dishing me out some extra extras, sir? Because that's just... extra."

Four-eyes put a hand on the back of her shoulder and marched her along the line of spanking implements. "You get your extras after we finish your paddling. But first I want you to take a moment to appreciate some good craftsmanship."

"Big oof, sir. 'Craftsmanship' is a gendered term that reinforces patriarchal structures. What if the craftsman's a woman?"

"Then I'd call her a master craftsman. One more word of interruption and I'm adding an extra swat on a per-word basis. Have a look at these paddles. The holes are drilled to cut down on wind resistance but placed precisely to allow for a more even swing without sacrificing good coverage of the target's surface area."

Zee eyed the wooden paddle in awe. Four-eyes gestured to the extensive collection of paddles, canes, and straps. "We use wooden and leather implements for a more traditional approach but have a line of Lexan paddles, acrylic canes, and rubber straps for a modern alternative. These are chosen subject to the disciplinarian's preference. However, the size and weight of each implement is carefully engineered, along with the maximum number of recommended strokes. These can all be adjusted flexibly, both

according to the age of the convict, the severity of the crime, and the number of repeat offenses. Ever heard the phrase 'three strikes, you're out'?"

"Duh, I have, King... sir. Like, my Mom has *Mario Super Sluggers* for the Wii."

"Well, in criminal law, 'three strikes, you're out' refers to giving a repeat felon the maximum sentence after their third offense. Usually a life sentence."

"Ouch. That's rough. What if they're ready to go on a redemption arc? You know, give people a second chance an' all that?"

"As the name implies, a three-time felon has already had a second chance, and a third. Did you know that before corporal punishment reforms were instituted, over 80 percent of criminals were arrested for committing another crime within nine years of release? Activist judges would simply release violent criminals

back into the streets. Over and over again. Murderers, rapists, child molesters. Third chance. Fourth chance. Fifth chance. Thirtieth chance. It got so bad the entire social order nearly collapsed. A war of all against all... Thankfully, we now live in a more civilized, scientific age. We now know conclusively that it is morally correct to spank every single criminal for every single act of anti-social behavior, without exception. Spanking criminals objectively makes everything better for everyone, everywhere, in every possible way, and by every possible metric."

Zee blinked a few times. "Orly? You don't say!"

Four-eyes swelled his chest. "So I do. Now, to come to the point, you are receiving a light punishment purely as a warning. Thankfully, judges can prescribe the cane for first-time offenders now, even for petty shoplifting. I find the paddle and the strap can be just as effective in the hands of an expert like my old coach, but

the cane is widely reported to be the worst of the three. And if you're ever convicted of stealing Pokémon cards, you will get a public caning with one year's prison sentence to boot. You'd be looking forward to a maintenance spanking at least once a week. That's over 52 hand spankings you'll get while you're locked up, all at least as bad as what I just gave you. Not to mention any additional strappings or paddlings you'd likely earn for bad behavior... So, Miss Gennedy, tell me what you think. Is putting your poor bottom through all that pain and suffering really worth it just to get a few trading cards?"

Zee paused to think, chewing her lip, then smiled. "Hmm, some of the mint pulls I've seen are pretty high-key guap after you get 'em slabbed and graded at least... But I guess no crazy drip is worth putting my shawty onion booty through all that goofy ahh injury."

Four-eyes rubbed his eyes, then fixed his glasses. "Precisely. I am glad this experience is helping you to think more clearly about your future choices. Unfortunately, you still have a paddling coming. Twelve strokes, plus two extra for showing cheek."

Zee twisted her hips to glance at her bottom. "But... ain't I supposed to show my cheeks?"

"Never mind. Take a moment to adjust your clothing if you wish, then approach the restraining bench. I will help you assume the proper position."

Zee dabbed at her forehead with her sleeve. "Phew! It's giving hell in this place!"

Then she flipped her shirt up and over her head, revealing her sports bra which was decorated with the word "OPPAI" in block letters across the top. Then she eyed it and sniffed it. "Phew! I'm sweating like a pig. Gotta let my girlies breathe."

For a moment Four-eyes didn't understand what was happening. It looked like Zee was performing some strange, wriggling dance. Probably some sort of TikTok trend, he thought. Then Zee pulled off her sports bra, and her breasts flopped free.

Immediately Four-eyes averted his gaze, blushing. "What are you doing? You don't need to undress completely."

She set her folded shirt by the rest of her clothing, then stood in front of the spanking bench with a look of awe. It was a straight, long bench with a cushion in the center and a circular stockade at the far end. "I'm grilled, senpai. Palms are sweaty. Mom's spaghetti. Now, how do we drive this crazy thing?"

Four-eyes spotted the camera and forced himself to approach the bare-butt naked lady. Curses! He had never lost an argument with a

woman on the internet. Why was this so hard? "The straps... just lie down! I'll restrain you!"

With a determined look on her face, Zee lowered herself into a horse stance and performed some midair punches. "Well, then you'd better lock in and lock me in! Woo! Let's do this!"

Zee jumped, twirling in midair, and flopped down on top of the bench. "Look at me! I'm Pickle Rick! Sweet Sichuan, wubba lubba dub dub!"

"You're on it backwards."

Zee giggled, then crawled in a tight circle atop the bench. Her face was toward the restraint while the cushion propped her ass up high, facing the mounted camera. Four-eyes positioned his victim's arms and legs, then secured the leather restraints. "Zee Deidra Gennedy, it is my duty to administer your paddling. Any last words?"

Zee's face paled as her head was locked in the stockade like a guillotine. "When you say it like that, it makes it sound like I'm on the chopping block. Major skull emoji moment, dude."

Four-eyes stomped toward the counter and pulled a bag of fresh mouthguards out from a drawer. "Here. Bite down. You'll need it."

"For what?"

"So you won't bite off your tongue by mistake."

"Is that a thing that's ever actually happened? Sounds like a skill issue."

Four-eyes resisted the intrusive urge to jam the mouthguard down the woman's throat to stop her yapping. Instead he gently stroked her jaw until she opened wide to say something. "I can just grit my—teeff!"

Zee's retort was cut off by the mouthguard. She rolled it in her mouth, then almost swallowed it whole as she felt something flat and heavy press against her upturned glutes.

Four-eyes glided the paddle back and forth across her soft globes, which were already blushing red from the hand spanking.

Gripping the handle in both hands, Four-eyes raised it high. "For your own sake, quit screwing around. Now bite down. You're going to take what's coming to you."

With her head locked in place, Zee couldn't even see her tormentor, but her hair stood on end as she sensed the coming paddle stroke. She heard a rush of wind, felt the air tickling her bottom, and then...

THWACK!

Zee pressed her lips tight as she jolted, only to find herself securely trapped. "Mmmhhhph!"

Four-eyes delivered the first stroke with enough follow-through to flatten both of the woman's meaty butt cheeks. Then he glided it slowly along the surface of her skin just to add a little extra friction to the rising heat. "One."

Zee shook her head violently, flexing and unflexing her toes and fingers. He delivered the second stroke of the paddle with a snappier motion, sacrificing raw force to make it sting a bit more keenly. "Two."

There was no rush. If you paddled too hard at the start, it only served to numb the victim.

Zee started to cry freely, her vision blurred behind a screen of salty tears. Now that he no longer had to deal with constant interruptions, Four-eyes settled back into his old groove, pausing for a few precious seconds before delivering each paddle stroke. He felt his arm warm up by the fifth stroke. "Five."

Then a devious idea occurred to him. After a long pause he landed stroke number six with lightning speed, then quickly added the seventh with deliberate force. Not only did the seventh blow take Zee by surprise, she immediately felt the difference in the impact. She could almost see both of her magnificent, phatt, thicc, juicy birthday cakes being flattened into hot pancakes fresh off the griddle.

A drop of spittle flew from Zee's mouth, the mouthguard muffling the scream that came from deep within her lungs. "Fffwaaaaaugh!"

Four-eyes twirled the paddle in his hands. "Six-seven."

Zee started to say something, remembered the mouthguard, and swore a muffled curse right before she felt the eighth whack. "Shhh—phth! Ffwaaah'pth!"

"Eight."

Zee spat out her mouthguard. “Bro, chill the eff out! Just stop! You’re wildin’ heavy righ’ nah—like—full-on psycho mode!”

Slowly Four-eyes marched around the bench to stare down at Zee. Then he retrieved a second mouthguard. “For your own safety you need a mouthguard. Bite down. If you spit this one out, I’m starting your paddling over from the beginning.”

“Ayo! Kiss my ass, you 50-Shades-of-Grey ass mofo—”

With perfect timing Four-eyes popped the second mouthguard into place, then playfully made a shushing gesture. Zee blubbered as she saw him stroll around the bench out of sight, but she didn’t spit out the mouthguard.

Then the ninth paddle stroke landed, and Four-eyes found his rhythm. He counted the number nine silently, then waited for a full nine seconds.

As she awaited the next blow, Zee flailed uselessly, bounced her hips in place, and tried to twist her face to catch a glimpse of what was coming. Worst of all was the fact that she couldn't see anything, couldn't say anything! This was not a kino girl-boss energy moment!

She groaned, and just as she started to catch her breath the tenth stroke caught her by surprise. As the heat rose across her seat, it was as if the paddle was clinging to her, a wooden crocodile sinking its teeth into her haunches.

"This spanking... sucks!" thought Zee. Then she hung her head, thinking about how she'd snuck those last two card packets out of another grocery cart, some family with little kids, desperate to get a good pull. She had told the truth. She hadn't meant to walk out of the store without paying for them. But she had stolen them. "No... I suck!"

Four-eyes only waited six seconds before he delivered the eleventh stroke.

Zee cried freely, the tears spilling down her cheeks like two gushing waterfalls. “I... deserve this spanking!”

The twelfth stroke came even faster. Thirteen. Fourteen. Zee’s voice cracked, and her muffled attempts at semi-coherent arguing were reduced to fully incoherent sobs.

She hung her head and felt tears and snot and drool dripping down her face. “Well, at least it’s over...”

Four-eyes snapped the paddle across Zee’s lower rump and upper thighs, gliding it along her sit spots. “Fifteen. That one was for back talk.”

Zee bawled like a baby (specifically an iPad baby) and the mouthguard slipped from her lips. “Waaaaa-haa! ... Huh? Oh, no!” The moment she noticed it missing, she went

bug-eyed, making a fishy face as she lunged to catch it, but too late.

Four-eyes appeared, patting the paddle against his palm.

Zee stared up at him with boggled eyes. “He’s just standing there, menacingly!” thought Zee, using the voice of Patrick Star in her inner monologue.

Zee’s face scrunched up as she sensed her doom. “I—I didn’t mean it! I’ll be good! B-b-buaaaaw!” She melted into ugly crying and carried on until she felt her restraints loosen.

Four-eyes opened the latch that held her head in place, then waved his fingers to beckon her to him. “Stand up, Miss Gennedy.”

Stumbling to her feet, it suddenly occurred to Zee that she was in the nude. She started to cover herself, then slowly, deliberately, she let her hands drop to her side and stood straight

before her tormentor. Her nipples were stiff. Her unshaven bush was on full frontal display!

Four-eyes held out the wooden paddle. “Hold this. I want you to feel its weight for yourself.”

Tensing, Zee held out her hands to accept the implement, expecting it to feel like a hefty giant’s great club in her hands. But as she held it, she noticed something. “It’s... small?”

“That’s right. Today I introduced you to the paddle used for first-time offenders... It’s the lightest paddle we have.”

Hugging the paddle tight, Zee looked at him with wide eyes. “You mean... that was you taking it easy on me?”

Four-eyes took back the paddle and gripped it with a look of fierce determination. “That’s right. And I hope you never recidivate back to crime, or it’ll go much worse for you. The county court will keep a record of your citation for one year before your probationary period

ends and your record is cleared. Until then, if you commit a repeat offence, then I'm afraid... that's a paddlin'!"

Zee nodded, then thrust out her arms, sending her boobies a-wobbling and a-wagging. "Eyup! That's a paddlin'! But right now, it's glompin' time!"

Four-eyes dropped the paddle as Zee surprised him with a tight hug. "Wuphff?"

Zee started crying again, but this time they were the soft, gentle tears of remorse. "I'm so sorry you had to spank me, Four-eyes senpai!"

"Um... just doing my job, ma'am?"

"Oh, please, tell me you don't hate me... you don't hate me right?? I'm delulu a.f.r.n.!"

"Hate you? No, of course not. You've paid your debt to society. Why should I hate you, ma'am?"

Zee murmured. “Actually, I’d prefer if you call me ‘sir.’ It fits better with our dynamic.”

Four-eyes stared at the camera. He technically wasn’t supposed to touch the prisoners anywhere except their bottoms. “... What dynamic?”

“You know, my Peppermint Patty tomboy-core snack vibe to your hot-nerd-with-the-goggles Marcie energy.”

Four-eyes eyed the camera watching him, imagining how every boomer in the break room was going to be “taking the mickey out of him” for this later. Finally he awkwardly patted Zee across her shoulder. “Um... there there, sir. Everything will be okay?”

Zee looked up at him, smiling curiously, then jumped into his arms. As he lost his balance and fell back onto the chair, Four-eyes was forced to grab a hold of the first thing he could get a hold of: Zee’s butt cheeks. The moment

he noticed what he was clutching with both hands, Four-eyes threw his hands up in surrender.

Zee pouted. "You got L rizz, Four-eyes, no bussin'."

Then she pecked him on the cheek.

***

Four-eyes' final alarm rang to warn him he was almost late to his rural American history class, focusing on the use of corporal punishment by the pioneers.

Summer vacation had come and gone, and it was finally Four-eyes' first semester as a senior. Time flies when you're having fun spanking criminals.

After Four-eyes' bizarre first day on the job, the warden had called him into the office to critique his technique, calling attention to the point in the video where he'd reached around

to gently massage the prisoner's buttocks for her. "Bad idea. That opens you up to a potential civil suit."

"But she consented. She was begging me to help her rub the hella sting out of her hot seat—ahem—I mean, I examined the injured area and determined that first aid was needed to soothe the skin abrasions."

"Yeah, straight outta the textbook. But even with verbal consent, it's against best practices. Looks like you course-corrected yourself pretty well, not to mention her, so I don't think she'll be suing ya. Her lawyer says she has no legal objections to your work, and her parents sent the department a thank-you note. Here you go. You'll be glad to know that little Miss Pokémon Poacher will be getting regularly scheduled maintenance spankings at home from now on. Plus they bought the commemorative paddle as a souvenir. I think you have what it takes for this line of work once you graduate."

The Hallmark card had contained a polite, erudite, handwritten note from Zee's mother and father. Zee had added a chibi-style doodle that clearly represented herself sitting bare-bottomed on a stool for timeout, flashing the peace sign and winking. Her speech bubble declared, "Thank you for spanking me! I promise I won't waste my second chance!"

There was only one thing that had soured the summer job for him. Ever since word spread about the unusual client he'd gotten for his first case, the boomers in the corrections department had made it a running joke at the office.

They had seen everything.

They kept showing him A.I. edits of the footage of him on lunch break, which for some bizarre reason all involved turning him and the prisoner into characters from something like Illumination's *Minions* or DreamWorks' *Shrek*.

"Careful with that one. She's fixin' to tie a knot on you. That prisoner's gonna be a regular old ball and chain around your neck if you let her! Ah ha, haw! ... Man, I hate my wife."

Four-eyes blocked out the mental image of the various Minion memes and took his seat. A blond student was standing at her desk, blocking his view of the professor. She was wearing a distractingly low-cut white tank top and distractingly tight distressed jeans, which looked like they'd been deliberately ripped as a fashion statement. Four-eyes sighed. "Ahem, could you please sit down?"

The woman rounded on him, and he recognized her as Zee. "No, I can't please sit down. My gyatt-dayumed, red-hot, double-caked-up cheeks are killing me, f.r.! How'd you like it if you—"

Zee did a double take as she recognized him. "Four-eyes senpai? What are you doing here? Did I miss a call from my parole officer?"

"I'm not Four-eyes, I'm—"

"Duh, you're an upperclassman! So you really are my senpai, word up! Hey, check it."

Zee cupped her jean-clad booty, lifted her hips, and flopped herself down forcefully on his desk with a slam. "Take a good look, King. Notice anything?"

Four-eyes stammered at the sight of her ample, apple-bottom, jean-clad booty. One of the threadbare tears across her upper thighs revealed a patch of skin that was unmistakably still bright red from a recent paddling. The jeans were so tight the puppy fat on Zee's bottom seemed to be straining to break loose from their constraints. Four-eyes swallowed. "Um..."

Zee gestured to her back pockets with both hands. “No stolen packs of trading cards! I’m resolved to turn over a new leaf. And once I graduate, I’ll pursue my lifelong dream. I want to be the best, like no one ever was…”

She spun on her seat, kneeling on top of his desk, with hot fire blazing in her eyes. “That’s right! I’m not just going to speculate on children’s trading cards anymore! I’m finally going to teach myself how to actually play the game and become a Pokémon trading card master!”

Four-eyes felt all eyes in the room on them and glanced at the projector. “Erm—class is starting, Miss Gennedy. Better pipe down.”

She nodded. “Ooh, yeah. Here, I’ll chill with you so you can tell me to shut my trap if I start yappin’!”

She crawled off his desk only to sit on his lap. Four-eyes pursed his lips. “Miss Gennedy, I’m

not your parole officer. It was just a summer job. I'm here to study, not to babysit you. Sit in your own chair, please."

She nodded, then took a seat next to him. "Oh, straight def. I gotta start my new era right. We'd better train together till we level up. Want to crash in the lounge to hit the books after class?"

Four-eyes jabbed a finger at Zee. "Only if you're ready to actually study. Any more nonsense, and I... I'll spank you."

Zee smiled and opened her book, nuzzling up next to him. "Well, duh, you're the Spanking King... And thanks again for spanking me. It's nice to have a friend who cares."

And as he heard the words, Four-eyes realized that, however annoying this brain-rotted zoomer was, he did in fact care.

The End

Humble Pie For Cathy McCain

Chapter I: Cathy Starts a New Chapter in Life

By Yu May and Anonymous

Cathy McCain knew exactly how pretty she was, and exactly how much trouble that entitled her to cause. With her strawberry-blond hair and genetic-lottery blend of Korean and Scots-Irish features, she had become the undisputed queen bee of Lehigh College-Preparatory High School. And as the queen, she had exercised her royal privileges capriciously.

After Cathy spent all first semester of her senior year orchestrating a social-media harassment campaign targeting an uppity dork for blatantly stealing her look, the school administration had finally had enough: after a snitch had exposed her anonymous profile,

Cathy had been called to the principal's office, shown the evidence, and after freely admitting both her guilt and lack of remorse, she had been given one week's suspension.

To Cathy it felt like a vacation. She drove her hot-pink Mercedes-Benz home without a second thought, parked over the line, stomped into the three-story mansion she shared with her dad, and flopped onto the living-room couch to file her nails and watch reality TV.

Two hours later, Luis McCain arrived home with a face like thunder. He had received the call from the school, and this time he would not let it slide. He strode through the front door, stepped directly in front of his daughter, and spoke in a low, unyielding voice. "Cathy McCain. Get up and go up to your room, now."

Cathy looked up, bored. "Oh, hey Dad. You're blocking the TV."

"I'm just going to say it one more time, young lady. Come up now. We're going to have a very serious conversation."

She rolled her eyes. "Yeah, sure. I got sent home from school." She stood up, stretching.

"Enough!" Luis approached her, grabbed her by the arms, slung her easily over his shoulder, and carried her up the stairs.

"Hey! Leggo! You're not the boss of me!" growled Cathy, scratching at her father's back.

Luis flopped her down on her bed and locked the bedroom door. He turned to face her, fighting to keep his voice steady. "You're confined to your room, young lady. Now, listen to me. I've been stroking your head for a long time, but that ends now."

Cathy sat up and hugged her knees close against her chest. "Dad? What's the big deal? It's just a week off of school."

"Which means it will be a week of hard work and studying for you, Cathy McCain. You are now responsible for all housework under this roof. You will also be expected to improve your grades. And no going out."

Cathy sighed. "But Dad, my grades are okay... This is all that snitching dork's fault, anyway."

"Separate from schoolwork and chores, this week we are going to be focusing on teaching you an iron-clad rule: bullying is unacceptable. I've tolerated this teenage mean-girl attitude for too long. I told myself you were just going through a phase. But that ends today. You are expected to show respect to me as your father and obey my orders as soon as they are given. Also, you are expected to treat your classmates with dignity and politeness. And from now on, whenever you behave like a selfish brat, you will be punished like one. I always disagreed with your mother on her style of discipline, but I see now that she was right."

Cathy pouted. “So you’re grounding me? Ugh! It’s not fair!”

Luis shook his head and rolled up his sleeves. “No, I’m opting for a more tried-and-true punishment. A good, old-fashioned spanking on the butt!”

He approached her, grabbed her by the arm, and hauled her across his lap. After pinning her legs between his, he neatly pulled down her shorts and panties with one clean tug. “Your punishment begins right now.”

Cathy’s eyes went wide and she grabbed tight at her panties. “What? That’s crazy! I’m way too old for a spanking! You can’t do this!”

“You are not too old to receive a good spanking. And as long as you live in my house you will be subject to my rules and authority, young lady.”

The first slap hit her right buttock, hard. “One!” counted Luis.

The second came down, quick and sharp, across her left buttock. “Two!”

The first spank had taken Cathy by surprise, shocking her into silence. But after she felt the second spank, she let out a banshee scream, shaking her head. “Yeeeeek! Noooo!”

Luis kept count as he delivered a sequence of three quick slaps, one on each side of her buttocks, followed by a third aimed directly across the center. “Three… four… five!”

She bucked and tried to lift up off his lap. “Aaaooow! Fuck, that hurts!!!”

Luis cut her off with a firm clap across the center of her bottom, covering a good portion of both cheeks. “Six… Keep being rude, young lady. It looks like I’ll have to be stricter with you.”

As Cathy felt four more lightning-quick slaps hit her ass hard, she heard her father

continuing the count. “Seven… eight… nine, ten!”

As Cathy roared protests, Luis paused and looked around the room until he found exactly what he was looking for. He stretched his arm out and easily reached Cathy’s hairbrush from her dresser.

Cathy beat her fists and kicked her feet against the mattress. “Ow! Ow, oow, ooowww!!! Fuck, fuck, fuck! Stop it! This is abuse!”

Then, as she twisted around, she spotted the hairbrush, and her anger suddenly vanished. “Huh? No! Not with that! Please, Daddy, no!”

Luis patted the hefty, stainless-steel hairbrush against his daughter’s rump. He recalled it had been an expensive, name-brand import which she’d begged him to buy her for her birthday. “Incredible. Your hairbrush is the perfect size to cover your entire butt cheek. All right, now

I'm going to teach you not to swear. You'll get twenty hard brush strokes."

In a panic, Cathy twisted and squirmed to escape, but her father's arm held her firmly in place. "Aaaugh! No-no-no, noooo!"

She tried to scream more threats and pleas before she was cut off by the first stroke as it came crashing down against her left buttock. She gasped, unable to scream. And just as she began to mentally process how much worse the hairbrush felt than just her father's palm, she felt the second blow as the hairbrush smashed deep into her right buttock.

Luis aimed the first five brush strokes across her right buttock only. He kept a firm, merciless pace as he counted each one in turn. "One... two... three... four... five!"

"Yeow! Ouch! Oh, ow! Yow! Yaaah!"

The next set of five pummeled her left buttock with the same intensity. “Six... seven... eight... nine... ten!”

After only ten spanks, she’d already broken down, crying freely. She twisted weakly on top of his lap, but by now even Cathy knew it was hopeless.

Satisfied that he had sufficiently earned Cathy’s full attention, Luis slowed down the pace as he delivered the next set of ten whacks, alternating between each buttock.

Each one elicited a fresh squeal of terror or howl of agony from Cathy, in sharp contrast to her soft weeping and blubbering in between. Luis ignored the noise and calmly counted the final ten spanks. “Eleven. Twelve. Thirteen. Fourteen. Fifteen. Sixteen. Seventeen. Eighteen. Nineteen. Twenty.”

As her butt absorbed the twentieth and final spank, Cathy screeched until her voice cracked, and she groaned, her throat hoarse.

With a nod, Luis set the brush back on Cathy's dresser. "Now stand up. You will be in time-out for the next twenty minutes. Stand in the corner with your butt out and think hard about the reasons for your punishment. When I come back, your answers will tell whether you need to get another spanking tonight."

She nodded furiously and stumbled to the corner, dancing on her feet as she felt her glutes scream in protest with each step. "Yes, Daddy! Just, no more! Please, enough!"

She tried to grab her bottom, then hissed. It was tender to the slightest touch. In the end, she simply shielded it with her hands folded gingerly underneath her butt cheeks.

Cathy heard her bedroom door slam behind her and trembled. Then, when the silence

started to press on her, she slumped her forehead against the wall and sobbed. After a few minutes she was finally able to control her breathing again and tried to think, despite how fuzzy her head felt. How long had she been here? A minute? An hour? What was she supposed to think about? What were the answers Daddy wanted? Why was this happening to her?

The next few seconds dragged on, her bottom buzzing like an alarm, demanding her attention. She tried to count to sixty just to get a sense of what a minute was, and it was the most agonizing full minute of her entire life. In the end she gave up counting and simply contemplated the wall, willing herself to just say whatever Daddy wanted to hear. Anything to make this torture stop.

After a full twenty minutes that felt like twenty hours to Cathy, Luis knocked and entered her

room. Cathy stiffened and felt her knees knocking.

Luis examined the sight and was satisfied to find Cathy right where he left her. “Now, turn around and look me in the eye… Why were you punished, young lady?”

She turned to face him, then quickly covered her groomed, strawberry-blond bush at the front. With her knees locked together, she felt like a toddler doing the bathroom dance. “I… I was mean to Dorothy Perkins at school… I got suspended… and I was rude. Please don’t spank me again, Daddy!”

“And what are you going to do to solve the problem you created with your bad attitude towards your classmate, Dorothy?”

Her lip trembled. “I’ll apologize to her as soon as I get back to school! I won’t pick on her anymore! I promise!”

Luis nodded. “Very good. But I don’t think that should wait until next week. I’ll call her parents this week. Next matter, what will be your attitude towards your teachers?”

Fresh tears wet Cathy’s eyes. Somehow, her father’s look of disappointment was worse than anything she’d experienced all day. “I’ll be good! I’ll respect them! Just, please, no more spanking!”

Luis shook his head. “That only depends on you, young lady. Now, tidy your room, and when you’re finished, go wash the dishes.”

Cathy started tidying at once, then remembered that she never got dressed. She looked at her father with sad puppy-dog eyes. “May… may I get dressed, Daddy?”

“No. The humiliation of being naked and seeing your butt red and sore will help you to fix your thoughts on having a good attitude.”

She hung her head. “But… but…”

Then, with a whimper, she turned to face her father, covering her front with both hands. "Yes, sir."

Reflexively, Cathy bent down at the waist and bowed low to her father. It was so automatic it even surprised herself. Then she knelt onto her knees, feeling her smarting buttocks press against her socks, and began to collect the scattered designer clothing that was strewn across her bedroom floor.

Luis watched, strangely touched by this picture of obedience. "I'm going to prepare dinner. When I'm done, I'll come up and call you to set the table. I want this room to be clean and tidy well before then. You have half an hour, young lady."

Luis strode out, closed the door gently behind him, and went to the kitchen. He settled on cooking blackened fish with rice balls. As he looked at his watch, he saw that Cathy's thirty

minutes were nearly up. “I just hope one spanking was enough to make the point... But has she really learned her lesson?”

***

Cathy cleaned her room as best she could, but she had let it get to a pretty hopeless state this year. Painfully aware of her nudity below the waist, Cathy pulled down the front of her shirt by the hem as she tossed assorted makeup supplies into a cloth storage crate. “What if he says this isn’t clean enough?”

She felt a speckled tear on her cheek and brushed it away. Finally, she experimented with massaging her butt. Still sore, but somehow rubbing it until she could feel the sting again was a welcome distraction from the usual dull ache. “I can’t believe it! This is so unfair!”

As Cathy glimpsed herself in the mirror, she certainly felt sorry. She felt plenty sorry for her

beautiful booty, and even more sorry that she had gotten caught.

***

As Luis pulled the fish from the grill, a delicious aroma wafted through the kitchen. Time was up.

He went up to Cathy's bedroom. This time he didn't bother to knock before entering and found Cathy pouting in front of the mirror while rubbing her butt furiously. Cathy didn't notice her dad until he appeared right behind her in the mirror, and she spun on her heels, hastily pulling down the front of her shirt. "Daddy? I'm almost done!"

Luis examined the state of the room. The floor was mostly clean, but it looked like Cathy had simply tossed most of her things on top of her bed. As he knelt to peek under the bed, he saw a pile of dirty clothes which had been hastily

stuffed out of sight. “What are these clothes doing here, young lady?”

She stood at attention with a look of sheer terror in her eyes, wringing the hem of her shirt into tight knots between her hands. “I didn’t know where else to put them. You told me not to leave, so I put them there until I had time to take them down. I promise, I was going to take them straight to the laundry room!”

Luis considered the matter. On the one hand, it looked like she had been dawdling. On the other hand, she had made an effort to clean her room as instructed, and her story was at least plausible. He decided to give her the benefit of the doubt. “Put those clothes in the laundry, and then go set the dinner table.”

Cathy exhaled, the relief plain on her face. “Yeah, sure.”

She shuffled slowly around her dad, still holding down the front of her shirt, trying to

keep her exposed butt out of view. “Um... could you, maybe...”

Luis grabbed her by the shoulders and spun her around to face her bed. “When I tell you to do something, I want it done without delay. Move it.”

Then he gave her a firm clap across her butt. Cathy squeaked and dove to collect her clothing, no longer concerned about how her backside was poking in the air behind her as she crawled to reach under her bed. “Yes, sir! Right away!”

She emerged with a bundle of clothing, dropping a pink sock and a pair of her strawberry-rainbow panties in her rush out the door. “I’m going, I’m going!”

As she scampered toward the laundry room, Luis looked at the clothes she had dropped. He would have to remind her to collect those later. Luis followed Cathy downstairs and seated

himself at the table. Cathy emerged from the laundry room, carrying a folded pair of splashy neon-purple and neon-green yoga pants over her arm. She approached her father at the head of the table, looking hopeful. “May... may I have supper with you, Daddy?”

Luis nodded. “Yes. You’ll recall I asked you to serve the meal. After you’ve finished, you may join me for supper.”

Cathy quickly carried over both plates like a waitress and set the table. “So... should I get dressed now?”

Luis folded his hands. “You are allowed to sit at the table and eat. But you will remain naked until further notice.” He grabbed his silverware and started eating.

She blushed and sat down, wincing. She watched him in nervous silence as they both ate dinner.

After the meal, Luis set his cutlery on his plate. "Clear the table and wash the dishes. Don't use the dishwasher. I want you to scrub them clean by hand and set them out to dry."

She nodded, fidgeting in her seat, then reached to grab his plate. "Yes, Daddy."

She set the dishes in the sink and started scrubbing them, sniffling slightly. She muttered under her breath. "Jerk..."

While she was distracted, Luis approached her from behind. "Do you have something you want to say, young lady?"

She spun around, shielding her bottom with her dripping-wet hands. "I... I was just thinking that... that jerk chicken was really great, Daddy!"

"It wasn't jerk chicken. It was grilled fish."

Cathy swallowed. "Oh? Wow! Must be the spices!"

"Cathy, do you believe you are being ill-used?"

"Used what?"

"Ill-used. Unfairly treated. Do you think I'm punishing you in a way that is disproportionate to your crime?"

Cathy glanced down at her bottomless state of dress. "Um... I'd like my pants back?"

"It's not a matter of what you'd like, Cathy. It's a matter of what's just. I took your pants because what you did to that girl was shameful. I want you to feel shame. You'll get your pants back when I'm convinced you've learned to appreciate the value of decency. And if you want to make an argument that you've earned the right to wear pants again, I expect you to do it without calling me a jerk. When you finish the dishes, come meet me in the living room."

Shuffling on her feet, Cathy turned, pulled on a pair of rubber gloves, and returned to work.

Luis sat on his easy chair, found his copy of *The Three Musketeers*, and tried to read.

The clinking of dishes ceased, and Cathy appeared at the doorway. "The dishes are all done, Daddy. Can I get dressed now?"

Luis sighed and set down his book. "No, Cathy. You may not get dressed."

Cathy's eyes watered. "But why, Daddy? Why are you doing this to me?"

"Because being pantsless is part of your punishment. The embarrassment you feel right now? That's the entire point. You humiliated that poor girl. You humiliated me. You deserve to know what that feels like so you never think of doing it again. You've been an ass, Cathy."

Cathy's lip quivered. "Don't you love me anymore?"

Luis stood and hugged Cathy. “Of course I love you, Cathy. Even when I punish you, it’s because I love you.”

Cathy sniveled. “May… may I sit with you, Popsicle?”

Luis scooped her up in both his arms and sat back down, resting her on his lap. “Of course you may.”

Cathy hugged him tight around his neck and snuggled up close to cuddle with him.

Luis patted her between the shoulder blades. “Now, let’s review. You are being punished because you are a bully. That would be bad enough, but in addition you’ve been making things much worse for yourself. Think carefully: what have you done wrong today?”

With a soft whine, Cathy buried her face in her father’s chest. “Um… I had a bad attitude?”

"That's a very general answer. But I expect a better answer than that. You are a smart girl, Cathy, so use your head and try again. What did you do wrong today? Be specific."

She whimpered. "I was... slow to obey, and I talked back to you!"

"That's a better answer. That's how you made things worse for yourself today. Now tell me why you're being punished in the first place. I need you to hear yourself say what you did, out loud."

Cathy sniffled and blew her nose into the collar of her shirt. "I've been slacking off at school and rude to my teachers. And... and I was a bully!"

"Yes, Cathy. You were a bully. But I'm not going to let you keep being a bully."

Cathy looked up, a thin dribble of snot running down her nose. "Please, Daddy, I

know I did bad. Can't my punishment just be over?"

"No, Cathy. This is going to be a long week for you. You are under observation. Think of it like being on probation. Any deliberate disobedience, dishonesty, defiance, or disrespect equals an immediate spanking. That part is non-negotiable. But if you fix your attitude, you can avoid making your situation any worse than it has to be. Now go upstairs, take a shower, and put on your pajamas. Later I will come up to tuck you in for the night."

Cathy exhaled with relief. "Yes, sir."

Folding her hands behind her bottom, she scampered up the stairs to shower. In her relief to finally be allowed to wear pants again, she momentarily forgot about her spanking until the steaming-hot water of the shower splashing against her steaming-hot bottom helpfully reminded her. She carefully held her bottom

out of the stream of water and switched to a cold shower.

After emerging from the shower wrapped in two towels, she gratefully picked out her favorite pajamas, which bore a pattern of the Bratz dolls of her youth (the sassier, glammier cousin of the Barbie doll).

Cathy winced as she felt the pants brush against the mottled red flesh of her buttocks, but as the fabric stretched across her hips and settled in place, she actually relished the angry tickling sensation. At least she was finally dressed.

She tried to sit on her bed and found that sitting down wasn't quite as hard as she expected. It still hurt to stretch her legs, but the soft comforter was nothing compared to enduring supper while sitting her ass flat against a hard wooden chair.

Then there was a knock at her door, and her father appeared in her room. As Cathy tried to

crawl into bed using slow, careful movements, Luis helpfully pulled up the comforter and wrapped her tight, and kissed her on her forehead. “Good night, my precious little girl. Have sweet dreams. Remember, tomorrow is a new day.”

Cathy kissed him back on the cheek. “Good night, Daddy... and... I’m sorry for being bad.”

Luis kissed her again on her cheek. “You did a bad thing. And now you have to pay for it. But if you repent and turn away from the wrong path... then you’re not a bad girl anymore.”

Cathy’s eyes sparkled with soft tears, but her voice was steady. “Does that mean you have to start spanking me again? ... Like Mommy used to?”

“Yes, Cathy. From now on, I have to spank you. But I want you to know something: I love you more than anything on earth, even when you need a spanking.”

Cathy smiled. “And I love you more than anything on earth, even when you need to spank me.”

Luis stood and laid a hand on Cathy’s head. “Get some rest, baby girl. Tomorrow will be the first day in a new chapter of your life, starting first thing tomorrow morning.”

After he closed the door behind him, Cathy lay in bed, haunted by both his words and the lingering heat that she felt prickling against her bottom. Somehow she knew that starting tomorrow morning, her life would never be the same.

End of Chapter I

Humble Pie For Cathy McCain

Chapter II: Cathy's Breakfast Bar and Grill

Cathy awoke with a start as she felt a twinge from her bottom. With a constrained yelp, she lifted her head from her pillow and saw that it was pitch black in her room. Reaching behind her, Cathy clasped her buttocks with both hands. Sure enough, she really had been spanked. So it hadn't been a nightmare.

As she considered what was in store for her this week, Cathy seethed. "Unbelievable! He can't spank me again! It's—illegal, maybe?"

Then Cathy remembered nuzzling close to him in his lap and her apologies, feeling her cheeks burning to match her butt cheeks. "I guess I was being a pill..."

Reaching her hands under her pajama pants, Cathy felt her buttocks. It was no longer hot to the touch, and apart from the occasional tingle, the nagging burning sensation had already faded. Cathy bit her lip. "Okay, so maybe I got one spanking, but that's it. I'm freakin' eighteen years old now. Tomorrow morning, I'll tell Daddy I'm sorry about the bullying thing, but that he can't spank me ever again. After all, I'm a grown woman. Spanking is just too—um—patriarchal?"

She wasn't quite sure what the word "patriarchy" meant, but she knew it was something bad for women. Licking her lips, Cathy squeezed her bottom. "Yeah! I'll show him! Starting first thing tomorrow morning... and I won't be in a hurry to get up, either."

At that exact moment, her alarm clock rang, and Cathy jolted. "Eep! Frickin' frack!"

Cathy snatched up the clock and peered at the red light numbers. “Six o’clock in the morning? Screw that, I don’t have school any more.”

With a dainty flick of her finger, Cathy shut off her alarm and snuggled up under her covers.

***

Luis McCain opened the door of his daughter’s bedroom, strolled to the window, and thrust open the curtains. “Wake up, young lady. Go downstairs and go to the kitchen to prepare breakfast.”

As the first ray of daybreak finished its 93-million-mile journey to land right across her face, Cathy squinted and rubbed her eyes. “Mwah? But I’ve got no school!”

“I already told you that you were going to do all the housework, starting this morning. Go down and make breakfast.”

Groaning, Cathy rolled over to press her face into her pillow, lifting her bottom up behind her as she tucked her knees against her chest. "Okay, okay, I'll get to it! Just... give me a few minutes to wake up first!"

"Apparently you need a reminder of our discussion. I'm only going to give you an order once, young lady. No more warnings." Luis pulled aside the blanket.

Before Cathy could react, he pressed his left hand down against the small of her back and yanked down her pajama pants to just below her bottom with his right hand, revealing her panties which were decorated with a picture of a fire alarm and the block letters "In Case of Emergency, Pull Down!"

As Cathy started fully awake, she twisted to look behind her. "Ah! Okay! Okay! I'm awake!"

Then Luis pinched the waistband of Cathy's panties and yanked them upward just enough

to expose her lower cheeks. As Cathy felt her panties being tugged up snug against her crotch, she choked. “Ack! No! No more spankings! I’m a big—”

Luis cut her off by landing his hefty palm square across her lower buttocks, producing a dense, reverberating wallop. As her argument died in her throat, Cathy gagged. “Gah-huh!”

Cathy’s bare feet danced against her mattress, but her father’s hand kept her pinned uncomfortably in place, with her knees still pressed close to her chest and her supine behind poking high in the air. Luis delivered the next eight spanks more quickly, alternating between Cathy’s left and right butt cheek, and finished with a tenth and final spank across the center of Cathy’s ass. Already the mottled pink color of the marks from yesterday’s spanking had regained some of their former reddish hue.

Then Luis picked Cathy up by her waist and set her down on her feet in front of him. "Downstairs, now!"

Standing stiffly, Cathy half-shuffled and half-pranced to her door as her pajama pants flopped down to her ankles. "Yes, sir!"

As soon as she was out of sight in the hall, Cathy glanced down and bent over to pull up her pajama pants.

Luis took a steady, calming breath. As he glanced down at Cathy's floor, he saw the unwashed sock and panties she had dropped yesterday in her rush to do the laundry. He made a mental note to add that to her list of chores.

In the kitchen, Cathy paused to examine her bare feet, then took a quick detour to the front door to don a pair of her pink Prada slippers.

Then she hurried to the kitchen, slapped some bacon onto a plastic plate for the microwave,

and popped some frozen waffles in the toaster. It was the only breakfast she knew how to make for herself.

Luis appeared at the bottom of the stairs and spotted her at work. “No, Cathy, I didn’t give you permission to pull your pants back up. I want to see your jammies right where I left them, across your ankles.”

Cathy hunched her shoulders and twisted to face her father, clutching the counter behind her. “You... can’t...” She was going to say, “You can’t do this to me!” but at the last second she changed her mind. “... you can’t be serious! Can’t I just keep them on? Pretty please, Daddy?”

Luis crossed his arms. “No. Obey, or your panties are next. Drop ’em.”

Cathy tucked both her thumbs into the waistband of her pajama pants and slid them down to her ankles. Luis stared at Cathy as she

played with the hem of her pajama shirt, tugging it down tight across her hips to hide her panties from view.

But as she felt her father's eyes boring into her, Cathy slowly, submissively, raised her hands up behind her head, desperately trying to ignore how her shirt now rode high to reveal her panties. She felt like she was wearing the world's shortest mini-skirt. Satisfied, Luis turned and strode to the dining-room table.

Cathy sighed with relief. Then the waffles popped up behind her, and she jumped. Cathy examined the waffles, realized they were still half-frozen, and flipped them back into the toaster. She took a shaky breath, her eyes blazing. "Fine, you want breakfast? I'll give you an edible breakfast!"

Crossing her arms, Cathy watched the bacon sizzling in the microwave. "Just don't expect five-star service!"

The microwave dinged, and Cathy saw the bacon had barely started to cook; every piece was still pink. Then she smelled something burning, and the toaster popped up, revealing blackened waffles. She'd forgotten to check them. Cathy smiled as she flopped the overdone waffles down next to the underdone bacon. "Whatever."

Luis was seated at the head of the table, his briefcase resting next to his chair. Cathy stomped up behind him and half-tossed the plate in front of him. A floppy strip of bacon flew off the side of the plate and lay sadly on the table. Cathy stared at her father and put her hands on her hips. "Oops. My bad, Dad."

Then she turned on her heels, angling her hips cheekily to show off her fire-alarm-themed undergarments, and strutted back to the kitchen. Ignoring how her pajama pants bunched around her ankles, Cathy pretended

she was a supermodel strutting her stuff on the runway.

Luis stood and followed Cathy slowly. In the kitchen he found Cathy reaching high to pull down another plate. She glanced at him. "Enjoy your breakfast? You know, a thank-you would be nice!"

Cathy smirked. Things were going to go back to normal. All she had to do was stand up for herself, and Daddy would see that she wasn't someone who could be bullied.

Silently, Luis scooped Cathy up by her armpits and carried her back to the dining room. Cathy pumped her feet as if running in midair. "Wuh? Hey, I did what you said! I made you a breakfast!"

Luis set Cathy back down, pulled out his chair, and seated himself. Cathy shook her head as she suddenly recognized her situation before she was easily dragged forward and tripped to land

across her father's toned thighs. "Oh, no! Not again!"

Fighting to stand up, Cathy's hand caught the plate, and it flipped off the table with a clatter, sending the bacon flying and the waffles rolling across the floor.

As Cathy lost her balance, Luis kicked up his right leg to pin her knees between his, yanked down her panties to rest above her knees, and secured his grip on her waist. As Luis relaxed his legs, Cathy tried to break free but only managed to kick her legs up behind her, her jammies flopping wildly. Cathy wailed with terror. "I obeyed you! I obeyed!"

Then Luis spotted Cathy's pink slippers as she flailed her feet and snatched one off her foot, ignoring her struggling. He patted the sole of the slipper against her bare bottom and noticed that a pattern of pink marks in the shape of his

fingers was still visible across her helpless heinie.

With a roar, Cathy twisted her hips and bucked both her feet with such force her pajamas nearly flew off behind her. “It’s not fair! I did exactly what you said, you pig! Y-you Fascist! Nazi!”

Luis slammed the pink slipper down, covering both sides of Cathy’s buttocks. Cathy McCain’s flowing strawberry-blond locks flew across her face as she reared her head up. “Naah—ha-haaaoooow! Aaah-hooo!”

Silently, Luis counted out nine whole seconds, allowing Cathy plenty of time to feel the fresh, intricate red mark left in the shape of her slipper’s rubber sole. It was like some abstract tribal tattoo to represent fire. “One.”

The pause was just long enough to give Cathy time to catch her breath and finally realize the

meaning of the terrible first number. “It... it was an accident! I didn’t mean it!”

She felt a second blast of the slipper, ripping across her lower buttocks and upper thighs, right below the first blazing mark. Cathy’s tongue stuck out as she let out a warbling war cry. “Yeeeoooowl!”

Luis waited as Cathy twisted her feet in midair. Finally her tired legs succumbed to gravity, and the moment her toes sank to the floor he neatly pinned her legs in place again. “Two.”

As Cathy was tucked into the new spanking position, she felt her hips being angled upward slightly and grabbed at anything she could reach—the leg of her chair, her father’s leg. “Please, Daddy! I’m sorry!”

This time, with his target held securely in place, Luis aimed the slipper downward right onto Cathy’s left sit-spot. “Three.”

“Ah’m saaaawreeeee!”

Luis spanked her right sit-spot. “Four.”

Tears streamed down Cathy’s face. “Noooo… No more! No mooooore!”

Slowly, Luis counted out another six strokes, pausing after ten. “… You knew exactly what you were doing when you pulled that stunt. So you’re getting twenty spanks for deliberate disobedience. I hope it was worth it.”

Cathy’s head sank, her hair pooling against the linoleum floor along with her teardrops. Between gasps she managed to wheeze a few words. “Please… forgive… me…”

Luis raised his arm as high as he could reach. “I will.”

Then he landed the eleventh spank with blistering force. “Eleven.”

Limply, Cathy lost her grip on the chair and folded her arms against the floor to support herself. That was all she could manage before

her breath faltered and she broke down. “Ah... Aaaahaaaaaaw! Bwwaaaaauugghh! ... Guh!”

Slowly but surely, Luis counted out the final nine strokes, bringing the count to an even twenty. He waited a full minute as Cathy sobbed across his knee and glanced at his watch. “We still have a few minutes before I have to leave. So let’s try this again.”

After setting Cathy on her feet beside him, Luis gestured to her feet. “Take off your pj’s. Panties too.”

Sniveling, Cathy’s eyes fluttered open, and she saw her pajama pants and panties were now dangling off of one foot. Her sole remaining slipper had managed to catch them by the pant leg, leaving Cathy with one bare leg and bare foot on the other side. Quickly Cathy bent over, wincing as she felt the watery blisters left by her slipper stretching tight across her glutes.

She pulled them off roughly, sending her other slipper flopping off her foot.

As she held up the tangled mess of her pants, her panties fell free and flopped to the floor. As she looked up, her father caught her eye. “Now fold them neatly and set them on the chair. Not where you sit. At the foot of the table.”

Nodding, Cathy hissed. After she folded the pants as best she could, she straightened up, reaching for her buttocks. Then she second-guessed herself and held her hands just below the undercurve, palms outward.

She heard her father’s voice, calm but stern. “Cathy.”

Cathy’s eyes popped open and she twisted to stare at him. “I said take off your pj’s. That includes your pajama shirt too.”

Cathy started to say “No” but caught herself. “Nuh… n-naked?”

"Yes, Cathy."

Cathy scrunched up her face, then slowly pulled off her pajama shirt. "Yeeess... Dah... D-Dad-deeeeeee..."

After she folded it neatly next to her pajama pants, she noticed she was at least wearing a sleeping bralette from last night. Then she clutched her arms tight to her chest, wondering if that was about to be confiscated next.

As if in answer to her silent question, Luis tapped his finger against the table. "Cathy? You dropped your panties. Please pick them up."

Cathy spotted them and stooped to pick them up, trying not to bend over again. "Y-y-y-yes... s-s-s-sir."

After she folded her panties on the table, Luis nodded. "Now stand at attention. Fold your hands behind your head."

Cathy complied and felt her chest heaving, painfully aware of her dainty bra and exposed bush. Finally she forced herself to speak. “Do... do I have to take off my buh-b-bra t-too?”

“If you disobey again, you will have to take it off. For now you may keep it. But as long as you are under probation, you can consider your clothing a privilege, not a right, under this roof. Do I make myself clear?”

Cathy finally let go of the breath she had been holding and steadied her voice. “Yes, sir!”

“Very good. Then go make me a simple breakfast. It doesn’t have to be anything fancy. But prepare it carefully.”

Cathy nodded as she shuffled on her feet, then tip-toed around him. “Yes, Daddy! Right away.”

Then she noticed the bacon and waffles on the floor. She doubled back and scooped them up.

"Um, do you still want this? Maybe if I zap 'em it will kill the germs?"

Luis stood from his chair, towering over her as she huddled at his feet. Cathy tensed, quaking, wondering if she'd just earned herself another spanking for defiance. Then her father held her by the shoulders and guided her to her feet. "No. Throw that old food away and make something new."

Then he spun her around and gave her two playful but firm slaps. That was more than enough to elicit a squeak of discomfort from Cathy and send her scurrying to the kitchen like a mouse. "Yes! Yes, Popsicle! Right away!"

Back in the kitchen, Cathy dug her fingers into her hair and stared at the clock. It was almost seven o'clock in the morning already! What if she made her daddy run late? Would he spank her again? What did he mean, make me a "simple breakfast"?

Glancing at the counter, Cathy spotted a bowl of fruit and rifled through it. She set an apple and banana on a glass plate, but that hardly seemed satisfactory. Then she remembered how Daddy would always make her a "smiley banana special" in kindergarten. First she popped a piece of white bread into the toaster. Then she peeled the banana and cut it into neat slices, spread peanut butter on the toast, and arranged the banana pieces into the shape of a smiley face.

Cathy grimaced as she stared at the pathetic meal. "This is stupid! He's gonna yell and spank me again for sure! I'm going to get spanked and be naked forever and ever now! I just know it!"

Luis's voice called from the dining room. "Cathy? I'm running late. Let's see what you've cooked up for me."

Cathy peered into the fridge, desperate to find anything to make a more complete breakfast. "Coming right up, sir!"

With a look of despair she poured a glass of orange juice and served her second attempt at breakfast. Luis examined the childish meal with a stoic expression. "The smiley banana special? I've missed these. Thank you, Cathy. This is a wonderful breakfast. Have a seat, dear."

Trembling with relief, Cathy sat right down, smiling as she ignored the fresh wave of pain as her sit-spots pressed flat against the hard wood. "Really? You don't hate it?"

Luis took a bite out of his sandwich, savoring it. "No, I love it."

Cathy felt dizzy, and fresh tears misted her eyes. "You're welcome, Daddy... uh... did I make you late for work?"

Luis glanced at his watch and shrugged. “Eh. I haven’t been tardy for twenty years. I’m sure they won’t fire me.”

After scarfing down a second big bite, Luis drained the orange juice and grabbed his briefcase. “I’m heading to the office. I may have to work late, but I’ll definitely be back by seven p.m. That gives you the whole day to do your chores. I expect you to have the dishes and laundry done, and dinner ready, before seven.”

Cathy twisted in her chair to glance down at her bare butt. “I don’t have to stay naked all day, do I? What if someone comes to the door?”

“If anyone rings the door, don’t answer it. I’ll text you before I come home so you know it’s me. But yes, you will remain bare-bottomed for the rest of the day.”

“B-but…”

"No arguments. From now on, if I hear any more 'but, but, buts,' you will get spanked on your bare butt, butt, butt. That was your one and only warning."

Luis kissed Cathy on the forehead. "See you soon, my sweet little girl. I want you to spend today thinking hard about how you're going to make good choices... Oh, and mind the neighbors."

Peering sideways to the kitchen window, Cathy covered herself at the front, pouting. "Okay... fine, I guess..."

But as she saw him reach the door, she called after him plaintively. "Daddy? ... I love you, Popsicle."

Luis smiled warmly. "And I love you, Kitty-Cat."

After her father left, Cathy stood alone in the dining room.

Then she marched to the laundry room and threw a sweater over her head, decorated with a graphic from *K-Pop Demon Hunters*. She found her neon-purple-and-green yoga pants right where she'd left them this morning during her initial laundry run. She tugged them up and snapped the waistband in place. "He'll never know..."

Then she heard her phone buzzing and jumped, feeling her pockets. Glancing down at the pile of dirty laundry, she found her phone in the pocket of her jean shorts from yesterday. She had a text from Daddy: "There are dirty socks and a pair of panties on the floor of your room. Don't forget to put them in the wash. Popsicle. ❤️"

Cathy felt the trapped heat from her smarting backside as it pressed taut against the seat of her pants and glanced at the laundry. "... Maybe I'd better do the laundry before I forget."

But as Cathy busied herself with the laundry, she couldn't shake the feeling that she was being watched.

End of Chapter II

Humble Pie for Cathy McCain

Chapter III: Cook the Cook's Caboose

Cathy McCain lay on her stomach on the sofa, kicking her feet behind her as she cracked open one of her boring school books: *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Then something gnawed at her, and she looked up at the clock. "No problem. I've got all the time in the world. Plus, Daddy's supposed to text me before he gets home. It'll just get undressed real quick when I know he's on the way." Cathy smiled as she flipped through the book, looking at the illustrations.

"Look at me. House is clean. Doing my homework. I'm such a good girl! Once Daddy sees that, he'll forget about being so extra on the whole 'bare-butt spankings and no clothes in the house' thing."

As Cathy bounced her heels against her behind, she felt a twinge from her most recent spanking and flinched. But she ignored it.

***

Luis McCain dragged himself to his car and started to write a text. “Cathy, heading home now. Better start dinner if you haven’t already. Can’t wait to hear about your day. ❤️ Popsicle.”

Luis tapped send, but nothing happened. His phone froze and blinked off. “Typical. Ah well, as long as I announce myself, she’ll know it’s not some Peeping Tom at the door.” But as Luis made his commute he couldn’t help but wonder what he’d find waiting for him back home.

***

“He lay flat on the brown, pine-needled floor of the forest, his chin on his folded arms, and high overhead the wind blew in the tops of the

pine trees." Cathy McCain read the words aloud, lamely, for the third time in a row as she rested her chin on her folded arms. "Booooring! When is something exciting going to happen in this—"

She saw the sun casting the long shadows that announced the coming of dusk. "Shoot! I gotta get dinner on, or Daddy will tan my hide again."

Cathy tossed aside her book and started pulling off her sweater. At that precise moment, the doorbell rang. With a squeal of surprise, Cathy jumped up from the couch. "Yeeaiiieee! No one's home!"

She heard her father's voice calling from behind the door. "Cathy, it's just me. I got home a bit early. How is—"

"Aaaaugh! Just a second! I'm not dressed!" screamed Cathy as she yanked her sweater off over her head.

Luis unlocked the front door and entered. "Cathy? Relax, there's nothing to worry... about?"

At that precise moment, Cathy dropped her yoga pants, revealing a pair of panties decorated with a cartoon beaver with a plump booty along with the printed slogan "Dam, Girl!" Cathy sucked down a sharp breath. "Crud!"

Knitting his brow, Luis strode toward Cathy and grabbed her by the arm. "Cathy Guisewite McCain! What have you done?"

"W-wait! I just thought a stranger was at the door! I didn't want a stranger to see me naked!"

Luis narrowed his eyes. "I didn't instruct you to answer the door for anyone else. Didn't I tell you clearly that I expected to see you dressed exactly as I left you, with dinner ready for me?"

Cathy nodded, praying for her lie to work. "Um, yeah, but I figured if you got an important package at the door or something,

you'd want me to pick it up! So I thought I'd better get dressed real quick to answer it is all!"

"Then why did I see you getting undressed when I stepped in the door?"

Cathy swallowed and pulled her inside-out sweater tight against her chest. "Be-because I heard your voice and realized it was you!"

Luis held Cathy by both shoulders, stroking her gently. "Kitty-Cat, if you don't want another spanking, then this is your last chance to come clean. Did you disobey my order to stay undressed for the entire day until I returned home?"

Cathy glanced down at the compelling circumstantial evidence of her guilt and decided that she'd better come clean. "Yes, Daddy. I'm sorry for stretching the truth. I've definitely learned my lesson about telling lies!" Cathy hugged him close, smiling to herself. She was still Daddy's little girl.

"Very good, Cathy. In that case, I'm only going to give you three separate spankings instead of four."

Cathy's eyes popped open and she broke away from the hug. "Huh? For what?"

Cathy went cross-eyed as her father held up his index finger right in front of her face. "One: you're getting a spanking for deliberate disobedience. Two: you're getting a spanking for neglecting to make dinner."

Cathy's eyes blazed. "But that's not fair! You said you'd text me before you got back!"

"Three: you're getting a spanking for fibbing about why you were dressed."

Cathy bared her fangs. "But you said you weren't gonna spank me at all if I just told the truth!"

"No, I was going to give you an additional spanking at bedtime if you doubled down on

your obvious lie. Because you owned up to lying, you won't get a fourth spanking tonight, assuming you shape up."

As she struggled to pull away, Cathy discovered her wrists were held tight in her father's iron grip. "But, but—But that's insane!"

"Which reminds me, I promised you a spanking if I heard any more 'but, but, buts' today. So it looks like you're getting that fourth spanking after all."

Bouncing with rage, Cathy roared to the heavens as if she were a Jedi who had just fallen to the Dark Side of the Force and was delivering her lines in the most ham-fisted, delightfully over-the-top manner possible. "Noooooooo!"

Luis seated himself on the ottoman and guided his half-dressed daughter across his thigh. "Cathy Guisewite McCain! You're in big trouble, you naughty girl!"

"Oh, no, noooez! No more spankings!"

Luis tugged down Cathy's beaver panties, revealing a bottom which still bore the pasty, dark-red marks of the slipper spanking from only that morning. "Now you're going to learn exactly what happens to you when you're in big trouble, young lady. You get more spankings!"

Luis gave Cathy ten firm spanks with his open palm before pausing. "That was for forgetting to make supper. If it were just an honest mistake, a simple hand-spanking would be more than enough. But deliberate disobedience is a more serious matter. I'm afraid this spanking is going to have to be your worst one yet."

Cathy's bottom bounced up and down like two buoyant red balloons. "Please, Daddy! I just lost track of time! You didn't text me! I'll do better!"

But the next thunderous clap seemed to send a shockwave through Cathy's caboose, knocking the fight right out of her. Luis delivered another set of ten swats with his hand, then paused for nearly a minute, listening to Cathy's musical din of despair. Finally Luis patted Cathy's upturned hinderparts as if encouraging her. "That was for all the 'but, but, butting' before your spanking. Now we can address the more serious matter of your deliberate disobedience and your dishonesty. Stand up, Cathy McCain. Take a deep breath, and no more whining."

Cathy stood wobbly, her yoga pants dangling around her ankles while her sweater dangled around her wrists.

Luis examined her disheveled state. "You were instructed to stay naked for a good reason, little lady: to teach you humility. But you have a prideful heart. So you decided that you didn't need to obey that rule. Isn't that right?"

Cathy's lip wobbled, then she hiccuped. "I'm sowwy."

"You say you're sorry now, Cathy, after you've been spanked. But you need to remember this moment later, when I'm not here to watch you. To practice better obedience, I want you to take off all your clothes, one at a time, and fold them neatly on the floor in front of you."

With a final pitiful glance down at her wardrobe, Cathy slowly complied, folding her sweater, then her yoga pants, then her panties in front of her. Luis kept eye contact with her the whole time. "Your bra, too, Cathy."

Cathy frowned from ear to ear, then straightened and unclasped her bra, letting her perky breasts flop free. Luis nodded. "Now lay it neatly with the rest of your clothes and kneel, face to the floor, butt up in the air behind you, as if you were a convict bowing to ask mercy from a king."

Cathy paled, then complied, pressing her tear-stained cheeks against the backs of her hands on the floor. She heard her father's voice booming from above her. "Do you think disobeying the rules for your wardrobe was a good idea or a bad idea, Cathy?"

"B-bad... I'm... I'm such a dummy!"

"That's right. You were very foolish. And what happens to foolish girls, young lady?"

"We... we get spankings."

Cathy heard the sound of a metallic click, followed by a series of soft snicks. She dared to peep up and saw her father taking off his leather belt. "That's exactly right."

Luis folded the belt in two and snapped it between his hands. "So let's see if twenty smacks with Daddy's belt will be enough to knock some sense into your little head."

Cathy felt like she'd suddenly been dunked in ice water. "Puhleeeze... Daddy..."

Luis silenced her with another snap of the belt. "Are you going to disobey and make it forty? Or are you going to obey?"

Cathy whimpered. "Obeeeey...."

Luis gestured to the couch. "Then go lie on your tummy on the couch. Make sure to put a pillow under your waist to prop up your booty nice and high."

As a tear dripped down her perfectly straight nose, Cathy sniveled and crawled to lie on the couch and prop herself up on a pillow to angle her hips upward. Luis lay the belt across her bottom. "These twenty strokes are for disobeying Daddy and putting on clothes when I explicitly told you to stay undressed. This time I will not keep count for you. You will count each stroke after I finish and say,

'Thank you, sir.' Take a deep breath after each lash, and woe betide you if you lose count."

Cathy made a whining noise that resembled "Mmm-hmm!"

Luis landed the first lick with the belt, and Cathy squealed like a piglet. "Weeeee-hee! ... One, sir! Thank you, sir!"

Luis answered with a second swing of the belt but paced himself, giving Cathy plenty of time to recover her composure and count between each spank. He was resolved to break her willfulness, but he didn't want to break her spirit entirely.

Cathy managed to keep count without fail for the first ten strokes, but the long spanking had gradually taken its toll on her resolve. After the eleventh stroke she lay ballyhooing for almost a minute. Finally Luis rested his hand on the small of Cathy's back and delivered a short,

quick stroke with the belt. “Keep count, Cathy. You’re on number eleven.”

Cathy yipped with surprise as she felt it rip across her behind. The belt didn’t have the same weight as her slipper, but it bit like a wasp sting. “Eleven, sir! Thank you, sir!”

Luis sighed with relief and stood back up. “Good. Steady, Cathy. I’d like this spanking to end sometime tonight.”

With that, Luis delivered another nine strokes, pausing for at least nine seconds between each. Cathy caught her second wind and kept count until 16 before her voice began to grow shaky behind fresh tears. “S-sixteen, sir. Thank you, sir! Aaaaaaw! Baw-haaa!”

After Cathy felt the seventeenth spank, she sucked down a breath and wheezed. “Seben-teeeeeeee.... thank you, sir...”

After eighteen and nineteen, Cathy’s count became more of a mumbled mess, but Luis

knew his daughter was trying her best, so he didn't add to her count. Finally he delivered the twentieth stroke as a finale, ripping his belt across Cathy's scorched, red-violet rump. Cathy heaved and counted. "Twenneee siiiiiiiir! Thank you! Thank you, sir! ... Ow! Oh... Oooh-hooo... boo-hoo-hooooo!"

Shaking his head, Luis put his belt back on. "You poor thing. Come here, silly girl. Have a hug."

Cathy rose to her knees and buried herself into her father's embrace, whinging, and let him pat the top of her head. "All right, Cathy. Your spanking for disobeying my instructions is over... but you still have another spanking coming for lying to me when I came home."

Cathy tensed, looked up to meet her father's gaze, and nodded. "Daddy... I know I deserve it... but... I can't take any more..."

"I know that, sweetie. So I'm going to let you rest in bed instead of standing in the corner for time-out." Luis scooped his nude daughter up, carried her to her room, and laid her down in bed on her side. "Think hard about what you did today and about what you have coming. I'll be up in a few minutes."

Cathy clutched her pillow like a security blanket and wept softly. After he left her alone, she tried to clutch her bottom, felt the radiant heat emanating from it, and gave up the effort as futile. She spent the rest of her time-out lying on her stomach, sobbing into her pillow.

Finally, just as her tears started to subside, she heard a knock at her door and her father entered. Luis approached her bed and sat next to her. Instinctively, Cathy crept next to him and sat on his lap, ignoring the protest from her punished patootie. He wrapped his arms around her. "Now answer me: why did Daddy punish you?"

Her lip quivered. “I forgot to make dinner like you asked… and… I deliberately disobeyed you…”

Luis stroked her gently under her chin to lift her face up to see his. “That’s right. And what should you do from now on?”

“I… I’ll listen to you. And I won’t wear any clothes no more.”

“And what about forgetting to make dinner? What should you do to correct that mistake?”

She hunched her shoulders. “I… I could make something for you right now if you still have time… and as for lying to you…”

Her eyes teared up and she tried to hug him. “I’m sorry, Daddy, I… I don’t know why I did that… the more I think about it, the more I know I needed the spanking… I… I need lots more spanking!”

Luis reached around and patted her bottom. "That's right, Cathy, but I'm afraid your poor little booty can't take any more punishment tonight. So we'll just have to postpone your spanking for lying until tomorrow."

Cathy swallowed. "I... have to wait that long? Can't we just get my spanking over with so I can finally be forgiven?"

"You already are forgiven, Cathy. But it's no good to go on spanking you without giving you time to recover between spankings. We'll start with a belt spanking first thing tomorrow morning, and that will settle your debt for lying."

Cathy clenched her jaw. "But what if I do bad things faster than you can spank me for all of them?"

"If you have ongoing behavior issues, then I'll have to administer regular spankings throughout the day, spaced out at intervals.

Even if it takes a few days or a few weeks, we'll eventually catch up... But that won't be necessary if you shape up your act."

Cathy hummed with a mix of dread and relief. "I'll try."

Luis kissed the top of her head and dried away her tears. "Very good, Kitten. I'm very proud of you for recognizing your mistake."

Luis picked her up and carried her toward the door. "But on second thought, I think I'll make dinner for you. Any requests?"

Cathy smiled shyly and wrapped her arms around her father's neck. "I miss when you used to make me mac an' cheese after school... with hamburger in it!"

"Well then, I'm going to make you my world-famous hamburger macaroni and cheese. And I'm going to make it with the help of the most beautiful kitchen assistant in the world!"

Luis carried her to the kitchen and set her down. “Oh, best to put an apron on. I wouldn’t want you to get anything hot splashed on you.”

Cathy fetched one of her late mother’s aprons, which was decorated with a picture of a charred cartoon heart and the words “If You Can’t Take the Heat, Get Your Ass Out The Kitchen!”

Luis started a pan of hamburger cooking and a pot of macaroni noodles boiling and pointed to the kitchen. “Assistant cook, grate up one bowl of cheddar and one bowl of Gruyère. That way it will melt easily when we put it on top of the hot macaroni.”

She obeyed, beaming but also blushing. “Yes, Chef!”

Luis clapped as Cathy carefully grated the cheese, sticking her tongue out as she tried not to spill it. “Bravo! You’re getting the hang of it.

Now we drain the water and mix in the hamburger and cheese with a dash of cream, and... Voilà!!! C'est très magnifique!!!"

Luis filled two bowls with a ladle. "Now prepare the dinner table for us and we'll dine."

Cathy served the bowls eagerly, then lowered herself experimentally onto her seat. She decided to rest most of her weight on her thighs and elbows while she ate. As she chewed the first few bites, Cathy looked at her father with a mix of admiration and sadness. "Daddy, I've been thinking... I still feel guilty about disobeying. Do you think I deserve another spanking? ... Maybe before bedtime?"

For a moment Luis paused, then set down his fork, staring carefully into Cathy's eyes. "What do you think, Cathy?"

Cathy swallowed a delicious bite of gooey mac 'n' cheese and felt fresh tears in her eyes. "I

think... I need it... for being a bad girl... and being so dumb..."

Luis reached out and held her hand. "No, Cathy. You're not a bad girl at heart. And you're not dumb. You have been willful and made foolish choices, but I know you want to do better... Yes, I think a reinforcement spanking will help you better ingrain the lesson you've learned today. So I will give you an extra hand spanking tonight when I come up to tuck you into bed. I think that will help put you in the right frame of mind before your real spanking with the belt first thing tomorrow morning."

Cathy squeezed his hand and nodded. "... And then you won't be mad at me anymore?"

Luis kissed her hand. "My precious little girl, I don't punish you because I'm angry. I only punish you because it's my duty and because I love you. The point of the punishment is to

provide you with limits, to teach you to discern between what's right and what's wrong, and to set you on the path of good."

He stroked her hair. "Do you understand that?"

Cathy pressed his hand against her head. "Yes, Daddy. I think I understand now... thank you."

He smiled. "You are welcome, my pretty little angel. Before bed I have to do some market research for the office. When you're done eating, clear the table, wash the dishes, take a nice long shower, and go to your room to study. I'll be up to give you your bedtime spanking at nine o'clock sharp. When I knock, I expect to see you seated on your bed waiting for me, ready to be spanked."

He kissed her on her forehead. "And remember, the no-clothing rule is still in force. You are to remain completely naked for the rest of the night."

Cathy nodded and slipped out of her kitchen apron. “Do you want me to bring anything to my room? You know, like a cane or your razor strap to spank me with?”

“No need. Since this is just a reminder spanking, a simple hand spanking will be more than enough. Plus a handful of strokes with your hairbrush for emphasis.”

She folded her hands in front of her, blushing with fresh embarrassment. “And if I’m really good today… may I have my clothes back starting tomorrow?”

Luis considered. “Everything will depend on your choices, Cathy. Starting tomorrow morning, good behavior will result in you earning back the privilege of wearing clothing, while bad behavior will reset you back to square one: your birthday suit. I will tell you when you’ve merited the right to have your underwear back. I’m rooting for you.”

With a final embrace they parted. Cathy sighed and went to work on the dishes. After her shower she scrounged up a bottle of Vaseline and applied a generous dollop to her burning backside, which soothed the chafed skin slightly.

She sat on a fuzzy blanket while she did her reading and managed to get through one whole chapter of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

She heard her warning alarm ring and glanced up to see she had fifteen minutes until 9:00 p.m. "Showtime."

Cathy sat on her bed, feeling her stomach churning. She saw her favorite stuffed animal from her infant years, a chubby tiger plushie, and sat it on her lap.

Her alarm clock chimed a tune and rang the hour nine. Cathy recited the pull quote she'd read from the back of her book. "Do not ask for whom the bell tolls... it tolls for thee."

There was a knock, and her father let himself in. “Well, Cathy, how did your evening go? What did you get accomplished?”

“I finished a whole chapter. I think I might actually be able to get it done in time to write my essay.”

“Of course you can. You’re a smart girl, and you can do anything you set your mind to.”

Luis seated himself next to Cathy. “Well, you’ve asked for a bedtime spanking. You know what needs to happen next. But I want to hear you explain why this is happening in your own words. Why are you getting this spanking, Cathy?”

“Because I disobeyed you, neglected my responsibilities, lied when confronted, then tried to backtalk and stall when it was time for my spanking.”

"And you understand that you will still be getting a spanking with my belt tomorrow morning."

Cathy nodded. "Yes. That will be my due penalty for lying. But this spanking is just to help me remember... that I'm still your little girl, and I still need spankings."

"Exactly. So we're going to work on having you practice obedience and submit to your spanking without further argument. Go and fetch your hairbrush from the dresser and lie across my lap. Hold on tight to the hairbrush until I ask you for it to finish your spanking."

Feeling her stomach twisting into a knot, Cathy stood and marched to collect the steel hairbrush, her feet heavy with every step, and settled down across her father's lap, gripping tight to the hairbrush. As she felt his hand resting against her waist to hold her in place,

Cathy blurted out, “I’m ready, Daddy. Please spank me soundly.”

But she didn’t feel ready.

Luis lifted his hand halfway up. “I will. I’m proud of you. You’re my brave girl. Let’s finish your spanking now.”

Luis began to spank, withholding some of his full strength but delivering firm strokes that were more than enough to bring Cathy fresh discomfort. When combined with the lingering soreness, Cathy found herself in an agonizing state of heightened awareness. It hurt just enough to make her keenly conscious of her tushie’s tantalizing troubles while also not hurting quite bad enough to bring her to tears. She now realized that crying tended to help numb the continual pain of a long spanking.

The steady hand spanking carried on for a few agonizing minutes before Luis finally paused.

"Hand me the hairbrush, young lady. You will get five good, solid whacks."

Cathy sniffed, and as she held up the hairbrush she felt fresh tears stinging her eyes. By now they were like old friends. "Yesssss.... sir!"

Luis accepted the hairbrush, delivered a few love taps against each of Cathy's butt cheeks, then brought down the first real spank with a crisp pop across her further buttock. "One."

Cathy yelped and felt her tears dripping down freely. "One, sir. Thank you, sir!"

With a proud smile, Luis delivered the next four spanks slowly, aiming at both of Cathy's buttocks, both her upper thighs, and a connecting blow across the center of her lower bottom. Even as she broke down crying, Cathy managed to keep her count without a misstep. "Five, sir! Thank you, sir!"

Luis examined his work, feeling like a painter before a canvas. Cathy's once-white bottom

now represented an abstract field of red poppies, speckled with a few purple violets. Cathy bawled for another few minutes before finally calming herself down. She muttered, her voice heavy. "... M'sorry, Popsicle."

Luis sat her on his lap and hugged her close. "I forgive you, Kitty-Cat."

Cathy kissed him on the cheek and let him tuck her into bed. Luis stroked her cheek. "Good night, Cathy. Tomorrow is a new day."

"G'nite, Daddy. See you tomorrow." Cathy felt her eyelids drooping. Of course, tomorrow would be here soon. And after enduring her final spanking from Daddy's belt, she was determined to make it a better day than today had been.

The End

El Dolor de la Luchadora

Once upon a time, in Mexico, a mysterious luchador known as El Santo appeared in the ring, wearing a silver-white mask. Over the course of his career, Santo would face many worthy opponents, such as Demonio Azul (the "Blue Demon"), Sombras (the "Black Shadow"), and Mil Máscaras (the "Man of a Thousand Masks").

Even after becoming a Mexican folk hero, Santo refused to remove his mask, neither in public nor in private life, to preserve the mystique of his heroic persona, and only revealed his face when he neared the end of his life, as a final farewell to his fans. By the time of his death, the tradition of the masked fighter, *el luchador enmascarado*, had forever been established in *Lucha Libre*. And like many wrestlers in the luchador tradition, El Santo's legacy was carried on by his son, El Hijo del Santo.

Of course, there have been many legendary figures who have entered the ring wearing a mask. Some are so legendary that there are skeptics who may claim that they never existed: like El Burrito Bandido. It is true that El Burrito Bandido never participated in the same prestigious tournaments as the more famous luchadors, nor did he ever become a folk hero. But nevertheless, the crowds loved him!

For no sooner had the Britto snack company retired their infamous cartoon mascot in the 70s, caving to complaints from American special interest groups, and retired their advertising campaigns in Mexico, than the Burrito Bandido himself began to appear in the ring, wearing a mask and wielding toy pop guns!

The masked luchador's antics quickly won the hearts of the wrestling public, adding a touch of comic relief to the tremendous battles between the forces of good and evil that take

place in the ring. And no matter how much the Britto snack company's American legal team complained about the trademark infringement, what could be done? No one knew the true identity of that handsome scoundrel masquerading as the Burrito Bandido. He was wearing a mask, after all!

But, like all true heroes, the Burrito Bandido had a secret identity: Juan Azteca. And, most unfortunately for his army of adoring female fans, Juan also had an adoring wife, Maria, and seven adoring children: Manuel, Teresa, Diego, Carmen, Clara, and the twins Carlos and Carlita. Juan's earnest wish was for one of his children to carry on his legacy in the ring, but he would not force any of his children to choose the life of the fighter against their will.

But of all the seven Azteca siblings, Carmen loved the magic of *lucha libre* most of all, and so it was that when she turned 19, she took on

the mantle of La Burrita Bandida and made her first appearance in the ring as a luchadora.

Carmen was six-and-a-half feet tall, solidly built, and well-toned from years of strength and endurance training. While wearing the sombrero, poncho, and gigantic fake mustache that marked her as La Burrita Bandida, Carmen cut a comical figure. But there was no chance of mistaking her for a man, thanks to her graceful eyes and her natural curves.

Carmen's father, her beloved "Padre," watched from the sidelines, wearing his own costume in solidarity with his daughter, as the bell rang and Carmen tagged in to relieve her fighting partner: the heroic Red Angel, La Ángela Roja. Her opponent, the villainous Saint of Death, La Santa Muerte, howled with rage, calling the Red Angel a coward and other less-flattering names.

With dramatic flair, Santa Muerte threw back both her flowing blue-black hair and her flowing blue-black Dracula cape, her eyes flashing red beneath her skull-like mask. "¡Vuelve y pelea, pendeja!" [An approximate translation might be: "Come back and fight, you pubic-hair-having coward!"]

Carmen landed a high-flying kick that the Saint of Death redirected, sending her spinning to the ground before she bounced to a halt on her rump. Carmen ignored the howls of laughter as she pulled herself back to her feet, using the rope of the ring for support.

It was true that La Santa Muerte was supposed to be playing a vile villainess, known as a "heel" or "rudo" in wrestling, ever since her debut as a heroic "face" had ended in disaster. But Carmen couldn't help but wonder if La Santa Muerte enjoyed playing her villainous role a little too much.

Of course, the wrestling match was entirely, 100% real. No one ever knows who will win the final bout. But to perform such dangerous maneuvers, all professional wrestlers must rehearse. And Carmen was pretty sure she'd never rehearsed that last judo throw.

Nevertheless, the show must go on! Carmen drew her orange-tipped cork pop guns and fired two shots into the air. "¡No puedes matarme, Santa Muerte. ¡Porque no sé qué significa la palabra 'muerte'!" ["You cannot kill me, Saint of Death. Because I don't know what the word 'death' even means!"]

Carmen delighted in the crowd's reaction, but before she could deliver her usual slapstick routine, which the kids always loved, Santa Muerte called upon the powers of El Diablo to aid her. "¡Satán, ayúdame a golpear a esta moza. ¡Que las llamas del infierno quemen vuestro traserito!" ["Satan, help me to thrash this

wench. May the flames of hell roast your little ass!"]

"¡Aye, caramba!" thought Carmen. She'd never heard that line before! This fight was moving much too quickly. Carmen's job was to give the heroine a chance to catch her breath and provide a comic interlude, but this professional wrestling match was suddenly getting... real!

Carmen pulled back against the ropes to launch herself forward into battle, spiraling in mid-air to perform the advanced leg-lock technique, followed by a devastating hip drop. But the vile Santa Muerte latched onto Carmen's thighs and spun wildly. Not wanting to risk injuring her opponent, Carmen relaxed her grip and let herself fall, using her free hands to roughly catch herself, breaking her fall. Carmen felt her toy pop guns go flying.

This was getting ridiculous! Sure, there were no scripts in *lucha libre*, but no honorable

luchadora would improvise like that in the middle of a killer high-flying move. It wasn't just bad sportsmanship. It was bad showmanship! And there were kids watching!

Carmen reached for her toy guns, realizing she'd have to get them off the ring before another luchadora risked stepping on them, when she felt her body being lifted into the air. Carmen's sombrero went flying, her poncho falling freely across the top of her head, as she found herself bent over the knee of her opponent.

Santa Muerte crowed with delight as she began to rain down spanks across Carmen's plump posterior. "¡Bandida traviesa! ¡Creo que sus lindas nalguitas necesitan nalgadas! ¡Siente las palmadas de mi palma poderosa!" ["You naughty bandit! I believe that your cute lil' buttocks need some spanks! Feel the slaps of my mighty palm!"]

Carmen yipped with each spank, more from surprise than from pain. "¿Eh? ¿Qué?"

A spanking? This early in the fight? That kind of humiliating ritual was usually reserved for a dramatic climax, and only when a disrespectful luchadora was being especially bratty! And what was worse, Santa Muerte wasn't even delivering the spanking right! If you wanted to delight the crowd, you had to start slow and build the anticipation.

Carmen twisted atop Santa Muerte's bent knee, but at the sound of the audience's cheers and guffaws, she surrendered. Yes, it was humiliating to be spanked like a child in front of the entire world of *lucha libre* fans. But a true luchadora knew that her first duty was to her amazing fans. For the sake of the little girls who looked up to her, Carmen wanted to be brave and accept her spanking with dignity... as much as it was possible to look dignified under the present circumstances.

Carmen braced herself, awaiting the final, climactic spank that would signal the end of her ordeal and send her flying across the ring. Only the spanking didn't stop.

La Santa Muerte projected her voice so that she could be heard clearly over the steady sound of her hand clapping against her victim's helpless buttocks. "¡Bueno, ahora que lo pienso, tu culito no es tan delicado, ¿verdad? ¡A mí me parece más bien un culo grande y gordo!"

["Well, now that I think about it, your 'little ass' is not all that dainty, is it? To me, it seems more like a big, fat ass!"]

The audience, who were no strangers to watching a luchadora getting an over-the-knee spanking, chuckled as they realized this was easily the longest "smackdown" in the history of the sport!

"¡Oye, no es justo! ¿Por qué no la dejas salir?" growled La Ángela Roja, reaching out from her

corner of the ring. ["Hey, no fair! Why don't you let her tag out?"]

Carmen flinched as she felt the spanks increase in force and realized her dilemma. "¡Huy! ¡Merced! ¡Perdóname mis nalgas!" ["Hey! Have mercy! Spare my buttocks!"]

Santa Muerte threw back her head and cackled, holding her spanking hand delicately against her fair cheek. "¡La misericordia es para los débiles! Y primero... ¡quiero oírte suplicar!" ["Mercy is for the weak! And first... I want to hear you beg!"]

Carmen felt tears spring to her eyes as Santa Muerte began the spanking anew. "¡Bien, ganas! ¡Deja de azotarme! ¡Te lo ruego!" ["Fine, you win! Stop hitting me! I beg you!"]

Santa Muerte sneered. "¡Pobre Burrita Bandida! ¿Me estás rogando?" ["Poor little Burrita Bandida! Are you begging me?"]

"¡Sí, sí! ¡Te lo ruego, ¿de acuerdo?" ["Yes, yes, I'm begging you, all right?"]

Santa Muerte paused the spanking, waving to the crowd, who had begun to boo enthusiastically. "¿Oíste eso? ¡Este culo me está rogando... ¡rogándome más nalgadas!" ["You hear that? This ass is begging me... begging me for more spankings!"]

Caught off guard, Carmen howled with pain as Santa Muerte landed the hardest spank yet, leaving a fresh, bright-red handprint across her already bright-pink backside. Then Carmen felt something tugging at her bandit mask and heard Santa Muerte's mocking voice. "¡Creo que tendré que desenmascarar a esta tonta! Ella es indigna de—" ["I believe I'll have to unmask this fool! She is unworthy of—"]

"¡Ya basta!" Carmen twisted free of the spanking position and grappled her opponent, pinning her across her back and legs. There was

no shame greater than to be unmasked in the ring. Once unmasked, no honorable fighter could continue using the same identity. It would be the end of the Burrito Bandido tradition!

Holding her enemy securely, Carmen leapt forward and hip-dropped, a crowd-pleasing move she'd practiced a thousand times in training. In an instant, Santa Muerte found herself trapped across Carmen's lap, nearly a mirror image of their previous position.

A young girl in the crowd screeched, "¡¡Nalgádasla!!" ["Spank her!"]

Then the audience took up the chant. "¡¡Nalgádasla!! ¡¡Nalgádasla!! ¡¡Nalgádasla!!"

Carmen looked down at Santa Muerte's wriggling, unitard-clad hindquarters and knew what she had to do. She'd never delivered a spanking before, and especially not to the league's favorite new heel character, but

Carmen couldn't deny the crowd what they were begging to see.

Santa Muerte squeaked as she felt the first swat land against her buttocks. She was about to deliver another evil villainous monologue, but when she felt a second and third slap, she realized that the first singular spank had just become a proper spanking. In her words, "*un nalgada*" had quickly become "*unas nalgadas*." "¡Ay! ¿Qué estás haciendo? Se supone que no debes darme palmadas." ["Ow! What is this? You're not supposed to spank me!"]

Carmen ignored the skull-faced villainess' protests and delivered a firm smack, her palm easily covering both of her opponent's taut butt-cheeks at once. "¡No, no, niña traviesa! ¡Después de tus nalgadas, te sentarás en un rincón para tomar un tiempo de espera!" ["No, no, naughty girl! After your spanking, you will go sit in the corner for a time-out!"]

Santa Muerte roared with fury as she struggled for her freedom, howled with pain as she endured the next set of spanks, then wailed with humiliation as she realized she was hopelessly trapped. "¡Pero tú eres el alivio cómico! ¡Se supone que debo enfrentarme a la Ángela Roja!" ["But you're the comic relief! I'm supposed to face the Red Angel!"]

Santa Muerte clawed at the floor as if desperate to reach the heroic Red Angel at the opposite end of the ring.

Watching from her corner, the Red Angel only shrugged. "No me importa. ¡Dale una buena bofetada de mi parte!" ["I don't mind. Give her a good slap for me!"]

"¡No! Ack! Owwie!" howled Santa Muerte. Spanish is a lovely, romantic language, with so many flavorful expressions that are difficult to translate. But some phrases are universal. "Waaaah! Bwah!" cried Santa Muerte, kicking

her feet and beating her fists against the floor of the ring.

Carmen raised an eyebrow. "¿Estás lista para rendirte, mocosa?" ["Are you ready to surrender, brat?"]

Santa Muerte shook her head so forcefully her tears went flying, sparkling as they caught the light. "¡Nunca! ¡Le mostraré mi ira a la Ángela Roja!" ["Never! I will show the Red Angel my wrath!"]

Carmen blew such a raspberry her fake mustache fell off. "¡Haz lo que quieras!" ["Have it your way!"] Adjusting her grip, Carmen secured Santa Muerte's legs in place with a scissor hold, then released her hold on her opponent's back, confident that her spankee would not be able to squirm free.

Then Carmen gripped the strap of Santa Muerte's unitard and twisted it slightly, the resulting wedgie forcing the villainess to lift her

bottom up high into the air. “Lo único que le mostrarás a la Ángela Roja hoy es tu fondo rojo.” [“The only thing you’ll be showing the Red Angel today is your red backside!”]

Pointlessly, Santa Muerte scrambled to shield her behind with her free hands, all thoughts of acting tough forgotten. Fresh tears spilled down her cheeks, stained black by her ruined mascara. “¡Lo siento, por favor! ¡No nalgadas!” [“I’m sorry! Please! No spanking!”]

But Carmen ignored Santa Muerte’s flailing hands and carried on spanking, just like her padre used to do when Carmen was a little troublemaker. She knew that, eventually, good would always triumph over evil. Santa Muerte held up her hands for a few more moments before the exertion became too much and she slumped forward, now sobbing freely.

The crowd, which had been booing Santa Muerte’s cruelty before, now applauded this

poetic reversal of fate. Santa Muerte felt her chest tighten as she realized everyone in the world of *Lucha Libre* was celebrating as they watched her get her just desserts.

Blubbering, Santa Muerte dropped her affected, dramatic evil-villainess voice. "¡Lo lamento, Carm—"

Carmen landed an extra-hard slap to stop Santa Muerte before she could blurt out her real name while on stage.

As she felt the blow, Santa Muerte let out a desperate, though oddly cute, choke of surprise and covered her mouth. The well-spanked luchadora twisted to look over her shoulder, looking up with watery eyes. "...Lo lamento, Burrita Bandida..."

The crowd began to chant, "¡¡Desenmascárala!!"

Carmen poked a finger under Santa Muerte's mask, considering her options. On the one

hand, they had never agreed that the loser of this match would be forced to lose their mask. On the other hand, Santa Muerte had known that full well when she had attempted to unmask La Burrita Bandida.

Knowing she was defeated, Santa Muerte hung her head in shame.

Carmen playfully patted her opponent's upturned buttocks, then pinched the defeated villainess lightly by her ear to lift her up. "¡Ella se ha sometido! Creo que ha aprendido la lección, Ángela Roja. Así que si no te importa, enviaré a esta chica tonta a sentarse en un rincón." ["She has submitted! I believe that she has learned her lesson, Red Angel. Now if you don't mind, I'm sending this silly girl to sit in the corner."]

The Red Angel stretched her arm so far out toward La Burrita Bandida that her angelic rear end was dangling on top of the rope barrier,

her silky red miniskirt doing nothing to mask its glory. “¡Aún no! ¡Déjame darle una buena palmada, por favor, Señorita Burrita Bandida!” [“Not yet! Let me give her one good slap, if you please, Miss Burrita Bandida!”]

Santa Muerte was busy rubbing her bottom furiously, but when she heard this suggestion she stiffened. “P-Pero...” [“B-but...”]

Carmen towered head and shoulders over the defeated heel. “Ya la escuchaste, señorita. Presentad vuestra colita al castigo celestial.” [“You heard her, missy. Present your cute little tail for heavenly punishment.”]

“...Sí, señora.” Knowing that it was no use arguing, Santa Muerte meekly turned and placed her hands on her knees, presenting her already red rump as a target.

After Carmen gave her partner a low-five, the Red Angel flew into the ring, egging on the crowd, who were just as eager as her for the

finale. But Red Angel let the moment build so that the cameras could capture the formerly diabolical, now-demure Santa Muerte's face as she braced herself for the spank, then glanced nervously behind her when it didn't come, then steeled herself up yet again.

With perfect timing, the Red Angel charged and delivered a mighty spank with a full swing of her arm. Santa Muerte flew through the air and bounced off the floor, clutching her poor, poor bottom. It was almost as if they'd rehearsed it.

An eager fan handed the Red Angel a stool, and she made a show of putting Santa Muerte in time-out. "Te quedarás quieta por el resto de la pelea. ¡Piensa en lo que hiciste mal!" ["You will sit still for the rest of the match. Think about what you did wrong!"]

And sure enough, Santa Muerte sat, fidgeting uncomfortably on her sore, smarting, stinging

seat, but also obediently. She twisted once on her stool to watch nervously as her partner, La Malévola Murciélaga Morada ("The Malevolent Purple Bat"), made a comically futile effort to defeat the undefeated champion, Red Angel.

After only a few seconds of enduring playful swats across the Red Angel's knee, the Purple Bat was forced to admit defeat. After discussing the terms of surrender, Red Angel mercifully agreed to spare the Purple Bat any further humiliation, provided that her diabolical mistress would apologize properly for her disgraceful conduct in the ring.

Knowing what this meant, Santa Muerte accepted the terms of her unconditional surrender and crawled to kneel at the Red Angel's feet, her face on the floor, her ass in the air. After that, the defeated villainess was allowed to stand, but she was forced to hold her hands behind her head before the Red Angel

tugged the villainess' miniskirt down around her ankles and delivered an inspiring sermon on the importance of sportsmanship and fair play for all the kids watching at home.

Finally, so that the devilish Santa Muerte would forever serve as a warning to bad sports everywhere, the Red Angel took her seat on the stool in the center of the ring and invited Santa Muerte to assume the position across her knee for her real spanking. "¿Qué pasó antes? ¡Eso fue solo un calentamiento!" ["What came before? That was just a warm-up!"]

With a final gulp, Santa Muerte straddled across Red Angel's knee, and the vanquished luchadora's bottom was promptly pinned in place and laid bare for chastisement. She whimpered at the realization that she would have to endure a bare-bottom spanking, but Red Angel only shook her head. "Es necesario."

Her lip quivering, Santa Muerte lay quietly to accept her spanking. She did not lie so quietly once it began. Sadly, there are many cynics who claim that professional wrestling isn't real. But even the most ardent of skeptics would have to admit: that spanking was as real as it gets.

Carmen watched from the sidelines, enjoying the show. As a comic-relief character, she knew she wasn't the face of wrestling. Later, when the clip of La Ángela Roja's epic defeat of La Santa Muerte went viral across the internet, their places in the annals of legendary luchadoras were forever secured: the greatest face-vs.-heel grudge match of all time. Some historians of wrestling would even remark on the excellent performance given by the humble supporting character: La Burrita Bandida.

Carmen was content.

***

In the locker room, Carmen reattached her lost mustache, embarrassed to have lost even a small part of the costume that represented her legacy. That minor point, specifically, was the only thing she felt embarrassed about after her long day in the luchador ring.

Red-eyed and sniffling, Santa Muerte emerged from the arena, the boos and jeers of the crowd following her. The moment the door closed behind her, Santa Muerte dropped her skirt and stepped out of her unitard.

Then she lowered her panties to examine her well-roasted rump, kneading her butt cheeks like dough with both hands. When she noticed Carmen, Santa Muerte froze, then stood at attention, momentarily forgetting to pull her panties back up. "Carmen... Digo, ¡Burrita Bandida! Pensé que ya te habías ido..." ["Carmen... I mean, Burrita Bandida! I thought you'd left already..."]

"Me gusta quedarme después de un partido y firmar postales con mi papá. Ya sabes, para los niños." ["I like to stay after a match and sign postcards with my poppa. You know, for the kids."]

"¡Bien! ... De todos modos, ¡buena pelea! Um, lo siento, supongo que no fue una buena pelea, ¿verdad?" ["Right! ... Anyway, good fight! Um, sorry, guess it wasn't such a good fight, was it?"]

"Al público le encantó. Eso es lo más importante." ["The public loved it. That's what's most important."]

Santa Muerte's cheeks flushed bright red. "¿El público? ¡Por supuesto, la multitud! Definitivamente... los escuché. Eh, lo que quiero decir es que lamento cómo me comporté en el ring." ["The public? Of course, the crowd! I definitely... heard them. Er, what I

mean to say is, I'm sorry for how I behaved in the ring."]

Carmen crossed her arms, looking down at the quailing luchadora before her. "¿Qué pasó ahí fuera? Estabas por todos lados." ["What happened out there? You were all over the place."]

Perhaps wondering if another spanking was imminent, Santa Muerte waved a hand as she made her awkward apology. "Me dejé llevar un poco. Estaba tan emocionada por el combate por el título con la Ángela Roja..." ["I got a little carried away. I got so excited for the title bout with the Red Angel..."]

"Está bien. Divertirse frente al público es una parte importante de la *lucha libre*. Pero no olvides practicar tus técnicas avanzadas; pueden ser riesgosas... para ambas luchadoras." ["It's okay. Having a good time in front of the audience is an important part of *lucha libre*.

But don't forget to practice your advanced moves; they can be risky... for both luchadoras."]

Clenching her jaw, Santa Muerte tried to meet Carmen's eyes and couldn't. "¿No estás enfadada conmigo? ¡Me sentí como una ruda!" ["You aren't angry with me? I felt like such a heel!"]

Carmen smiled, clapping Santa Muerte on the shoulder and gesturing to her backside. "Se supone que eres una ruda. Además, diría que ya has sufrido bastante por un día." ["You're supposed to be a heel! Besides, I'd say you've suffered enough for one day."]

Blushing, Santa Muerte stroked her backside gently. "Esa azote fue más de lo que esperaba, pero me la merecía." ["That whupping was more than I expected, but I deserved it."]

Carmen rifled through her duffel bag and found a spare tube of hand lotion. "Toma, usa

esta. Funciona de maravilla." ["Here, use this. It works wonders."]

Santa Muerte's eyes teared up. "¡Gracias!" ["Thank you!"]

Carmen ignored the lingering sting in her own buttocks as she saluted her rival and made her way out to find her father. As Carmen closed the door, she caught a brief glimpse of Santa Muerte rushing to yank down her panties and apply a generous dollop of lotion to her well-spanked ass. "No está mal... para ser una ruda." ["She's not bad... for a heel!"]

The End

Pain Is (Not) Funny

By Yu May and Anonymous

Pauline Wunder was thoroughly spoiled. This wasn't entirely her fault, nor entirely her parents' fault. It was just that Pauline had been such a perfectly behaved child growing up that her parents had never once needed to spank her.

It wasn't even that they were vehemently against spanking. Pauline's younger sisters, Liz and Annie, earned plenty of trips over Mommy's knee. But Mr. and Mrs. Wunder decided that once their girls reached age eleven, they were starting to get too old for spanking.

And Pauline only started to act like a diva when she turned thirteen years old... much too old for a spanking. Well, perhaps not in Mrs. Wunder's opinion, but Mr. Wunder insisted that it wouldn't be fair to start spanking Pauline this late, after they'd already agreed her

younger sisters were already getting too old for a spanking.

So Pauline's bottom remained completely and thoroughly unspanked throughout her high-school career.

After Mom had passed away, Dad had been forced to take on all her responsibilities, including being the disciplinarian. But in honor of his late wife, Mr. Wunder continued to enforce the house rule that by age thirteen, Liz and Annie were too old for spanking (though Liz managed to earn one last spanking the week before her thirteenth birthday).

And no matter how many times Liz and Annie complained that life just wasn't fair and demanded to know why Pauline never got spankings when she acted out, Dad always insisted, "When you're her age, you'll be too old for a spanking too. That's fair."

This little injustice of life became a sore spot for the three sisters, particularly when the two younger sisters were feeling sore-bottomed themselves.

Time passed. By age twenty-one, Pauline was completing a Bachelor's degree in interior design in between partying. At nineteen, Liz had graduated from high school as valedictorian and was taking a year off to find herself before college. Meanwhile, eighteen-year-old Annie was wrapping up her senior year and spent most of her time volunteering to work on set and props for the Theater Club, just to avoid the spotlight.

Things might have gone on, unchanged, forever, but one fateful day Pauline arrived home for spring break.

As Pauline rested her raven-haired head on the couch, playing her Nintendo Switch, Liz and Annie were hauling cardboard donation boxes

to the garage. Liz poked her head from behind a stack of three boxes, her face blazing red to complement her auburn hair. “Ya know, Pauline, you could help us if you wanted to!”

Pauline pulled her Tootsie Pop out of her mouth, holding it casually like a cigarette. “Thanks for the memo, Lizzie. I’ll let you know when I want to.”

Annie struggled to lift one box, her blond pigtails flopping as she nearly lost her balance. “Um, we’d really appreciate some help, Pauline... er, if that’s okay... you don’t have to if you don’t want to.”

“Well, if I don’t have to...” With a smirk, Pauline popped her lollipop back into her mouth.

Liz scowled. “Ugh! Never mind her, Annie. Princess Pauline is far too busy with her Mario games to bother with tending to the poor.”

Pauline bit her lollipop, perfecting the illusion she was nonchalantly smoking a cigarette. "Pauline isn't a princess. You're thinking of Princess Peach."

Liz took a sharp breath, then disappeared into the garage with her boxes, grumbling. "I don't know who any of those are, and I don't want to."

Annie's scrawny arms trembled as she tried to haul her singular box, looking like an adorable version of Sisyphus. "Uh... Pauline... maybe... I could really use a little help? Please?"

Pauline thumbed up the volume on her Nintendo, drowning out Annie's squeaks of discomfort as she struggled with her burden. "Look, if that's what you two want to do with your spring break, good for you. But I use my spring break to relax."

Liz reappeared from the garage, striding back to the pile of boxes in a huff. "Yeah, well, you

know who else is on spring break? Annie! And look at her—she's helping! Isn't that nice? Actually doing something for someone other than yourself?"

Annie struggled to lift her box a whole inch to rest it on the living-room table, only to discover this was beyond her limited strength. "Ah... help?"

Liz barked as she scooped up another three boxes and marched back to the garage. "Exactly! It only takes a few minutes out of your day to help those less fortunate! Would it kill you to carry a couple boxes?"

At the moment it looked like it was killing Annie to carry one box, but Pauline and Liz were too absorbed in their argument to notice.

Pauline sniffed. "Would it kill you to say please?"

Annie tried to lower the box she was carrying to the ground, only for her lower back to make

a dangerous popping sound. “Oh dear! Um... help me, please?”

Pauline nodded absent-mindedly as something exploded in the midst of her video game. “Yeah, like that! You know, Lizzie, if you want my help, rather than trying to guilt-trip me into it, why not try asking politely?”

Liz glanced over her shoulder to glower at Pauline before disappearing into the garage. “Oh, please! You’re just going to say, ‘No, thank you!’ in that teasing, prissy little voice of yours!”

“Hmm, that didn’t sound like a very polite way to ask for my help.”

Annie started to wobble backwards, near tipping over. “Eek! Please, please, please! Someone help me with this box!”

Pauline shook her head. “I know sarcasm when I hear it, Annie.”

There was a rough thump as Liz deposited her boxes and stormed back into the house, making a beeline toward the couch to face Pauline. “All right, let’s test my theory. You want me to ask you politely?”

Liz stood to attention and folded her hands primly in front of her. “Pauline, it would mean the world to me if you would help us load the truck. Please, won’t you help us out?”

There was not a hint of sarcasm in Liz’s voice.

Pauline hummed, then pulled her sucker out with a pop. “Hmm... No, thank you.”

Annie collapsed under the weight of her box. The top popped open, spilling old shoes and shorts onto her face. Liz nearly dove over the couch to come to Annie’s rescue. “Shoot! Annie? Are you safe?”

Pauline glanced over the edge of the couch and did her best impression of a baseball umpire. “Nope! Yer out!”

As she lifted the cardboard box off of Annie's chest, Liz rolled her eyes. "Not helping, Pauline. Why don't you—"

At that moment the bottom of the box broke, spilling the rest of the used clothing right onto Annie, whose shrill cry of despair was quickly muffled.

As she spat out a pair of old cargo shorts, Annie sat up, her eyes blazing. "Why don't you just shut up with your mean jokes? You know what I got for teasing when I was a little kid? A good spanking! And maybe that's what you need!"

Looking guilty-faced, Pauline pulled her sucker out. "I was just trying to lighten the mood."

Annie nearly tripped on the spilled clothing before Lizzie caught her. As Annie finally found her footing, her face turned beet-red and her eyes shone. "It's not funny! That hurt! Do you think my pain is funny?"

Pauline kissed her lollipop. “Pain is always funny, as long as it doesn’t happen to me.”

Annie burst into tears and ran into the garage, gently closing the door behind her.

Liz groaned. “...Great work, Pauline. Really feeling the family love this spring break.”

Pauline blinked. “I didn’t expect her to take it so—”

“Yeah, yeah. It’s never your fault. Just play your game. I’ll talk to Annie.”

Glancing down at her Nintendo Switch, Pauline finally paused her game. “I’ll talk to her. I’ll just tell her I’m sorry and—”

Liz shook her head, standing like a tall, skinny sentinel between Pauline and the garage door. “No. Give her some space, Pauline. I know Annie. Once she’s had a good cry, she’ll want to finish dropping off the donations to the city

mission. Maybe by the time we're home, she'll be ready to hear an apology from you."

"Oh, so you can talk to her, but I can't? Why don't you just give her some space?"

Liz pinched the bridge of her nose and exhaled. "You wouldn't get it... whenever Annie got spanked by Mom, she always came running to cry on my shoulder... because I knew what it felt like to get spanked too. You never got spanked."

Pauline swallowed a lump in her throat. "That... that wasn't my fault! Mom and Dad said I was too old for a spanking by then!"

Liz shrugged. "Yeah, that part's not your fault. But you teasing Annie about her spankings sure didn't help. So now she doesn't come running to you when she feels like having a good cry. You reap what you sow."

Pauline tried to look Liz in the eye and finally hung her head. Liz disappeared into the garage

to attempt to console an inconsolable Annie. Pauline scooped her Nintendo Switch up from the couch and stomped into the kitchen.

After Pauline realized she'd hopelessly lost her game by now, she pulled out her smartphone, pouting. As she browsed one of her favorite adult fanfiction sites, she tried to lose herself in a bondage-and-discipline story. It was the usual sort of nonsense she loved to read: a spoiled young woman spanked by her father, or by her teacher, or by her husband. Always the same few comforting plots.

Pauline had never been spanked, but as long as she could remember, the idea of spanking always seemed... alluring. It seemed everyone she knew either had deep-seated trauma about being spanked, or else a deep sense of gratitude, even a nostalgia for it. But either way, the memory of being spanked was always keenly ingrained.

She'd felt the fear of witnessing her sisters' spankings, wondering if she was next, only for her to safely and finally reach the age where she was officially "too old for a spanking." She remembered the relief she felt on her thirteenth birthday, the age that her parents had definitively declared to be the cutoff.

But it had also been a bittersweet day. Since then, Pauline had felt like her burning question would forever go unanswered: "What does it feel like to get a real spanking?"

She'd started looking up spanking art and fan fictions as soon as she gained unmonitored access to the internet, when she was given her smartphone at age sixteen. Sometimes, as she read the detailed descriptions in story after story, she was almost sure she knew what getting a spanking must feel like. But as she found stories which made spanking seem like either the most horrible thing in the world or

the most wonderful, Pauline was forced to admit that she really had no clue.

Pauline dimly noticed as Liz and Annie drove away in the truck and made up her mind to apologize to Annie properly later. Then the door opened and her dad, Mr. Wunder, walked in. "Hello, Polly."

Instinctively, Pauline closed the NSFW spanking story she was reading and pulled out her Nintendo Switch. "Hey, Daddy."

"Put the game away, Pauline. We need to talk."

Pauline groaned. Of course either Liz or Annie snitched on her. "What about?"

"Annie texted me about the argument. I'd like to hear your side of the story."

"What's there to tell? I was minding my own business, and Liz started badgering me. You know her—Miss Congeniality."

"I'm not saying who's at fault. But wisecracks aren't going to help. I'd like all of us to try and be civil to one another. I don't want every family gathering to be another world war forever."

"Well, what am I supposed to do? Liz and Annie always gang up on me. They don't want me in their clique, and that's fine with me."

Dad shook his head. "I don't believe that. You were an angel to them... before..."

"Before what, Dad? Before I magically turned into the black sheep?"

"I never think of you as the black sheep, Polly. We all changed when Mom died. It was rough. But we got through those years together. I just don't want you and your sisters... hurting one another. What happens when I'm gone?"

Pauline snorted. "I'll tell you what happens. When you're gone, they tell me to fuck off at

your funeral, then go be best buddies forever without me."

Dad took a deep breath. "Mind your language."

Pauline crossed her arms. "I'll say whatever I fucking please. And why are you on my case? You know what it is with them. They got their butts spanked growing up, and I didn't. So now they want to be butt-hurt about it forever. 'Oh, woe is me, I got my heinie whooped, but Pauline never did!' I'm just the favored child to them!"

Dad shook his head. "You mean from when they were kids? I don't believe it. We stopped spanking them when they got to be too old for it, same as you."

"Here's a test: How old was Liz the last time she got spanked?"

"I dunno. Probably ten or eleven? I remember Annie got her last spanking at age ten."

"Liz was twelve years old when she got her last spanking, for saying 'fuck' in front of you."

Dad's nostrils flared before he nodded slowly. "Sounds about right. Liz was kind of a handful at that age."

Pauline tapped the table. "Yeah, but the point is, I know that Liz got her last spanking at age twelve because every single time an argument comes up, she helpfully reminds me of that fucking fact: how my ass magically escaped spanking..."

Then Pauline rolled her eyes and imitated a whiny child's voice. "'Oooh, but, Daddy! Pauline never, ever got spanked!' Don't tell me you don't remember all their attempts to get me spanked on purpose."

Dad sighed, rubbing his temple. "Okay, okay. I agree they've done plenty of mean things to you over the years. And you've done plenty of mean things right back. And what about

today? Did you pick on them? Did you mock Annie's pain, or didn't you?"

"That's another thing. It's so like little orphan Annie to rat me out. She's turning you against me."

"I am not against you, Polly. I am for all three of you. Stop feeling sorry for yourself and try to—"

Pauline scooped up her Nintendo Switch and dramatically turned it on before plugging in her headphones.

Dad pulled the headphones out of the jack. "Put that thing away. I am talking to you."

"Whatever. I'm talking to a fucking brick wall."

"Pauline. Do not use that language in front of me. I raised you girls better than that. If you ever used that word as a child, I'd have spanked your little bottom right then and there."

Pauline tried to snatch her headphones back from her dad, but his grip on them was unbreakable. “Yeah, well, that was then, and this is now. Now I’m a fucking adult, so it’s too late. If you wanted to spank me, you should have done it when I was still—”

Dad tugged the headphones away sharply. “If you use the f-word one more time, I will spank you. Right now.”

Pauline froze. “But… that’s ridiculous! I’m twenty-one years old. I’m too old for…”

Pauline faltered as she remembered the recurring line from the many spanking stories she had consumed.

Some bratty protagonist would whine, “But I’m too old for a spanking!”

Followed swiftly by the authoritative antagonist declaring, “You are never too old for a spanking!”

It was that kind of cheesy dialogue that she found most absurd. After all, in real life she knew she was indeed too old for a spanking. Maybe there were times in history, a hundred years ago or so, when kids got spanked well into their teenage years, or even adulthood.

And as Pauline looked into her father's eyes, she simultaneously felt deep shame... and deep curiosity. What exactly would happen if she said the wrong thing at this critical moment?

Her stomach churning, Pauline affected her most confident smile. "Are you fucking kidding me? I'm too old for a spanking."

Pauline tensed as her father stood, towering over her, and gripped her arm. Then he took a shaky breath. "...No. I am not going to hit you. Just go to your room. I'm not talking to you while you're like this."

Pauline curled and uncurled her toes under the table. “That’s it? No spanking? I knew you were bluffing.”

“Don’t test me, Pauline. Just go to your room.”

Still feeling her spine tingle, Pauline giggled and stood up to go to her room. It was a stupid idea. Once Dad had cooled down she would have to apologize... but she couldn’t resist one last little joke, twisting on her seat to pat her own bottom. “Or what? You gonna spank me?”

“Yes. I am going to spank you, Pauline. Your Mom was right. You weren’t too old for it at thirteen. And if you act this way, you aren’t too old for it now. I made a mistake, and I’m going to rectify it, starting today.”

Pauline paused in the middle of the act of standing up and looked at her dad. He was clearly livid. In Pauline’s wild imagination, where she was usually some bratty princess

who was being rescued by some hapless knight in shining armor, she usually would torment her would-be rescuer to the point he grabbed her by the hair and hauled her over his knee for the spanking of her life. She had half-expected something along those lines.

But this was different. Dad was clearly, perfectly controlling the urge to do just that at this very moment. And somehow the display of self-control was even scarier than the thought of him losing control.

"Oh, fuck!" thought Pauline.

"Y-you're kidding, right? I'm a legal adult! I can do what I want!"

"Then you can go. You want to live by your own rules? Do whatever you want? Then leave my house. Go back to college. And don't bother to come back."

Pauline felt her whole body start to tremble; tears sprang to her eyes. "You're... kicking me

out? Please, Daddy, don't do this to me! I was only joking!"

"Well, I'm not joking. You will not behave this way under my roof. If you want to spend one more night in this house, then you are going to bend over and take the bare-butt whoopin' you have coming. Now, what will it be?"

Pauline sank onto her knees. It felt like the whole world was falling apart around her. "Please, Daddy, please. I was being stupid. I know I was being stupid. I'll do better. Please, this family is all I have. I'll do anything. I..."

Pauline felt her throat go dry, and she felt the words she knew she needed to say come to her lips of their own accord. "...I'll take the spanking. Just please, don't cast me out."

As tears sprang to her eyes, she bowed her head, clutching her father's pant leg. "Spank me if you have to, but please forgive me!"

"...Then march straight to your room and wait for me."

Pauline sniffled and felt her breath shaking as she tried to keep her cool. "You... you mean it? I'm getting a spanking, but you're not disowning me?"

"You're not just getting a spanking, Pauline. You are getting the spanking of your life, and it will all be on your bare bottom. I'm going to take a walk to cool off so I don't spank you too hard in anger. And when I come up to your room, I expect you to be ready to take your spanking. That means I want you to undress and lie down on your bed across a pillow. That's how Liz got her last spanking, so that's exactly how you're getting it. The first thing I want to see when I walk in the door is your bare buttocks poking up nice and high in the air, waiting for me. Got it?"

Pauline's head started to spin. Once she had tried to convince a boy at college to spank her, only to find him painfully slow on the uptake.

Over the years she'd accidentally overheard many a "spanking story" conversation where friends and family shared painful experiences of their painful spankings in painful detail.

All of this was made worse by her secret fascination with the subject.

She had no reason to believe her dad had any interest in spanking other than as an unfortunate but necessary tool of parental discipline. But his cavalier description of her bare bottom was making her dizzy. This was too much, even in her wildest dreams.

But as Pauline looked at her dad, she felt only love mixed with relief mixed with fear. He was only doing this because he cared about her and because she had forced him to this point. "Yes, sir. I will obey."

Dad threw on his thin jacket. "And take that stupid video-game system with you. We're going to have a little chat about your gaming habit too, as part of your spanking."

Pauline froze and doubled back to grab her Nintendo Switch. A little chat? What could that mean? Pauline's imagination started conjuring up all sorts of potential torments. Would her dad spank her with the Nintendo Switch as a sort of cruel poetic irony—"I'll take a switch to you!"?

Or would he delete every single one of her save files in front of her as she pleaded to no avail? Maybe he'd do both and spank her until the Nintendo Switch snapped in two across her defenseless backside.

As Pauline arrived in her childhood bedroom, it suddenly seemed brand-new to her. It was as though... nothing had changed since her days in high school when she'd started acting out

just to get attention. Pauline glanced at herself in the mirror.

She was wearing a black skirt with a designer shirt. As she felt herself sweating profusely, Pauline ripped off her shirt, hoping to cool off. She lifted her skirt and remembered she was wearing some name-brand Spanx underneath today... an omen if she'd ever seen one. She thought about jokingly calling attention to her Spanx when Dad came, only to vividly recall his instructions word for word. She was expected to wait for him bare-bottomed.

As Pauline slowly removed her panties, she suddenly felt exposed to the chill air in the room. Had he meant for her to strip naked? Surely he didn't mean she should take off her bra, did he? Pauline glanced down and suddenly remembered she didn't bother to put on a bra this morning. Of course! It was spring break. Who cared if she lounged around in nothing but comfy clothes today?

In the end Pauline couldn't bring herself to remove her skirt and shoes. They didn't cover anything important, but she had a strange feeling she would be too naked without them.

Pauline opened her dresser, wondering if she should put on a bra. Then she second-guessed herself and closed it. Would that be disobeying? Dad had sent her to get undressed, after all, not get dressed. Spotting a bowl of Tootsie Pops on her dresser, Pauline snatched one and started sucking on it like a pacifier, momentarily forgetting to unwrap it.

As she chewed nervously on the sucker, she slowly approached her bed and lay across it. Then she grabbed a pillow to prop up her bottom to the correct angle... poking nice and high in the air. As she settled down onto the mattress, she found herself strangely relieved. She was obeying her father's instructions to the letter. If he wanted her to remove her skirt and

socks, she knew he would tell her to do so, just as she knew she would obey.

All thoughts of being a brat were gone.

She had wanted a spanking, and she was going to get one. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad? Maybe Dad would cool off on his walk and decide a simple, childish spanking was enough to make the point. Maybe she would cry a little and finally get to sit on his lap and shed the rest of her tears on his shoulder, just like how it went in her favorite stories. Or maybe she'd take it like a champ and Dad would conclude that, after all, she was a bit too old for spanking to be effective.

Worst of all, Pauline realized she had no idea. This was entirely new territory. Was this a dream? Or a nightmare? As she spotted her Nintendo Switch, Pauline grabbed it. At least she could play *Legend of Zelda* one more time, running around as the noble hero Link, the

non-titular protagonist of the Zelda games, before the world came to an end.

Pauline sighed with relief as she browsed through the sneaky photos she had taken in the fictional world of the video game. She liked to pretend that the chivalrous Link was as much of a voyeur as she was. Imagining herself as Link, Pauline enjoyed travelling across the world of Hyrule, snapping secret close-up pictures of all the unsuspecting butts they came across, both men and women. Pauline knew she was a pervert, but at least she was an equal-opportunity pervert!

As Pauline browsed through her collection of cheeky photos, she pictured herself as Princess Zelda being spanked soundly by Link. It was finally time for her dream to become reality.

This would definitely hurt, but at least it would all be over soon.

Then Pauline heard her door creak open behind her. Pauline quickly exited from her album of Zelda-character booty shots and turned to face her dad, trying to look casual.

But instead she spotted Liz and Annie frozen in the doorframe, their eyes popping. "Huh? Sis?" said Annie, her blond pigtails practically standing on end.

Liz blinked. "...Why are you naked?"

Pauline almost swallowed her Tootsie Pop whole. Then she quickly turned away and pretended to play her game as if nothing was out of the usual. "Oh? Daddy said he's going to spank me on my bare buttocks. He told me to wait for him just like this."

Liz rubbed her eyes. "But... Daddy's never spanked you before."

Annie hummed, stroking her chin. "Yeah, and you're too old to spank now."

"Oh no she isn't," said Dad as he appeared behind his two younger daughters. At that exact moment a powerful enemy appeared in Pauline's video game, accompanied by a haunting melody that spoke of danger.

Liz and Annie stiffened, covering their bottoms as they spun on their heels. Liz chuckled, unable to hide her nerves. "Daddy? ...Ha ha! You sure fooled us. Whose idea was it to have Pauline undress?"

Dad shook his head and strolled past Liz and Annie. "It's not a joke, Liz. Pauline? Put that thing away."

On Pauline's video-game screen the enemy had just blasted Link with a giant laser beam, sending the hero of Hyrule flying into the air in a ball of fire. Taking a deep breath, Pauline quickly paused the game and turned to face her family, trying to hide just how mortified she felt behind a poker face. "Yes, sir."

"Good. Now tell your sisters exactly why you're getting spanked today."

Pauline felt her chest tighten and exhaled sharply, but managed to pass it off as a casual sigh. "Isn't it obvious? It's because I was a bad girl today."

"None of that. You've made your bed, and now you're going to lie in it... or on top of it, rather. This is your last chance to fix your attitude before I fix it for you. Tell Liz and Annie what you did to earn this spanking. Be specific."

Pauline flinched, feeling the disapproval in her father's words more keenly than she would have felt any blow (or so she guessed, having never been spanked before). "Yes, sir... Um, I used the f-word?"

Liz and Annie gasped.

Dad didn't take his eyes off Pauline. "That's one reason why. What else did you do wrong?"

"Um, well I swore at you... and I was an overall jerk to you?"

"Correct. That language was bad enough to earn Liz or Annie an instant spanking back in the day. But you were also disrespectful and deliberately disobedient. Which is why you're getting this spanking right on your bare bottom, and right from the start. Liz? Annie? I want to make sure you understand something. Pauline is here because she made a series of choices. She made some very poor choices today, but once I made it clear her behavior was unacceptable and that she could either accept a spanking or leave, Pauline chose to take the spanking. Isn't that right, Pauline?"

Pauline hunched her shoulders. "Yes, sir... Please, don't abandon me..."

As she felt the bedsprings creak, Pauline turned to see her dad had sat down beside her and was patting her shoulder. "There, there... I'm not

going to kick you out. But there are going to be some changes around here. I love you, Pauline, and because I love you, I have to spank you. Do you understand why I have to do this?"

Trembling with relief, Pauline nodded. At the same time she knew a spanking would hurt, but imagining just how bad it would hurt was driving her mad. "Yes, Daddy."

Dad patted her back, then wrapped his left arm around her waist, pinning her securely in place. "Very good... In that case, Lizzie, Annie, pay close attention. I want you to witness the entirety of Pauline's spanking from beginning to end."

Pauline's pupils shrank to the size of pinpricks. "You're gonna let them watch? But—"

Dad landed a single firm clap across the center of Pauline's bottom. At the moment of impact, Pauline dropped her lollipop in surprise.

Pauline gasped, more surprised by the force than she was hurt… at first. Then she felt a clear impression of her dad's handprint as if it was being tattooed across her backside.

Shaking his head, Dad scooped up the wet lollipop and deposited it on the side table. "No more back talk, Polly. I want Liz and Annie to know what they get if they ever misbehave the way you have today."

Liz's face went pale. "What we get? But… we're too old to get spanked!"

"Nonsense. If Pauline isn't too old for a spanking, then neither are you."

Annie's lip quivered. "But… you haven't spanked me since I was ten years old! And you said I was too old for it when I turned thirteen."

"Back then I was operating under an incorrect premise. There's no arbitrary date where you're magically too old to need guidance and

discipline. Now, I think all three of you are really good girls at heart. There have been a few days I've been tempted to take you across my knee, but you've never pushed me to the point where I had no choice. You may never need another spanking, but the point is, the day you are too old for a spanking is the day you decide to act like it. Now, as for you, Pauline..."

Dad patted Pauline's bottom experimentally. "...I'm going to spank you for each mistake you made today, one at a time. That way you'll understand exactly what punishment to expect in the future for each offense. I think you've earned three separate spankings today, at least."

For the first time in her life, Pauline sensed how small her plump, bountiful buttocks felt in contrast to her father's huge, hefty right hand. And now she was feeling precisely how badly one spank from Daddy could sting. "Th-three spanks? All as bad as that one?"

Dad chuckled. “Three spanks? Oh, Pauline, bless your little head. You get one swat for every birthday you’ve had… um, are you twenty already, Pauline?”

“She’s twenty-one,” said Liz.

Pauline twisted, and to her horror noticed the satisfied expressions on Liz and Annie’s faces as Dad did some quick math in his head. “Yes… so twenty-one smacks equals one spanking. And Pauline has three coming today, so that’s sixty-three total. Assuming she doesn’t earn any extra spanks.”

Pauline’s brain tried to calculate how bad that sounded, only to come up with a Windows blue-screen error message. “Sixty… three…”

“Oh, plus one to grow on. So that’s sixty-four. Fitting number for my little Nintendo gamer girl.”

Pauline blinked. She had a dim memory of hearing that peculiar phrase the last time she

witnessed Mom and Dad spanking Annie and Lizzie in the living room. “One to grow on?”

“Shouldn’t you give her ‘one to grow on’ for each separate spanking? So sixty-six total?” said Liz.

Annie snickered, then did her best impression of Emperor Palpatine. “Ooh, that sounds fun. Execute Order Sixty-Six!”

Dad silenced both of the younger sisters with a single look. “If I didn’t know better, I’d think you were trying to get your sister into more trouble. This is Pauline’s first-ever spanking. I think sixty-four spanks is more than enough to teach her a lesson. If you disagree, I could always give you both the same, and then you can tell me if you think you need two more swats. Care to test that theory?”

Liz and Annie shook their heads, both answering at once. “No, sir!”

"Then reason prevails. Now, Pauline, your first spanking will be for using the f-word. Try your best to lie still and think about why you need to control your tongue."

As she saw her dad raise his mighty hand high into the air, Pauline shook her head. "Oh, no! Not ready! Can't we talk this—"

As Dad slammed his palm down firmly across Pauline's lower left buttock, her final word trailed off into a cry. "—Oooowwwwuh!"

Immediately Dad aimed a second clap to her lower right buttock, just as she began to register the first wave of pain. This time Pauline was forced to suck in a shaky breath. "Agh... gah!"

Pauline twisted her hips, wanting to dive off the bed and throw herself out the window. But Daddy kept her gripped securely against his waist before delivering the third smack to the center of her lower bottom, just as she bucked

her hips up high in her futile attempt to escape. "Hold still!"

The force of the third swat forced Pauline forward, her face sinking into the mattress. She took a shaky breath and kicked her legs. "Eeeheee!"

Dad landed four spanks in two sets of two—right and left, then right and left. Pauline bucked twice, then covered her bottom with her feet. "Fuuuhuuuhh! Huh!"

Casually Dad brushed Pauline's feet away from her bottom. "Pauline, if you say the f-word again, I'm starting over from the beginning. Catch your breath, then put your feet down."

Pauline shook her head and snapped her feet back up to shield her bottom. "It hurts!"

"A spanking needs to hurt, Pauline. But you can do this. Try to stick out your bottom. It actually helps a lot."

"I'm sorry for swearing! Isn't it enough that I'm sorry?"

"No, Pauline. It's not enough to just say you're sorry. You said you would do anything to prove you were really sorry, including taking a spanking. Now it's time to follow through. Be a brave girl."

Pauline rubbed her feet together, pressing them tight against her exposed behind. "I can't do it! I'm not brave enough!"

Dad patted Pauline's bottom gently, stroking her to nudge away her trembling feet. "I know you're brave enough to get through this, Pauline. Do you remember how you used to get scared of that one spider-boss in your video game and came running to the kitchen, screaming a spider was going to kill you? But then I showed you how to beat it, and you did it all by yourself. A spanking is just like that. It's a battle. You're so scared of the spanking,

you're not thinking straight. Now try again. Take a deep breath first, then put your weight on your feet."

Liz snorted. "Yeah, Polly. Like you're a warrior taking a fighting stance. You're looking fierce."

Annie bobbed her head. "Man, last time I got spanked, you started over from the beginning to teach me not to squirm."

As she forced herself to lower her feet, Pauline felt two tears streaming down her burning red cheeks. She stuck her bottom up, waiting for the torture to begin again. She found the pain across her backside fighting for her attention against the feeling of humiliation churning in her stomach, and found that she couldn't decide which was worse. But at least the spanking might help her block out her sisters' jeering. But Dad didn't begin the spanking right away.

"Elizabeth Wunder. Anne Wunder. That is enough. I asked you to be here because I want you to understand what's in store for all three of you. Annie, you're correct. When you were ten, I did indeed start your last spanking over from the beginning last time because you wouldn't stop squirming. Want to see how easy it is to take a spanking at age eighteen?"

Anne's smile disappeared. "Um... no, please?"

"Elizabeth, I seem to recall you ran away from plenty of spankings. Remember when you tried to hide in the bathroom all day, even at age twelve?"

Liz swallowed, then set her jaw. "Well... I was a lot younger back then. And you gave me extras for that. Why are you taking it so easy on Pauline?"

"Because Pauline has never been spanked before, so I have to teach her how to take a spanking. Which is exactly how we treated you

when you got your first few spankings. Do you think I need to go harder on Pauline than I did on you?"

Liz pouted. "Well, no, but you went way harder on me back then. Pauline never got spanked when she was my age."

"Because Pauline didn't earn a spanking back then. She earned her first spanking today, and she is getting her first spanking today. Fair is fair. Think carefully. Do you think I'm spoiling Pauline at this very moment?"

"Um... no? I'm sorry, Dad."

"Tell it to Pauline."

Pauline glanced around her shoulder and saw Liz and Annie hanging their heads. Liz groaned softly. "I'm sorry, Pauline."

Anne blinked. "Yeah, me too. I forgot how much it sucks to get spanked."

Dad nodded. “That’s better. Pauline was brave enough to ask for a spanking. She does not deserve to be teased. You two think hard on that while I deal with your sister. Pauline? Liz is right about one thing. If she or Annie acted squirrelly in the middle of a spanking, I’d start their spanking over from the beginning. Because you’ve never been spanked before, I’m being lenient with you just this once. So we’ll start with number… shoot, what was I up to? It completely slipped my mind.”

Annie raised her hand, trembling. “Excuse me? I think you gave her eight so far.”

Pauline shook her head. “No… it was only seven.”

“Was it? Ah, yes, the first one was just a warning shot to get your attention. Thank you for your honesty, Pauline. In that case you’ve got fourteen to go to finish up spanking number one, at least. Now take a deep breath

and repeat after me: 'I am ready for my spanking, sir.'"

Pauline felt her legs trembling before she caught sight of the heroic image decorating her Nintendo Switch. She knew she had to be brave like her hero, Link. "Sniff... I am ready for my spanking, sir."

Dad began to deliver sturdy spanks in a steady rhythm, leaving less than a second between each. Pauline squeaked as she felt the first, then steadied herself on the balls of her feet. She quickly lost count. Strangely, she found herself more alert to the feeling of each spank yet somehow less aware of the pain itself. As Dad finished the final spank, Pauline held her bottom high in the air before her knees buckled and she collapsed back onto her bed.

Dad grunted with approval, flexing his hand to relieve the sting, then stood and switched sides, wrapping his right arm around Pauline's waist.

"Much better. You're getting the hang of it already. Next I think I'll switch to my left hand to even out the color a bit better. This second spanking is for being disrespectful. But first... I'd like you to turn on that video game of yours."

Pauline's eyes fluttered open. "Huh?"

"You heard me. Keep playing your video game. I want you to pick up right where you left off."

"But why? I was just getting my butt..." Pauline suddenly noticed the photo album of illicit booty shots hidden in the pause menu and quickly navigated to the main game. "...Uh, getting my butt handed to me by a guardian. Aren't you going to spank me?"

"Of course I am. But I didn't like how you were playing that game while I was trying to talk to you. So you're going to play that game until I finish your spanking. If you get a game over, I'm starting the spanking over. Begin."

"What? But—"

The moment Dad landed the first spank, Pauline accidentally unpaused the game and Link went crashing into a tree before rolling off a cliff with the enemy hot on his tail. "Keep fighting, Pauline. Hyrule is counting on you," said Dad before landing the second spank.

Pauline dropped her Nintendo, desperately reaching back to hold her buttocks, only to find Dad's arm obstructing her. Pauline (and Link) both screamed at once. "Kiyaaah!"

Ignoring Pauline's hand, Dad landed a third spank aimed low and center. "Focus, Pauline."

Pauline heard the sound effect that alerted her that another enemy attack was coming and instinctively grabbed her Nintendo before the fourth spank distracted her. "Agh! I can't! You're spanking me!"

"Oh? Too bad. Guess Princess Zelda is toast along with your backside."

As Pauline howled in protest, an explosion sent Link flying into the air. “Okay! I get it! No video games while you’re talking! Just finish my spanking!”

“The spanking doesn’t end until you beat that enemy. I don’t care about the count for this one. So if you don’t want extras, you’d better get to fighting. Sounds like Link’s on the ropes.”

Pauline snatched up her Nintendo, taking sharp breaths to focus on the screen. She’d beaten the game so many times the challenge had gone out of it, even against the most difficult enemies. But the spanking added a fresh challenge. After nearly getting a game over, Pauline deflected a laser blast with perfect timing, defeating the enemy. As the victory music played, Pauline waved the Nintendo above her head to show her dad. “Ok! I got him! Fight’s over! I won!”

"And how many spanks do I still have to give you?"

Pauline froze. "I... dunno? I couldn't keep count."

"Then do I have to start over to remind you not to play video games when I need to have your full attention?"

Pauline curled then uncurled her toes. "I'm sorry, Daddy. I'll remember to listen to you. If you have to start over... I understand."

"Hmm... I believe you. As it happens, I was keeping count, and I gave you exactly twenty-one spanks. So we can end spanking number two at that."

Pauline sighed with relief. "Thank you, Daddy."

Dad patted Pauline's bottom, then stood up. "Don't thank me yet. This last spanking is for your deliberate disobedience. And that's more

serious than a little hand spanking. For this last spanking…"

Pauline heard a click followed by a strange snicking sound and twisted to see her dad pulling his leather belt out from the loops of his jeans. "…I'll be introducing you to my belt. Mom always used to give your sisters a hairbrush spanking for deliberate disobedience. I was a bit more of a play-it-by-ear type when it came to spanking, but I'll be carrying on your Mom's rule. It's one thing to break a rule by mistake or forget not to swear. But willfulness earns you an extra spanking with an implement. A hairbrush, my belt, whatever is to hand. Hopefully you don't earn enough spankings to compare them all."

Pauline clenched her buttocks tight. "Your belt? But that's like… using a horse whip from the days of cowboys or something."

Dad folded his belt in half and cracked it. “It’s not gonna kill ya… It’s just going to sting like mad… Here…”

Dad pulled a rose-pink belt from Pauline’s closet and laid it in front of her. “Try biting down on that if you need to. Or just grit your teeth. I don’t want you to bite your tongue by mistake.”

Pauline shivered at the mental picture of biting her own tongue, then experimentally bit down on her belt. “Please, Daddy… this is too much… can’t you just use your hand?”

Gently Dad guided Pauline forward so that she was lying on her stomach along the bed. “No. This is exactly what you need. And I can spank you plenty more with just my hand if that’s what you want. But if you want to get this over with, you just need to do the same thing you’ve already been doing. I’ll let you lie down this time. Grip the edge of the bed, take deep

breaths, and think about what you did wrong. There, just like that."

As Dad slowly glided the belt across her behind, Pauline tried to mumble an apology past the belt clenched between her teeth. "Ahm'sowreee..."

"I know you are. But you're about to be even sorrier, and even sorer." With that, Dad delivered the first stroke of the belt with a snap. Pauline arched her back and sank her teeth deep into the leather. "Mmmph!"

Dad pressed against the small of Pauline's back with gentle force. "Good job taking the first stroke, Pauline. Hang in there."

Dad delivered the last twenty smacks very slowly, giving Pauline plenty of time to process her situation. To Pauline's surprise, after she forced herself to ignore her fear of the belt, the actual pain wasn't much worse than the earlier hand spanking. The belt was far stingier, like it

was biting into her booty, but on the other hand it somehow felt less heavy compared to Daddy's huge hands.

Every stroke of the belt became a miniature passion play. Pauline had ample time to anticipate each one before it finally landed. Then she had time to seethe and squirm before settling back into place, mentally accepting each and every one.

She tried to silently keep count, but after six or seven strokes she lost her place and found herself weeping freely and reflecting on the same few thoughts over and over: "I'm a bad girl. I'm a selfish, spoiled little girl. I don't deserve Daddy. I only deserve this spanking. I need this spanking. Oh, God! But it hurts!"

Then her thoughts faded into an infinite blackness interrupted by shining stars. Finally she heard her dad's voice as if it was echoing across the heavens to reach her. "There. That's

twenty-one. Spanking is all over. Good girl, Pauline. You took your licks like a champ."

As she felt Dad hugging her, Pauline sank into his embrace and sobbed freely. Only when she pulled away long enough to kiss him did she suddenly remember her state of undress, suddenly sheepish. "Um... should I get dressed?"

Dad nodded before helping Pauline stand on her feet and spinning her around. "Sure... After you finish your time-out. Stand in the corner for twenty minutes."

With that he delivered a playful slap across her rump and guided her to stand against the wall. "And one to grow on. That's sixty-four total for my little Nintendo 64 Gamer Girl. Here, keep this sheet of paper pressed against the wall with your nose. That will help you stay focused. I'm just gonna order Chinese takeout.

But if you leave time-out before time is up, you'll get another spanking."

Annie played with the hem of her skirt. "But... how will you know if she leaves her time in... uh—"

Immediately Liz nudged Annie and jumped into the conversation. "—Time-out? We can keep an eye on her for you. We won't bug her. Just want to be here for Pauline as she... goes through this trying time."

Pauline shivered. Something about the controlled, mature quality of Liz's offer made her nervous. There wasn't a hint of amusement or teasing in Liz's voice... and that only made it seem more suspicious.

Dad looked Liz and Annie over before sighing. "Very well. I think it'd be good for you girls to have some time together. Pauline, you may speak while in time-out. See if you can have a more productive conversation with your sisters

now. And as for you two... be supportive. Remember, your sister is in pain."

Dad marched out of the room, leaving the door ajar behind him.

As she felt the piece of paper slip slightly against the end of her nose, Pauline swallowed a lump in her throat. "...So, now that I've finally gotten a spanking... we're good, right? All is forgiven?"

Annie giggled as she leaned against the wall on Pauline's left side. "Ya know, this reminds me of something we were talking about earlier... pain isn't funny."

Liz casually strolled to Pauline's right side, then fiddled with the corner of the paper with her index finger. "Yeah. Pain isn't funny... so long as it's happening to me."

The End

Spanked by the Tutor

By Yu May and Amanda-Jane

Amanda Jane was slouching on the easy chair, listening to her Spotify playlist to block out the conversation between her father and his friend, Mr. James Stern.

Amanda Jane's father had called Mr. Stern to help him hold Amanda accountable for her slipping grades, and had warned Amanda to prepare herself for a "serious" one-on-one tutoring session while he was away on business.

After Mr. Stern saw her father off, he turned to the teenage girl with calm authority. "Well, Amanda Jane, I expect you to do your best to get your homework done. Your father already explained to you what to expect if you slack off. Get to work."

Amanda Jane pouted. Her father had been droning on about needing to "correct her

attitude," but she'd only half paid attention. "Umm, what do you mean? It's Saturday morning. I'm going to the mall."

He gave her a firm pat across her behind. "No, you are not going to the mall. Have a seat."

Amanda jumped at the contact. "Hey! Did you just grab my butt?"

Mr. Stern pointed toward her father's study. "I did not grab your butt. I swatted you. Don't pretend you don't know the difference. Your father already explained to me that you know what the rules are. Last warning. March to your desk, young lady."

She noticed a strange object in the study room. It seemed Dad had gone and bought a wooden school desk and set it up last night. Amanda scowled. "Terrific."

She walked over to the desk, frowning as she examined it.

Mr. Stern casually opened the curtains, letting in some sunlight. It was a beautiful day and some of her neighbors were out walking. He glanced at her. “Hmm. That’s more like it.”

Amanda groaned with theatrical exaggeration. “This is stuuuuupid.”

“One more comment like that and I’ll give you something to whine about. Straight to work. I’ll be here if you have questions. Otherwise, I plan to do some reading.”

“Aren’t you supposed to help me?”

“Yes, but I’m not doing your homework problems for you. Take a crack at it. When you’re finished, I’ll evaluate your work.”

She tried to sit at the strange desk. It was pretty small, so she was forced to squeeze into her seat. Amanda examined the top skeptically. It looked like it had a lid.

Mr. Stern glanced at her. Apparently he was satisfied that she seemed to be obeying... for now.

She felt stupid. The seat was hard on her jean-clad bottom. “Where’s my homework then?”

Mr. Stern narrowed his eyes. “Don’t you keep track of it? Your father said you should have it from school.”

She looked at the dining-room table, pursing her lips. “I left it on the table over there.”

“Well then fetch it, of course. You’re excused from the desk if you need to get something or use the bathroom. Otherwise, keep your butt on that chair.”

She scoffed. “Pfft! I said it was there. It’s not there now! ... Oh, wait a minute.”

She lifted the desk lid up. “Daddy put it here.”

She groaned. She was hoping she'd left it at school.

Mr. Stern tapped a finger against the desk. "Very good. Then straight to work."

Amanda turned, muttering to herself, mimicking Stern's words, before something in the desk caught her eye. "Straight to work! Fine, I'll just—Eh? There... there's something else in here?"

She took out a neatly folded pile of school clothes, and with increasing horror she recognized it as a formal school uniform. "Is—Is this for me? What's this for?"

Mr. Stern turned and noticed the bundle of clothes. "Ah! I forgot about that. Your father wants you to be prepared for school dress code. Good way to put you in the academic mindset. Of course, you may be excused to go change. Then straight back to your desk."

She scraped the chair back noisily. “This sucks.”

Mr. Stern’s ear twitched.

As Amanda grabbed the clothes and stood from her seat, Mr. Stern casually strolled to face her. Then he reached around and clapped her sharply across the upper thigh. “No more complaints. Off with you!”

Amanda jumped and clutched her thigh. “Owwww!”

It hurt even through her jeans. Then she heard a giggle and turned to see two children peering at her through the wide window. She recognized them as two of her local neighborhood’s snot-nosed brats. But before she could say anything, Mr. Stern grabbed her by the shoulders, twisted her around, and clapped her across her other thigh with equal force. “Move it!”

With a yelp, Amanda hustled to her room. After she got changed, she looked at herself in the full-length mirror. The uniform was at least two sizes too small for her.

She came back tugging at her skirt, hissing. “I can’t wear thissss... It barely covers my bottom. You can’t make me!”

Mr. Stern nodded, seeming pleased, and settled himself into his easy chair across the room from Amanda’s work desk. “Hmm, rules for skirt lengths must have relaxed since my school days. Used to be it had to cover your knees entirely while kneeling.”

Amanda folded a hand behind her back, painfully aware of how the hem of the skirt tickled against her lower bottom. “I can’t walk around like this.”

Mr. Stern shrugged and picked up his book. “But that’s what your father got for you, so it’s what you’ll be wearing.”

"Uggghh!" She quickly dashed to the desk again.

Unfortunately for Amanda, the "Uggghh!" caught Mr. Stern's ear. He pretended to read but subtly kept an eye on her from his peripheral vision.

She sighed dramatically, sat, and opened her books.

Mr. Stern kept his silence. He really didn't want to spank her—not unless she deserved it—but Amanda was certainly taking her sweet time.

She looked up from her book, frowning. "It's maths. I hate maths. And can you close the curtains? They're all looking in."

"No. Sunlight is good for your eyes. If you need help, ask for it plainly."

She sulked, looked at the work, and couldn't do it. Maths was never her strong point. She

rubbed the spot where he had smacked her leg and saw a pinkish mark there too.

She fidgeted on the wood. It felt harder, unyielding. Her skirt was so short that her panties were touching the wooden chair.

Then she heard her phone buzz. It was a text from her friend Emma. "Hey, Amanda. Be at A&F in half an hour."

Without even bothering to silence her phone, Amanda started thinking out loud as she typed. "Hey, Ems. Yeah. Umm, I'm getting tutored...."

She deleted her text and retyped it. "I mean—I'm stuck at home. I'm home."

Emma wrote back. "Hang on. I'm driving." Then Amanda's phone rang, and she answered.

"Hey, Am-Jay. Sorry. If Dad finds out I was texting and driving he'll make sure I don't sit down comfortably again for the next year."

Amanda snorted. “Tch! Like it’s any of his business. He’s not your boss, Ems.”

Suddenly Mr. Stern appeared behind Amanda and snatched the phone out of her hands. “You are supposed to be studying.”

Emma’s muffled voice came from the other end of the phone. “Huh? Who’s there, Am-Jay?”

Amanda spun in her chair, struggling to extricate herself from the cramped work desk. “Wait, what? That’s mine.”

Mr. Stern glared at the phone screen. “Is this… Emma Woodhouse?”

Suddenly Emma’s voice went up an octave. “Muh… Mister Stern? What are you doing there?”

Amanda tried to leap to her feet, but Mr. Stern easily held her down with a single hand across her shoulder. Amanda gritted her teeth. “Give it back!”

Mr. Stern turned away from Amanda, addressing Emma across the phone. “I’m tutoring Amanda Jane. Her grades have slipped, so she is on restriction for the week. She will not be free to join you at the mall today.”

Emma chuckled nervously. “Heh! Of course! In that case, I’ll just—”

“Also, Emma, I would suggest you refrain from using your phone at all while driving. I believe you should discuss the matter with your father… before I visit you this weekend.”

There was a crackling sound that was either screeching wheels or a screeching teenage girl. Emma answered. “Y-yes sir, Mr. Stern! I’ll call Daddy right now… I mean, right after I get off the road.”

“See that you do.” Mr. Stern hung up on Emma. “I’ll be holding onto this. Back at your desk.”

Her jaw dropped. “No way. I’m not doing anything till I call my dad.” She folded her arms petulantly.

He took her by the wrist and led her to the center of the room. “I will be calling him immediately after I deal with you. Your father already made something quite clear. Slow obedience is disobedience. I already warned you once. Let’s see if a spanking helps you concentrate on what’s important.”

He emphasized the word “spanking” by reaching around to clap both her upper thighs at once.

Amanda drawled sarcastically. “Owwwww! Nooooo! The windows are opennnn....”

But the moment Mr. Stern reached around and hiked up her skirt, Amanda’s voice instantly switched from whiny to panicked. “What are you doing??? Lemme goooo!”

Mr. Stern held her skirt tight against her back with one arm as he swatted her with his free hand. “I’m spanking you, of course. If you don’t like the idea of the neighbors seeing your spanking, then I suggest you shape up your attitude right now.”

He clapped her booty twice across each cheek. She caught a glimpse of a neighbor walking their dog a block away, but they weren’t looking at her at the moment.

“Owwww. Please don’t do this here. Do it upstairs. Pleeeeeasse, I’m sorry. Put my skirt down.”

He released his grip on her skirt, led her toward the desk, and sat down. Then he pulled her across his lap. She caught a glimpse of the neighbors, but they only seemed mildly curious before she was pulled down across his lap and the window was out of sight. “Perhaps if you lie very still and behave yourself, we can get this

over with quickly without attracting much attention." He fixed his grip on her waist to secure her across his lap and pulled her skirt all the way up, rumpling it against the small of her back.

She felt her panties exposed before he patted her across the panties three times. Not hard. She realized he was just warming up his arm.

"Noooo. Please. Not like this. I'm not a little girl."

She squirmed across his lap as he took his time petting her backside.

"That's right. So you should know better." He planted the first swat with deliberate force to make a point. This was how hard he could spank. He waited a few seconds to let her feel the effects.

As far as Amanda was concerned, it felt like she'd accidentally sat on a hot waffle iron.

She caught her breath. “Owwwwwwww.”

As she kicked her legs she heard another two claps, left then right, before she felt the rising sting like a delayed reaction. “Look, I’ll be good. Just stop spanking, ok?? Ahhh—howwwwww!”

Mr. Stern made sure the fourth spank was extra hard to shut her up. “This is not a negotiation. You will be good because the next spanking will be worse. Stop kicking. Think about what you did wrong, young lady.”

Then he spanked at a steady, firm pace. One, and two, and three, and four.

“Aaaahhhhhhhhh.” She started to blubber.

The ninth and tenth spanks were extra hard, right below her panty line on either side. Mr. Stern paused to give her time to feel the full effect.

"Owowwwwwww please. I'll behave. Ok. I'll do the homework. I won't go to the mallllll. I'll—I'll stay here all day with you, okaaaay?"

Mr. Stern patted her bottom gently. "That's more like it. Ten spanks would be enough for a naughty little girl who forgot to listen. Let's hope it will serve as a stern warning. But before I let you up, I want to make sure you've learned your lesson. What did you do wrong, Amanda Jane?"

"I—I—was... rude?" She clenched her bottom expecting a spank, but none came. Amanda swallowed. "I didn't want to wear the school uniform. Ummm... I didn't wanna do the homework. Erm—and, and—I said that this... sucks?"

He patted her head. "Very good. And what do you say when you're rude to someone and want to do better?"

Amanda frowned and forced her voice to sound polite. “Uh, I’m really sorry? I won’t do it again. I promise.”

“Then I forgive you. Now there’s only one thing left to do.”

He stood her up on her feet. “Hands behind your head, Amanda. Your parents made the rules clear when they called me. Anytime you get spanked, you lose your panties for the rest of the day to act as a warning. I took it easy on you this time…”

He lifted her skirt and tucked it into the elastic waistband before pinching her panties and gliding them down to her knees. “…but this bottom will remain bare for the rest of the day. Which means the next spanking will be on the bare, so if you don’t want there to be a ‘next spanking,’ then sit down and get right to work.”

Her face turned beet-red as he took her panties down. Her hands covered her front and she looked at him, then the window. Sure enough there was a small gaggle of pre-teen boys, phones out, grinning stupidly as they videoed the whole humiliating affair through the window.

Mr. Stern immediately grabbed her hands and put them behind her head. “Nope! None of that. Not listening to instructions is what got you in this fix in the first place. Keep your hands behind your head, march straight to the desk, then sit down.”

Mr. Stern spotted the boys behind him at the window. “Seems the neighbors have taken a polite interest in your study session. Get going, Amanda Jane.” For emphasis he added a firm smack, smack across the center of her rear.

She scurried to the desk, giving the boys a glimpse of her full moon before she sat down,

wincing. She recognized two of the boys and whined under her breath. “Oh, God! Just let me dieeeeee!”

She squirmed as she felt her bare butt chafe against the old wooden seat.

Mr. Stern waited until she was fully settled on her seat, then finally turned his attention to the boys and rapped the window. “Off with you!” He sighed. “Can’t stand having busybodies watching me while I’m trying to read.”

She opened the book again and tried to get the first problem started, bottom and thighs stinging.

Sniffling, she frowned as Mr. Stern shooed them off. Why bother? It was too late and they already had their evidence.

Mr. Stern smiled as he sat back at his seat. “Remember, Amanda, don’t be afraid to ask for help.”

She mumbled, "Whatever."

Most fortunately for Amanda's backside, he didn't hear that. Mr. Stern picked up his book, *Crime and Punishment*, and began to read.

Slowly Amanda finished working through the questions. Ten of them. She was pretty sure she'd gotten at least three right.

Suddenly Mr. Stern appeared behind her, peering over her shoulder. "All through? You took your time. Well, let's have a look."

He took her answer sheet and looked it over. Then he frowned. "Amanda Jane, do you suspect you might have gotten any of these answers wrong?"

She fidgeted in the chair. "Ummm... Maybeeeee? Like, one or two wrong."

Mr. Stern shook his head as he finished writing X's through her answers with a red ink pen. "Amanda Jane, I asked you—twice—if you

needed help. Now you've wasted your whole morning. I can see I'll have to tutor you more carefully. But first..."

He scooped her up by the armpits and set her on her feet. Then he twisted her around and led her toward the chair by the window. "...No more warnings. You've earned yourself a proper spanking this time."

Amanda tightened her mouth and tried to cover her exposed bottom with one hand. "But, Sirrrrr, I tried my hardesssst. And why by the window?"

He opened a drawer on her father's work desk and set out a wooden ruler. Then he hauled her across his lap. "Three out of ten is hardly your best effort. You're perfectly capable of doing better, but you stubbornly refused to accept help. We are doing this spanking here and now because this is what your 'best effort' earned you. Serves you right if the neighbors overhear.

Let them see what becomes of a stubborn dunce. But don't worry—your parents and I will be working together to ensure you give your real best effort. I'll be visiting you at least once a day to check on your progress. And if you aren't showing improvement..."

Mr. Stern whipped the sturdy ruler across her buttocks with a practiced swing. He'd clearly done this before, and he was done playing around. "...then this will help motivate you."

She felt a hot line across her buttocks, which were already smarting from the previous spanking. A red welt slowly rose across the point of impact.

"Owwwwwwwww."

She kicked her legs wide, blushing. "Once a weeeeek? But I've got normal schoooool, tooooo."

She did a quick mental calculation. If this was going to be a daily ritual, she'd never have free time.

She heard hoots of laughter and saw the pre-teen boys had returned. "Pleeeease, this suuucks!"

"No, this does not 'suck.' This will help you succeed. And enough of that kicking..." He grabbed her ankle and tugged off her panties, which were catching around her feet.

"Hold your legs steady... or it will go much worse for you." He started to pepper her behind with the ruler at a steady pace, aiming above and below the first welt.

She twisted and kicked. The ruler left behind burning, stinging lines in rows up and down her lower bottom and upper thighs. As she felt prickling welts rise into place, Amanda realized with a pang of humiliation that they would be

easily visible to her classmates as long as she was wearing this mini-skirt.

But at the moment she was more self-conscious about the loss of her panties than the simple pain. Her face was crimson when she thought of what he and the neighbors could easily see.

“Pleeeeeasssse, Sir. I neeeed my panties. Please I’ll behave, I promise. Please stop iiiittttt.”

Mr. Stern set down the ruler, gave her an extra heavy-handed wallop with his open palm, then adjusted his seat. “Honestly... shame on you, Amanda.”

He twisted his leg to pin her feet in place and lifted his knee to bend her forward farther. Then he delivered crisp slaps to her lower bottom as fast as possible with the ruler, without sacrificing strength despite the rapid speed.

“Owowowwww. That’s too hard. Please let me up. Look. I—I promise I’ll work hard and

whatever for your lesson today. But please—owwwwwwww—I just don't wanna spanking where everyone can seeeeee!" She sniffled and squirmed across his knee. After the twentieth stroke she broke down crying.

When he was finished delivering another 30 whacks, he waited for her to calm down enough to be ready to listen again.

She caught a peek of the window, and sure enough the teenage boys were back, giggling at the sight of her. But now they had been joined by a couple of new people who were either their parents or older siblings. She never wanted to face the neighbours ever again.

Mr. Stern tapped her bottom with the ruler a few times. "You've brought this upon yourself, Amanda Jane. I'm glad your neighbors know full well that you get proper discipline in this house. In fact..."

He stood her on her feet. "...I think I'll have you go cut a switch from the backyard. Keep this skirt tucked up right where I've left it." He secured the hem of her skirt into the waistband, then turned her around and patted her bottom. "Now march, little missy."

She gasped. She couldn't believe he was making her do this. Her hands went back to confirm what she already knew—that her already spanked bottom was very bare and very on display. She looked at the boys' faces. They were gleeful and as excited as any thirteen-to-fourteen-year-old boys would be seeing an eighteen-year-old girl's bare spanked bottom.

She looked at him with her best whipped-puppy-dog eyes and let her lip tremble. "Please Sir. Can't you just spank me up in my room, or just ground me? For like... a year!? They've already taken lots of pictures of me being spanked. It's not like the whole

school isn't gonna know and the whole town isn't gonna know by next week!"

Mr. Stern put his hands on the sides of her hips—not quite on her bottom, but close enough to make a point: she sensed she was one smart-aleck remark away from the spanking starting again right now. "Amanda Jane, you are being disciplined. Your choice is either to obey and fetch that switch, or else you're going right back over my knee for another round. Choose wisely."

Slowly Mr. Stern raised her skirt at the front as well, exposing her in front and behind, then pulled out a pocket knife, flipping it open to show her the blade. "That's for talking back. One more word and I'm confiscating your blouse." He handed her the knife, then clapped her bottom to send her toward the front door.

She yelped and jumped, then sulked and shuffled toward the front door and went

outside—completely humiliated. The only tree in the immediate neighborhood circle was a lonely holly down by the road. A few cars were already out and about for midday traffic.

She rushed down to the tree, covering herself front and back with one hand each. As she examined the tree for the thinnest, flimsiest-looking tree branch to serve as a switch, she thought better of it. Mr. Stern would surely make everything much worse if she tried a stupid trick like that.

Finally she found what looked like a suitable branch within reach. After sawing at it a couple of times with fumbling fingers, Amanda snapped it off, praying it was the size he wanted.

As she turned back, a car slowed down behind her and a young man poked his head out the back window to wolf-whistle. “Hey, sweet cheeks. Forget something?”

The car turned into the outlet and circled back to park on the opposite side of the road. Amanda saw a girl close to her age sitting in the passenger seat who squealed before thrusting open the door to point wildly at her. “Hey! What are you trying to pull, walking around dressed like that?”

Amanda dropped everything and used her hands to cover up. But she didn’t dare turn and walk back to the house. She just prayed the cars would drive on. “Go away!! What’s it to you?”

Then, to Amanda’s horror, she recognized the girl in the passenger seat: Amy Smith from her college-preparatory classes.

A middle-aged woman stepped out of the driver’s side of Amy’s car. Amanda thought she recognized her as Amy’s mother, Mrs. Smith. But she didn’t care.

Desperately she stood covering up her frontal nudity with both hands as she waited for them to drive away, but they weren't leaving!

Mrs. Smith stomped toward Amanda with a mix of disgust and annoyance on her face. "Amanda Jane? What's gotten into you? How dare you strut around showing off like that!"

"Noooo, I'm supposed to be—"

But Mrs. Smith silenced the woeful student with a single pinch to her ear. "You bad girl! I'm hauling that prideful, ostentatious little ass of yours straight home."

"Eeeeee, my earrrrrr—let goooo!"

Then Mrs. Smith marched Amanda back toward her home, chattering and delivering limp-wristed swats across Amanda's behind to hurry her up. But what Mrs. Smith lacked in her spanking technique she made up for with furious commitment.

Behind her, Amanda caught a glimpse of Amy Smith scooping up the switch.

"Owwwww, you're hurting meeeee! I just need a switch so I can—"

But Mrs. Smith cut Amanda's attempts at protests off with a slight twist to her ear. "Of course you need a good switching! Now hush!"

Mr. Stern was standing at the front porch, looking amused. "Welcome back, Amanda Jane. I see you've brought guests."

Amanda's voice cracked as she looked imploringly at Mr. Stern. "No, please Mr. Stern, make them go away!!!"

Mrs. Smith gestured to Amanda's nude waist. "Are you responsible for sending this young lady prancing about in this state of undress?"

Mr. Stern nodded. "Yes. She's being punished for skiving on her schoolwork. I sent her to cut a switch."

Slowly Mrs. Smith's judgmental frown was replaced by an understanding smile, and she nodded. "Oh? Well in that case, do carry on."

Mr. Stern glanced at Amanda. "Amanda Jane, where is the switch you were sent to collect?"

Amy Smith produced the switch, her eyes sparkling with delight. "Right here, sir!"

Mr. Stern took the switch, then furrowed his brow as he rounded on Amanda. "Amanda Jane! You forgot your switch? I can see you still need a lesson in remembering. Therefore you will get your switching right here on the lawn."

Quailing, Amanda tried to plead but could only stammer incoherently.

Mr. Stern forcefully bent Amanda forward until she was forced to rest her hands on her knees, and held her hips in place with both hands, angling out her exposed buttocks to face the Smiths and the rest of the neighborhood. "Amanda Jane, I expect you to hold still and

stick out your derriere for your switching. If you leave this position for any reason, I will confiscate every article of clothing you have and we will begin your punishment again, all over from the beginning. Mrs. Smith, I'm sorry for any trouble this foolish young lady has caused you. You are of course welcome to witness her chastisement. I think your children might find it instructive."

Tears formed in Amanda's eyes as she felt her whole body trembling from sheer humiliation. The fear of the coming spanking was enough to motivate her to stand in position, but sticking out her bottom to these kids was just too much.

Mr. Stern flicked the switch against Amanda's bottom, warming up his arm. "Amanda Jane, you are a frightfully bad student. I hope this whipping serves to correct your prideful attitude."

She started to sniffle at the thought that no matter how hard she tried to pretend this wasn't happening now, nor how many times she tried to pretend this didn't happen later, they would never forget this view of her shame.

As she overheard soft murmuring, Amanda glanced over her shoulder and saw her neighbors appearing from their front doors. She wondered who else was watching and who would find out all about this before it was over.

Then the first stroke of the switch lanced across her hindquarters, tracing a thin white line that quickly flushed red, then rose as a welt. Amanda screeched. Then, as she felt the rising sting wash over her like a crashing wave, she dimly realized the switch would have an accumulative effect even worse than Mr. Stern's hand. Amanda choked.

Amy Smith giggled behind her hand. "Omigosh! I can't believe hoity-toity Amanda

Jane is still getting spanked! She's Little Miss Hot-to-Trot at school!"

Amy's brother shrugged, holding up his phone. "Not for long."

Amanda heard giggles from the Smiths and a few quizzical comments from voices she didn't recognize. She twisted and saw more of her neighbors gathering to witness her punishment with approving smiles on their faces. Then the second stroke of the switch landed, driving all thoughts of her audience from her mind.

Mr. Stern shook his head. "I'm very disappointed in you, Amanda Jane. I promise that this switching is going to leave a lasting impression on you." And then he began to administer the switch in earnest, every stroke cutting a fresh red stripe across her bare bottom.

Blinking past her tears, she glimpsed the crowd and heard their laughter as they held up their

phones. All her neighbors were here to witness her public chastisement, and worst of all they all seemed to relish in her suffering.

With a final howl of agony, Amanda Jane slumped and felt her weight being fully supported by Mr. Stern before the true pain of a real spanking built to an angry, consuming fire. She knew that this was only the beginning.

The End

Life-Lessons From a Twenty-Something Spanked Female: Ainsley Throws her Headset

By Ainsley and Yu May

Ainsley sat on the couch in the basement, playing a game of *Marvel Rivals*. The gaming room was a bit messy, but after applying for two jobs this afternoon, Ainsley needed some time to unwind. Ever since losing her last job, Ainsley had been under a lot of stress: "Max stress" in her words.

Not to mention... well, one of her recent check-ins with Mom and Dad hadn't gone so well. They were getting nervous about her job hunt and kept pestering Ainsley to do more chores around the house in the interim.

Ainsley grumbled as she adjusted the volume on her headset. "Well, shit happens..." All Ainsley needed right now was a few minutes of escape.

Mom stomped down the staircase and marched to stand beside the TV, partially blocking Ainsley's view of the game. "Ainsley, the living room is still a mess, and you left more unwashed dishes in the sink."

Ainsley craned her neck to get a better view of the game. "It's just breakfast dishes. I'll get to them."

"It's 6 p.m., Ainsley. What have you been doing all day? Have you been applying to new jobs?"

Ainsley sighed. "I got two applications done."

"Just two? Ainsley, we agreed that games come after your responsibilities. Pause what you're doing and clean."

Ainsley rolled her eyes. “It’s an online game. I can’t just pause.”

Mom shook her head. “That’s not the issue. Chores first.”

Ainsley tapped her headset. “I’ll just finish this round and come.”

With a single, clean motion, Mom bent over and unplugged the TV, then stepped toward the edge of the couch with her arms crossed. “No. You’re done gaming. Why didn’t you clean?”

Ainsley’s eyes went wide as she saw the screen flicker to black. She stood up and ripped her headphones off. “Hey! I was going to!”

Looking her mom right in the eyes, Ainsley threw her headset down on the couch cushion as hard as she could. She wanted to show Mom just how mad she was.

But the headset bounced off the couch cushion and went spiraling right up toward Mom's face. Mom recoiled and shielded herself, but not in time to stop the headphones. After the headphones smacked against her mouth and lower chin, Mom scrambled to catch them and clutched them tight in her fist, her knuckles white.

Ainsley froze. She hadn't meant to throw the headphones at Mom. She'd only wanted to throw them on the couch to make a point.

Mom took a shaky breath. "Go do the dishes, right now."

"I didn't mean to—"

Mom pointed at the stairs. "Move it!"

Ainsley hustled up the steps, wanting to put some distance between her and Mom. Ainsley went right to the kitchen sink and started to fill it with soapy water. When Mom arrived at the

top of the steps, Ainsley looked over her shoulder. “I’m sorry for hitting you…”

Mom walked right past Ainsley and out of the kitchen, toward the master bedroom.

Ainsley took a deep breath and started scrubbing her breakfast dishes before moving on to the ones from yesterday. “This is so all stupid… Over some dirty dishes.”

Ainsley glanced at her phone, then put it back in her leggings pocket. She’d have to write a post about this later.

As Ainsley finished the first round of scrubbing, she reached into the warm, soapy water to finish rinsing when she heard footsteps.

Ainsley turned, and there was Mom… carrying both of the spanking paddles. When Ainsley was a kid, her parents had used spanking for her older brothers but had favored time-outs and grounding for Ainsley. That had all changed

when Ainsley had turned 17 years old and gotten her first spanking. Her parents had decided that Ainsley's behavior had escalated to the point where grounding was no longer effective as a deterrent.

As she felt her throat go dry, Ainsley's heart sank.

After a brief time living on her own, Ainsley had struggled to afford rent and asked to move back in with her parents. But her parents had laid down a few ground rules: Ainsley would be diligent about finding work and holding down a job, and she would respect the rules of the house and show respect to her parents at all times. But as long as she lived under their roof, Ainsley would continue to be subject to parental discipline.

Ainsley's eyes went wide as she recognized the bamboo paddle, Mom's favored tool for corporal punishment. At least, Ainsley thought

it was bamboo. That was what Mommy had said when she first used it on her. It was narrow and thin but could easily leave blisters.

The second paddle was shorter and smaller, but just as nasty in its own way, especially in Dad's hands. It was oval-shaped and made of dense, varnished, chestnut-colored wood, heavy enough to leave angry-red marks, even bruises. Mom held them both up in one hand. "I'm correcting that little temper tantrum, right now."

Ainsley pulled her hands out of the sink, still dripping wet, and held them up in a gesture of surrender. Mom snatched Ainsley by the wrist with her free hand and dragged her along toward the sofa in the living room, the customary spot for administering Ainsley's spankings, and set down the wooden paddle on the side table.

Ainsley tugged against her Mom's grip to no avail. Ainsley had always been short and slender, and Mom had a good 20 pounds of muscle on her. Even at age 23, there was nothing Ainsley could do to resist a spanking from Mommy, let alone from Daddy.

As Mom sat down on the sofa, she tugged Ainsley's leggings down below her bottom, revealing Ainsley's thong, before Ainsley grabbed the waistband with both hands to pull them back up. "No! It was an accident!"

Mom smacked the back of Ainsley's hand with the bamboo paddle, leaving a rectangular red mark. "Hands out of the way."

Ainsley squealed and partially released her grip on her leggings, sending droplets of soapy water flying as she shook her smarting hand. With only one hand, Ainsley quickly lost the tug-of-war contest with Mom over her leggings.

Before she knew it, Ainsley's leggings were tugged around her knees and Ainsley herself was tugged across Mom's knees. "I'm sorry, Mom! I didn't mean to hit you!"

Ainsley felt Mom's leg moving underneath her as Mom prepared to pin Ainsley's legs in a scissor hold. Ever since that one time Ainsley had kicked, bucked, and reared off of Dad's lap during a spanking, Mom and Dad had used leg-locks ever since.

As Ainsley's legs were pinned, her bottom was thrust upward as she was bent taut over Mom's left thigh. Ainsley's face was close to the carpet, resting her hands and elbows on the floor, while her legs were supported by the sofa. Ainsley felt a tug and looked over her shoulder to see Mom yanking Ainsley's leggings off her feet.

Ainsley twisted her hips as she felt Mom reach for the waistband of her thong, then strained

her legs, reflexively trying to make it harder for her thong to be pulled down to her knees. “No! Not on the bare!”

Mom scoffed. Ainsley’s bottom was already bare, but she was still fighting to keep her underpants every inch along the way. “Oh, yes, on the bare. This is happening, Ainsley.”

Mom yanked the thong down to Ainsley’s thighs with one rough tug, then switched her grip to pull them all the way to Ainsley’s ankles. Ainsley felt her thong tickle the backs of her knees and kicked her feet against the sofa cushion, only to feel her thong stretching against her ankles.

Satisfied, Mom settled her weight down with Ainsley’s legs pinned securely in place and Ainsley’s bare bottom propped up high. Mom retrieved the bamboo paddle and patted Ainsley’s upturned backside experimentally. At this angle, Mom would be able to deliver firm

swats to Ainsley's lower bottom and sit-spots, Mom's preferred target.

As Ainsley heard the words "This is happening" echo over her, she felt the hairs on the back of her neck stand up. "I'm sorry, Mom! I'm sorry!"

Mom began the spanking at a furiously fast pace. Before Ainsley had time to fully process the impact of the first smack, she heard another series of lightning-quick slapping sounds. Ainsley felt her mouth moving: "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!"

Then Ainsley felt the rising burn from the first set of spanks start to accumulate. After Mom landed an especially firm swat, Ainsley howled. Every stroke felt like the bamboo paddle was ripping across Ainsley's bare skin in a sharp tugging motion.

Then Mom changed the rhythm of the spanking, slowing down the pace slightly but

without lightening the force of the strokes. This gave Ainsley more time to feel the individual smacks.

For the next minute or two, Ainsley could only shout variations on "Oh!" "Ow!" and "Ouch!" After two full minutes at this pace, Ainsley became keenly aware that not only was her ass already on fire, Mom wasn't showing any signs of letting up any time soon.

Ainsley scrambled to lift herself up, but at this angle gravity was forcing her head down. All she could manage was to reach a hand up to the sofa cushion behind her. "Enough! That's enough!"

Mom tugged Ainsley's hand away before she could shield her bottom, set Ainsley's hand down on the ground in front of her, and resecured her grip. "I decide when it's enough."

"Oh, Gosh! I'm sorry, I'm so—"

Ainsley tensed as she felt the paddle rip across both her sit-spots. Then Mom began the spanking all over again, this time at a controlled, medium pace. When Mom added some swats to Ainsley's upper thighs, Ainsley felt the fresh sting like needles in contrast to the fire in her flame-broiled fanny.

Ainsley screamed various apologies, her voice becoming more pitched. But for any proper spanking there comes a point when the reality sinks in. Tears spilled down Ainsley's eyes and her breath grew shaky. "Mom! ... Yeow! Ooooo, oh, Mommy! Mommy, please!"

Somewhere a door opened, and Ainsley could dimly make out Dad's voice behind her. Ainsley looked up. She was facing away from the front door. "Daddy! Please, Daddy!"

Mom carried on paddling, now methodically covering every square inch from the center of Ainsley's bottom to the center of her thighs.

Dad said something like, "What'd she do this time?" and Mom replied with something like, "Your daughter threw another tantrum."

But Ainsley could barely register the words. Ahead of her she saw the glass double doors that led outside. It was a beautiful spring day.

Mom lifted her knee to angle Ainsley's hindquarters up high to expose the sit-spots and landed one final full-force spank. Ainsley could feel the heat pressing against the scratchy bamboo surface. Mom tapped the paddle twice against Ainsley's bottom to signal her to stand up. "There. Now pull your pants up and get upstairs."

Whimpering, Ainsley pulled her thong back up and retrieved her leggings. There was no house rule against rubbing her bottom, but she was never tempted to try rubbing the sting away. It always hurt too much to touch it after a paddling.

As she tugged her leggings back up over her swollen butt cheeks, Ainsley hissed and finally released the waistband to let them snap back into place. Already she felt uncomfortably warm as the heat was trapped against her seat.

Holding her hands stiffly by her sides, Ainsley marched to the staircase that led to her bedroom. Her face burned as she realized she was being sent to bed early, like a naughty little girl. How could her life get any more lame?

Dad put his hand on her shoulder. "Wait, Ainsley. Have a seat at the table."

As Ainsley settled into her chair, she was grateful for the soft felt on the dining-room chairs, but nevertheless the raised welts on her sit-spots still protested as her bottom pressed flat against the seat.

Dad's shadow hung over Ainsley as he stood tall over her. Dad looked at Mom. "Tell me what Ainsley did to get a spanking."

Mom started counting on her fingers. “She didn’t clean the living room or her dishes. When I came home she was sitting on her ass playing that game. First I told her to stop playing and finish her chores, and she gave me attitude. Then I unplugged the thing and she threw another temper tantrum.”

Mom gestured to her chin, where she had placed a small circular band-aid. “She threw her controller on the couch and it bounced up and clonked me right on the face.”

Dad looked at Ainsley. “Is that true?”

Ainsley blinked. She wanted to say it was an accident, but the simplicity of the yes-or-no question stumped her. Yes, it was sorta true, but what was she supposed to say? Ainsley felt her throat tighten.

Dad shook his head. “...So that means yes.”

Ainsley took a deep breath, preparing for even more lecturing. Dad would tell her she did a

bad thing, then they'd go over the rules of the house all over again. At least the spanking was over, not that she needed one in the first place.

Dad sighed. "Okay, I'm spanking you too. Come here."

Ainsley grabbed her chair. "No! Please! One was enough! I'm sorry!"

"March, Ainsley."

Ainsley lifted her feet and pressed back against the high seat of her chair. "No, Daddy, no—"

Dad reached to scoop her up.

After all these years, Ainsley's Dad could still carry her like a baby. One time he'd even held her while struggling under one of his arms before hauling her to the couch for a spanking. This time he sort of "half-carried" Ainsley, holding her under the armpits while she walked on tiptoe toward the couch... toward her doom.

Ainsley felt fresh tears spring to her eyes. At the start of every spanking she always tried not to cry, but she always failed.

Daddy set Ainsley down to stand in front of him, trapping her legs between his as he reached to tug down her leggings. Ainsley grabbed them tight in her fists and held with all her might. The fabric tugged loose from her fingers as Daddy easily pulled them down to her knees.

Ainsley covered her front, terrified her thong would be next. She'd felt like such a mature woman when she'd bought this thong for herself. But according to the rules of the house, a bare-bottom spanking was the best deterrent.

Only within the last month, Ainsley had tried rationally appealing to her parents to spare her the humiliation of baring. After carefully considering Ainsley's request, they had informed her that bare-bottom spankings were

still on the table. If they embarrassed her enough that she wanted them to end, that only meant they were effective as a deterrent.

Mom had gone as far as to promise that every single spanking she gave Ainsley would be on her bare bottom from now on. The only small consolation was that Dad had promised to consider her request on a case-by-case basis, depending on what she did. But the fact remained that twenty-three-year-old Ainsley had no say in whether she got to keep her panties up at any point during a spanking.

Mercifully, Daddy spared Ainsley her thong, but when she wouldn't move her hands or assume the position, he grabbed her wrists and led her forward until she stumbled across his knee. This time Ainsley's upper torso lay on the couch, her face toward the pillows, while her legs dangled off the end of the couch, pinned firmly between Daddy's knees. Ainsley scrambled, scratching at the cushions, until

Daddy grabbed her wrists and easily pinned them both behind her back.

Ainsley writhed and felt just how securely she was pinned in place. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry! I don’t need another one!”

Daddy reached over to retrieve the heavy wooden paddle. “Should have thought about that before you’re over a knee.”

As the first swat landed, Ainsley let out a little scream. She was more surprised than anything. “This hurts like fuck!” thought Ainsley.

The pace of the spanking, about one spank per second, was significantly slower than Mom’s machine-gun-style paddling. However, a slower spanking is still terrible in its own unique way. Ainsley had just enough time to feel the paddle make impact and let out one yelp, or holler, or wail before the next blow landed. She could anticipate every spank, but not long enough to fully steel herself up or catch her breath. After

enduring the first few swats she managed to yell a few words. “Wah! W-Why do you—Aaah! Whyyyy?!?”

Another smack of the paddle against her lower-left butt cheek. “You know what this is for.”

A swat across her lower-right butt cheek. “You should not have had a hissy fit.”

An even heavier wallop, aimed at her left sit-spot. “You agreed to the rules.”

A resounding whack, aimed at her right sit-spot. “This is to make sure you learn.”

Ainsley could hear the begging quality in her own voice and felt humiliated even as she desperately sought any combination of words that would end the pain. She could only manage a sentence of a word or two between each spank, and with each spank her voice steadily grew more hoarse. “Please Daddy!

That's enough! Please stop, Daddy! I'm sorry! I'm so, so sorry!"

But Dad carried on the spanking. Mom stood at the sidelines and watched. Ainsley had been crying before it even started. After a few minutes of paddling, Ainsley had melted down into incoherent, guttural sobs.

After a few moments, Ainsley finally realized the spanking itself had ended. It was hard to tell, since the steady, throbbing ache felt no different than it had throughout the paddling.

Dad set down the paddle and patted Ainsley's back. "Stand up. You're going to sit at the table until ten p.m."

He helped stand her up and pointed her toward the dining room. Ainsley rushed to pull her leggings back up and power-walked right to her chair.

She pulled her phone out of her pocket as she lowered herself uncomfortably down on her

chair, sensing that the fire in her ass would rekindle the moment she sat down fully. Dad confiscated her phone. "No screens, no phone, no games. You sit your butt down and think about what you did."

Ainsley's face burned as she flopped down onto the chair. She grimaced as her sit-spots stretched against the seat cushion, then finally laid her head down on the table and cried softly.

After a spanking, Ainsley was always physically exhausted, especially since she tended to squirm and kick from start to finish. For a few moments she thought she might have nodded off until the sound of the clock woke her up and she sat up, wincing. She tried rocking back and forth on her seat to make things better, and it made things worse.

Ainsley glanced at the clock. It wasn't even 8:00 p.m. Mommy and Daddy had put her in a

stupid time-out for three fucking hours. "Quiet time," they called it.

As Ainsley shifted in her chair, the numb soreness returned with a vengeance, and she tucked her legs against her chest, trying to rest some of her weight on her feet and the far side of her hip.

Ainsley looked around, desperate to find anything to take her mind off her fire-hydrant-red caboose. Across from the dining room she could see her parents' game room. It was mostly old-people shit: a pool table, one of those old popcorn makers, some bookshelves.

Behind her and to her left was the kitchen, where she had nearly finished doing those stupid dishes before the spanking started. Maybe tomorrow she'd get spanked again for not finishing them. Wouldn't that be typical?

Tomorrow morning's check-in was going to suck. Every time Ainsley screwed up, and especially when she got spanked, Mom and Dad would review the house rules and discuss her behavior.

Sometimes she got a chance to talk. Sometimes she even felt heard and empowered. But the fact remained that it always made her feel like a child. Every day at check-in it reminded her that, even at twenty-three years old, she was still subject to Mommy and Daddy's authority.

Ainsley grumbled. "This is so dumb. I'm twenty-three fucking years old!"

In her peripheral vision Ainsley noticed Mom silently grabbing something out of the kitchen and only felt more livid. It was like Mom and Dad were pretending she wasn't even here.

Sure, she shouldn't have thrown that stupid controller. But why did they have to insist on spanking her in the first place? "I'm

twenty-three. There has to be something better…"

Ainsley took a deep breath. "I'm never getting another one!"

Yes, deep down she knew that as long as she was living at home, spankings were baked into the cake. But what could she do? She'd move out now, but… the economy sucked. Her last job had sucked too. Quitting it had felt great at the time, but would it be better to put up with shit at work so she didn't have to live at home and get spanked? She'd need something better than minimum wage just to afford monthly rent.

Ainsley checked the clock. Half an hour until bedtime. She didn't get time-outs that often, so there weren't as many set rules governing them. She knew exactly what to expect if she got out early, and although Mom and Dad were not bothering to watch her closely, the door to the

living room and kitchen were wide open. There was no point volunteering for another spanking today.

Ainsley tried to think of any way to convince her parents to stop spanking her in the meantime. The last "I'm too old for a bare-bottom spanking" discussion had gone spectacularly wrong. If only she could remember to follow all the rules, she knew her butt would be in the clear. "Okay... getting hot with Mom and throwing the controller was a bit of an overreaction... But Mom didn't have to unplug my game, either!"

Ainsley felt a tight knot in her stomach, like a ball of snakes crawling over each other. She tried to give names to each snake... Anger, sadness, remorse, resentment.

Ainsley tried to think about how to avoid spankings. She asked herself about Mom's feelings and Daddy's feelings. "...Do they really

hate spanking me? Because they sure do it without hesitation."

Ainsley tried to shift in her seat again. This time she tried planting her feet on the ground and resting on her elbows, sort of hovering her butt just above the seat cushion. "Why does this still happen? I'm 23! Let's talk it out... Why did I throw the stupid headset? Why did Mom even turn it off? She could have waited five minutes so I could go and do it."

Finally Ainsley settled back down into her chair and folded her hands on her lap, remembering the paddling keenly as she felt the lingering welts. "Daddy didn't need to do a second one. That shit was dumb. My ass hurts... Can I still go out this weekend and not have everyone know?"

One of her friends was already aware of Ainsley's spankings, and Ainsley hadn't told her. She had heard the story from her parents,

which could only mean that Ainsley's spankings were a topic of conversation amongst her parents' friend circle. Didn't they care what her friends thought of her?

As the clock rang ten o'clock, Dad appeared at the doorway. "You're free to get up." As she stood to face him, he handed her back her phone and kissed her on her forehead. "I love you, Ainsley."

Ainsley accepted the phone and the kiss. She thought about the disappointed look on his face before the spanking.

Once she reached her room, Ainsley pulled down her pants and applied some arnica cream to relieve the lingering burn. The red marks still tingled as she pressed her fingers against them with a generous dollop of cream, so she applied it gingerly. She'd bought this for herself when she still had her last job, knowing full well it'd come in handy for more than just sunburns.

Still bare-bottomed, Ainsley lay on her tummy on her bed, hugging a pillow.

Remembering how she'd wanted to write a post about her day before the spanking had derailed everything, Ainsley pulled out her phone and logged onto Quora. The forum was filled with people sharing and arguing about their memories and experiences with corporal punishment. Plenty of people were surprisingly open and detailed.

Ainsley typed an update on the space she had created: "Life lessons from a spanked 20-something female: Spankings and other lessons learned from my 22 years on this planet."

Ainsley finished the post and sank into her pillow. She knew there were weirdos reading her posts for kicks and giggles. But maybe she would hear some encouragement, or some

actual advice from someone who'd been through similar shit.

She had known what the rules were. Maybe one day she would reach the point where she'd outgrown spankings. She could only hope that day was coming soon.

The End

[Note: Ainsley shares her stories and experiences on Quora. This story is a narrative retelling of one of her journals, written as a collaboration between Ainsley and Yu May. It is semi-fictionalized, but takes inspiration from Ainsley's account of her experience. If you would like to support Ainsley, please consider sending her a tip through her PayPal. Her username on PayPal is @AinsleyQ.]

Spanking Memories: Lin Mayrie

By Lin Mayrie and Yu May

I still remember the day Mom caught me with my boyfriend in my bedroom like it was yesterday. I was fourteen, feeling bold and grown-up in ways I clearly wasn't ready for. No one was home when we got there after school—we told ourselves we were just going to do homework, but one thing led to another. After I changed into my pajamas, we started cuddling on my bed. What started as kissing turned into fondling, until I was on my knees performing oral sex on him right there on my bed.

My door flew open without warning. Mom stood in the doorway, frozen for half a second before her fury took over.

She didn't scream right away. She just pointed at the boy and said, "Out. Now."

He scrambled, red-faced, grabbing his things. She marched him straight to the front door and threw him out, slamming it behind him.

Then Mom called my dad from the home phone. As I tried to pull my clothes back together, I overheard her telling the whole story to Dad. My face burned hot. I could almost see the disappointed look on his face.

Finally Mom said goodbye to Dad, then turned to me.

I was already crying, but she didn't give me time to explain or beg. She grabbed my arm and said, "Get on your bed. On your stomach." Her voice was low, controlled—the kind that made my stomach drop worse than any yelling ever could.

I obeyed. I always obeyed when it came to this. My spankings were usually carried out in the living room on the designated "spanking couch," but this time I was spanked in my

bedroom. Maybe it was because Mom wanted me to think about what I had done in this room.

I rolled onto my stomach on top of the covers, my heart hammering. She stepped over to my dresser, and I heard the soft clack as she picked up my hairbrush—the wooden one with the flat back that I'd always hated. She didn't usually use it, but I knew tonight was different. "No, no, no! Please, not the hairbrush! Just spank me with your hand!"

She came back to the side of the bed, standing above me. One hand pressed firmly into the small of my back, pinning me in place. "No. This is not an argument, Lin Mayrie. You're getting a hairbrush spanking, and that's that."

I was small, and she was a strong woman; my squirming did nothing. With her other hand she pulled down my pajama pants to my knees,

exposing my panties. No lecture first, and no slow build-up.

The first smack landed hard across both my cheeks. Then another, and another. She didn't count. She never did. It was steady, deliberate, the hairbrush cracking down again and again until the sting built to a fire. I cried almost immediately—big, messy sobs I couldn't hold back. I was always a crybaby during a spanking.

Through my tears I heard her voice, calm but cutting. "I'm not raising a slut, Linda." The word hit harder than the brush.

I begged, "I'm sorry, Mommy, I'm sorry," over and over, my face buried in the pillow.

She kept going, delivering swats harder and faster. "Do you know how it makes your father feel, knowing his daughter is acting like this?"

I couldn't answer. I just cried harder.

She landed two of the worst whacks yet, one on each of my cheeks, and paused to tug down my panties with one clean motion. By now my pajama pants had started to flop off my feet from my useless kicking.

"Lin Mayrie, you will never have a boy in the house again unless someone is home. No exceptions."

The brush kept falling until my bottom was swollen and blazing—I remember I couldn't sit properly for two days afterward.

When she finally stopped, the room was quiet except for my hiccupping sobs. She set the hairbrush back on the dresser, then sat on the edge of the bed and pulled me into her arms. I curled against her, still bare from the waist down, crying into her shoulder while she held me tight. No final lecture, just quiet comfort until my breathing slowed.

After I started to control my breathing from the initial shock and pain, the memory that I had been spanked with my personal hairbrush struck me like a ton of bricks, and I started whimpering with embarrassment at the thought. “M-my hairbrush... h-hurts...”

Mom cooed softly, but there was definitely a hint of sarcasm in her voice. “Well, what did you think was going to happen?” It was what she always said at the end of a spanking. Her words hurt, but at least I was able to take some solace in her gentle hug.

Then I remembered how Mom had already told Dad everything. Whenever it was time for me or my sister to get a spanking, Mom didn’t want Dad to have to be in the room for it. Sometimes Dad spanked us, but I think he didn’t like seeing us spanked, even if he agreed we needed one.

I tried sitting on a cushion during dinner that night, and even that was too much to endure. My older sister found the whole thing hilarious. She'd been the one to teach me how to do what I'd been caught doing, so she teased me mercilessly. She whispered in my ear, "You're such an idiot for doing that in the house."

I was furious that she'd gotten away with doing exactly the same thing I did, but I was too embarrassed to rat her out. I didn't want to even think about giving a boy a blowjob ever again, let alone discuss it. We were usually spanked in private, except for the one time we both got in trouble and were spanked together on the spanking couch in the living room.

The next morning I stood there in the kitchen, eating cereal standing up because sitting was impossible. Mom kissed my forehead, a small gesture that said everything was going to be

okay. She didn't bring it up again after that, not really. But I never forgot.

The embarrassment didn't stop with my immediate family. Aunt Susan visited the next day, and Mom told her the entire story right in front of me. I stared at my feet while they talked about my "behavior" like I wasn't there.

Aunt Susan looked at me with raised eyebrows and said, "My, my, my, Linda. You should be ashamed, young lady. I hope you remember that spanking for a long time."

I blushed big time. All I could manage was a quiet, "Yes, Auntie Susan."

But I didn't feel any resentment. I loved both my parents. My Mom and Dad were great to me and my sister. But they also believed in spanking, so we just got spanked when we earned it.

Dad didn't speak to me for two whole days after the incident. That silence hurt worse than the spanking itself.

But finally, two days later, he grabbed me in the hallway and hugged me tight, whispering, "I can't stay mad at you, Lin." I broke down crying all over again.

The End

[Note from Yu May: When adapting Lin Mayrie's memory into a narrative format, I took minor creative liberties to flesh out the spanking scene, and edited her account for the purpose of giving her memory a better narrative flow.]

The Judgment of Sister Agnes

Chapter I: The Fall

The candle glow shimmered in Agnes' eyes. "But, Sister Beatrice… it's the communion wine."

Beatrice shook her head, her jowls wagging from the exertion. "It hasn't been consecrated, Sister Agnes. So that means it's just ordinary wine."

"But still, it seems… sinful. At the very least, it's stealing, isn't it?"

Beatrice twisted a corkscrew into one of the dusty bottles. "This wine was donated to the abbey so that we may drink it. As the Proverb says, 'Go forth, then. Eat your bread with joy and drink your wine with a cheerful heart, for God long ago approved what you do.'"

"But that's from Ecclesiastes."

Beatrice pulled the cork from the bottle, ducking as the cork went flying over her head. "You worry too much, Sister Agnes. You're not a snot-nosed oblate any more. You should enjoy the finer things the monastic life has to offer."

Beatrice pulled out two tin cups and filled them to the brim.

Agnes stared at her reflection in the red-violet pool. "But... I've only ever had a sip before, when I take the Eucharist."

"Well, if a sip of wine is good for your soul, imagine what a whole bottle will do for you."

Agnes shook her head as she took her first sip. "Oh, no. We can't possibly drink the whole bottle... but just a small cup shouldn't hurt."

But after Agnes had drunk her first cup, Beatrice argued that it would be a sin to let the rest of the bottle go to waste. And before Agnes had finished her second cup, Beatrice

had taught her to play an old tavern game: Pass the Cup. And before they'd finished the first game, Beatrice had to open a second bottle. And by then it seemed to Agnes that it would be a sin to leave Beatrice behind to drink a second bottle all by herself.

The next morning, one of the orphans living at the abbey as an oblate heard singing coming from the cellar and found Sister Agnes and Sister Beatrice giggling in a pool of spilled wine. The orphan had run straight to the Mother Superior: Abbess Hilda.

***

The cloister was silent, save for the faint drip of rain falling from the eaves. A raindrop blew through the window and plopped heavily onto one of the flagstones in the cool chamber. Seated on a low wooden stool in the center of the sparse room, Sister Agnes shivered and pulled her mantle tightly around her. Even in

the summer the stone rooms could get frigid on a rainy morning. A meager tallow candle was the only source of warmth for the room.

Nevertheless, Agnes felt a bead of sweat on her brow, and as she tried to wipe it away she realized her habit was still askew, letting a few curls of her red hair escape. Agnes twisted the coarse wool of her habit in her fists. At eighteen years, Agnes was the youngest novice apprentice at the Abbey of Saint Etheldreda, and at the moment Agnes was sure she was the most foolish.

"O Lord, have mercy on me, a wretched sinner," she thought, her lips moving soundlessly as she hung her head. "I have profaned Thy holy wine, Thy sacred blood. I am no better than a tavern wench, a stumbling drunkard."

Agnes heard a sharp slam and sat up, wondering if the Mother Superior had arrived.

But as she peeked out the window, Agnes discovered one of her sisters striking a rug with a carpet beater far below. With a sigh, Agnes settled back onto her stool. “Agnes, you goose,” she muttered aloud, her voice petulant.

“Why did you do it? Why did you listen to Sister Beatrice and her daft games?”

“Oh, Beatrice, you serpent,” Agnes hissed under her breath, her tone sharp. “You said it would be no sin, that the Lord would laugh with us!”

But even as Agnes spoke, remorse gnawed at her insides. Beatrice had not forced the cup to her lips. “I chose to drink. I chose to laugh,” thought Agnes.

Agnes reached for her rosary and prayed. “Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa,” she muttered.

The wooden prayer beads had worn smooth from daily prayer in the years since she had been brought to the Abbey as an orphan. But

at the moment the small, familiar beads felt more like heavy millstones, weighing her down.

"God forgive me! I didn't know the wine would muddle my head so. I didn't know I'd feel so... so wretched."

Agnes wondered what punishment awaited her. Even before becoming a novitiate, Agnes had been no stranger to strict discipline. But she had not outgrown the need for punishment just by growing older. If anything, the Mother Superior expected more of the older girls. Though Agnes had not taken her formal vows of poverty and chastity, she was nearing the end of her apprenticeship and was no stranger to the lash. "Mortification of the flesh," groaned Agnes, stroking the back of her shoulder.

Agnes's stomach churned as she imagined the birch rod, its thin, whippy branches biting into her flesh. She had seen Sister Margaret birched last spring for neglecting her chores—twelve

sharp strokes across her bare back and hindquarters, each one drawing a stifled cry from the stolid, middle-aged woman.

Margaret's welts had lingered for days, red and angry, clearly visible every time Margaret bent to scrub the chapel floor.

Agnes shuddered, her fingers digging into her back. Agnes had only been punished with the birch once, at age seven, and only with seven strokes, for roughhousing with the orphan boys too near the cloister. "Will it be the birch for me? Or worse?"

Her mind conjured up darker memories. She remembered Sister Edith, who had been caught stealing a loaf of bread from the kitchen two years ago. The Abbess had ordered her flogged with a leather strap in the chapter house before the entire community. Agnes could still hear the whistle of the strap, the sickening crack as it

met Edith's skin, the nun's gasps turning to sobs.

The sisters had watched in silence, their faces pale, their eyes fixed on the spectacle. Edith had worn a coarse penitential shift for a month after, her movements slow and pained. Agnes's breath hitched. "Surely... not the strap," she whispered, trembling. "Not for wine? Not for a game!"

But Agnes wasn't so sure. There was Sister Clare, made to kneel on dried peas for hours for gossiping during a time of silent meditation until her knees were bruised and swollen. Then there was Sister Juliana, confined to a cell on bread and water for a week for stealing bread from the larder.

Agnes's imagination ran wild, painting scenes of herself lying prostrate before the altar, scourged like a martyr. Or maybe she would be banished to the scullery for a year until her

hands were red-raw from scrubbing pots. Agnes stood from her stool, clasping her hands together. “O Holy Virgin, intercede for me. I am but a foolish girl. I meant no blasphemy.”

Agnes’ sandals scuffed the stone as she paced the small chamber in a tight circle. The cool air stung her lungs. “What will the others think of me now? Will they whisper behind their hands, call me a drunkard, a scandal?” she thought.

Her cheeks burned as she imagined being escorted out of the monastery. All her years spent in prayer and devotion, learning to read and write, desperate to prove herself worthy of taking the vows—all undone in a single night of folly. “I’m no nun. I’m a child playing at holiness, and now I’ll pay for it.”

Agnes tried to smooth her habit with trembling hands. “If I look contrite, perhaps she’ll be lenient. If I weep, if I beg…” she thought.

But the Mother Superior's face rose in her mind: those piercing gray eyes, that mouth set like iron. Agnes's knees weakened and she sank back onto the stool, her heart racing. "O Lord, give me strength. Let me bear what comes with humility. Let me not shame Thee further."

A sudden sound broke the silence: a sharp, deliberate knock at the door. Agnes froze, her breath catching in her throat. The candle flame stuttered and blew out. Agnes' head swam, hearing a far-away thumping in her eardrums and a cold dread deep in her bones. The Mother Superior, Abbess Hilda, had come to deal with little Agnes.

Just as Agnes reached out to open the door, Abbess Hilda let herself in, brusquely. With a squeal, Agnes leapt back from the door like a doe. Abbess Hilda tensed and held up a hand to her ear. "Peace, child."

Agnes exhaled, feeling relief wash over her, before she spotted what the Abbess was carrying in her other hand: a bundle of birches, tightly bound with twine. Agnes felt a jolt of terror travel up her spine and backed away, clutching her rosary with one hand and covering her backside with her other hand. Agnes felt her throat tighten. "The birch. Sweet Jesu, it's to be the birch," she thought, screaming internally.

As Abbess Hilda released her grip on the birches, they dangled at her side from her belt. Agnes thought Abbess Hilda strangely resembled a knight ready to draw a sword from its scabbard to punish the wicked. With an effort, Agnes forced her mouth to move. "Where do you want me positioned for my whipping, Mother Superior?"

Hilda glanced down at her birch bundle. "Whipping? Oh, goodness, child, let's not get

ahead of ourselves. Please, sit. We'll come to the matter of penance later."

As Hilda hung the birch bundle from a hook on the wall, Agnes relaxed slightly and sank into her seat. Agnes found it difficult to take her eyes off the birch bundle even as Hilda marched to tower over her. Agnes held up her hands. "Mother Superior, I... I..."

Hilda raised a single finger to shush Agnes. "No. I will speak first. You have shamed yourself, Sister, and this holy house. To profane the sacred wine of communion with a peasant's drinking game? You, a bride of Christ, stumbling and laughing like a common alewife? I am grieved, Agnes, and disappointed."

Dimly, Agnes remembered something Beatrice had said. "But it wasn't consecrated. It was just ordinary wine, not the blood of Christ."

"Oh? Were you planning to save that blasphemy for the second round of drinking games?"

Agnes' face flushed red, but this time with temper, not shame. She had earned more than her fair share of spankings from the Abbess during her catechism classes, though Agnes would have been the first to admit that every spanking she earned was more than fair. "I'd never do that! Do you take me for a demoniac?"

"I take you for a foolish girl. The wine may not have been consecrated, but it was still a sacrilege to steal it. Or do you deny your guilt?"

Agnes shook her head, her voice thick. Somehow her tongue felt heavy. "No, Mother... I knew it was foolish. I just didn't think the wine would make me so giddy. Sister Beatrice said a few sips wouldn't hurt."

"Never mind what Sister Beatrice said. What did you say to Sister Beatrice?"

"That... that it felt like a sin to steal wine from the cellar."

"And why do you suppose it felt like a sin?"

Agnes struggled to maintain eye contact with Abbess Hilda, but finally Agnes hung her head. "Because... because it was a sin."

"Meaning, in the first place, you acted against conscience. And in the second place, you didn't drink a few sips. You carried on long after you'd drunk a whole bottle yourself. One sin leading to another. You were not merely foolish. You were willful in your trespass."

Agnes felt a tear trickle down her nose and tried to hide it. But her sniffle gave her away. "I'm... sniff... I'm so sorry, Mother Abbess."

Abbess Hilda nodded. "There's a beginning to the path to repentance. Now, it's true that you

were led astray by Sister Beatrice. She ought to have known better as your elder. But you also need to govern yourself. If you are to serve the Body of Christ, you must flee from temptation, not dance with it to see just how close it can take you to perdition. What do you think is worse? A lashing with this birch bundle, or to be cast into the lake of fire?"

Agnes flinched as she glanced at the birches. "It is better to suffer any pains rather than be thrown to hell."

Hilda played with the birches, then turned back to Agnes, her voice surprisingly soft. "Yes, Agnes. But know this: Our Lord is merciful. Do you recall the story of the sinful woman who wept at Christ's feet?"

Agnes blinked, caught off guard by Hilda's gentleness. "Y-yes, Mother. She anointed him with an alabaster jar of ointment. It was a kingly gift."

"Yes, but there's more to the story. The Savior was visiting the house of Simon the Pharisee. When Simon saw the woman weeping at the feet of Jesus, he said to himself, 'If this man were really a prophet, he would have known who and what kind of woman this is who is touching him—that she is a sinner.' Yet Jesus knew what was in Simon's heart and told him the parable of the two debtors. Because the woman had been forgiven for a greater sin, for a greater debt, she showed greater love to the forgiver of sins. And so the Lord told her, 'Your faith has saved you. Go in peace.'"

Although she knew all the words, Agnes felt like she was hearing the story for the first time. "Then how can I be forgiven?"

"By your faith in He who has the power to forgive all trespasses. Your sin is grievous, but God's mercy is boundless. You must seek penance with a contrite heart, offer your sorrow to Him, and He will cleanse you."

"Then... you aren't going to cast me out from the abbey? Please, I have no other family!"

The rain seemed to hang in the air out of deference to Abbess Hilda as she weighed her judgment. "Of course we won't cast you out. Not unless you've changed your mind about taking up your holy vows."

Agnes flew from her stool, kneeling before her Abbess. "No! I will fulfill my vows! I do repent, I swear it. I'll pray, I'll fast, I'll scrub the chapel floor for a month, only..."

Agnes eyed the birch bundle hanging on the wall. "Only... perhaps, Mother, if I'm truly penitent, might I be spared the birch? I've learned my lesson, I promise. Could not my sorrow be enough?"

Abbess Hilda's mouth tightened. "Agnes, do not presume to barter with your penance as if it were a market stall. You've offered words of contrition, but words will not undo the scandal

you have brought upon yourself and your fellow sisters. You've made a mockery of our vows. For you to be accepted as our sister, you must offer public penance, child."

Agnes winced as she was called a child. "I... I didn't mean to... yes, Mother. I'll do anything."

"The Scriptures teach us: 'do not scorn the discipline of the Lord, or lose heart when you are punished by him. For the Lord disciplines those whom he loves.' So too does the Church, as your mother, correct you for your good. The birch is not cruelty, Agnes, but a loving chastisement to guide you back to righteousness. Without discipline your soul might stray further, and I will not have that on my conscience."

Agnes swallowed hard, her bravado crumbling. The Abbess's words settled over her like a weight, and she saw the truth in them though it stung. Agnes felt small as she released her grip

on the Abbess's habit. "Yes. I understand, Mother. I was wrong to ask. I'll submit to your judgment... I'm sorry."

Abbess Hilda nodded, her smile strangely beautiful, and relit the lone tallow candle on the wall. "Good, child. Your heart is contrite, and that is well. In that case, let us begin."

With calm, deliberate steps, Abbess Hilda retrieved the birch bundle from the wall. "Sister Agnes, I pray that you let this penance purify you like a fire which burns away the dross, and let the stripes serve as a reminder to guard your actions henceforth."

Agnes caught her breath, her eyes fixing on the birch rods in the Abbess's hands. The slender branches gleamed faintly in the candlelight, their tips swaying slightly, and she could almost feel the sting they promised. Agnes' heart pounded, fear and resolve warring within her, as she braced herself for what was to come.

"Yes, Mother Superior. Withhold not the rod of correction from me."

End of Chapter I

The Judgment of Sister Agnes

Chapter II: Confession and Absolution

Mother Hilda gestured to the wooden stool with the birches. “Very well, Sister Agnes. Rest across the stool, lying on your stomach… oh, and bare your bottom first, of course!”

For emphasis, Mother Hilda tapped Agnes across the seat of her habit. Agnes stiffened and reflexively clutched her hindquarters. “Is this… really necessary?”

As her mind raced, Agnes forced herself to grin. “After all… is not modesty a Christian virtue?”

Mother Hilda swung the birches with the sort of precise control most swordsmen dream of achieving. But instead of striking Agnes across the behind, she instead snapped them against Agnes’ bosom. Agnes felt the rough bark of the birches tickling her under the chin as Mother Hilda forced her to look up to meet her gaze.

"Don't be childish. You've been birched before. You know if I birch you across clothing, a stray splinter could snag the fabric. Can't risk giving you an infection. Besides, the indignity you feel is precisely the point. There is no better cure to pride and folly than a birching on the bare. Humility is learned through submission, and you will learn it now. Just as all our sins will be laid bare on judgment day... so too must your sinful little bottom be laid bare for birching. Do as you're told, child."

Agnes swallowed a lump in her throat, clutching the skirt of her habit. "Yes, Mother Hilda."

After hiking the skirt of her woolen habit up and over her backside, Agnes reached under the skirt of her linen shift to reach her undergarments. Unlike modern underpants, the undergarments of the Middle Ages were often a simple linen band, tied around her waist by a cord of hemp. Sometimes women

wore only a simple shift, but Agnes had been a rambunctious child and preferred to wear a linen wrap along with her shift so as to always preserve her modesty.

Just as Agnes was mentally preparing herself to tug the undergarments down and expose herself, Mother Hilda cleared her throat. “I don’t think you’ll need your hose, dear. They’ll just get in the way.”

Glancing down, Agnes pouted as she remembered she’d worn leg-coverings today, thanks to the peculiarly chilly morning air this summer. Her fingers trembling, Agnes undid both garters and let them drop to her ankles. After stepping out of her sandals and hose, Agnes folded them neatly, thinking about the frigid touch of the stone floor against her bare feet.

Then Agnes had to lift her skirt all over again, and found it was no easier to do it the second

time. Finally Agnes worked up the courage to tuck her thumbs into the waistline of her linen undergarment and roll it down to just below her bottom. As the linen wrapped taut around the rope, it held together securely rather than dropping away.

Mother Hilda pinched the undergarments just enough so that when she released them they snapped against Agnes' lower bottom. "All the way off, Agnes. No half-measures."

Agnes half-suppressed a whining moan before she quickly tugged off her undergarments and tossed them aside to join her shoes and leggings. Unable to look Mother Hilda in the eye, Agnes approached the bench, feeling the rough wool skirt tickle her flesh as she clenched her buttocks. Finally Agnes steeled her breath and lifted the woolen skirt for a third time, exposing her backside to the cool air. Agnes felt like she was repeating the same passion play all over again from the beginning, like walking

through her own version of the Stations of the Cross. The Baring of Sister Agnes.

As Agnes settled onto her stomach, she found she had to nudge forward to support her weight on the tiny stool, letting her hips rest on the seat while her elbows and knees supported her against the floor. The hem of her woolen skirt flopped down against the back of her head, revealing her lower back. With a pang of humiliation, Agnes quickly pressed her knees together, ignoring the stone digging into her kneecaps. Agnes was sure that any physical discomfort was better than having to expose her privates to the Mother Superior, or so she thought.

Taking soft steps, Mother Hilda took Agnes by surprise as she glided to her side, then patted Agnes' upturned buttocks with the birch bundle. "For the foolishness of listening to Sister Beatrice rather than your own conscience, a simple spanking will suffice.

Twelve strokes, one for each of the disciples who served our Lord. May they serve as keen reminders of your error and act to discipline you back toward the narrow path of wisdom."

Finally Agnes gathered the courage to look across her shoulder at Mother Hilda, who towered over her. "T-twelve strokes? But last time I received only six?"

With an impatient sigh, Mother Hilda tapped Agnes's bottom sharply and glided the birch bundle across her target, letting Agnes feel the rough, abrasive texture. "When you were a child, I dealt with you in the manner appropriate for a child. But now you are a young woman, and I must deal with you more sternly."

Agnes tightened her mouth as she felt the birches scratching across her hindquarters. "B-But—"

Mother Hilda silenced Agnes with three sharp taps. "Just for that, I'm adding a thirteenth stroke for showing such cheek. I suppose the thirteenth stroke can represent Judas the betrayer... which reminds me. This punishment is only the penalty for your foolishness. Stealing from the cellar is another matter and will require a second punishment in the full presence of the abbey. But that matter will have to be discussed with the elder sisters."

Agnes' eyes went wide, and as she started to tremble she shook her head. "There's more? Oh, please, Mother Superior! Have mercy! I cannot bear this shame!"

Mother Hilda delivered a practice stroke, using a full motion of her arm but checking her blow at the last moment so that the birches bounced off of Agnes's beautiful, bountiful bubble butt. "Nevertheless, this Cross of shame is yours to bear, and bear it you must... in more sense than one. You said you wished to repent, Little

Sister, and that is a hopeful sign. But now you must actually begin to do the hard work of repentance. You must endure what must be endured until you reach the end." After adding a final series of love taps against Agnes' rear end for emphasis, Hilda raised the birch high and administered the first true stroke. Agnes saw it coming and twisted her face away, shutting her eyes tight before the first spank landed.

Agnes didn't feel the pain immediately. She heard the whistling whoosh and heavy thwack and felt her body jolt forward from the impact before the sensation of the prickling sting finally seemed to stumble forward and demand her attention. Agnes caught herself on her elbows and suddenly became painfully aware of how awkward her position was. Her lower back was already trembling from the strain.
"Aag-guh!"

The birch bundle easily covered a wide area, leaving a fiery pattern of soft pink marks across

the center of Agnes' buttocks. As Agnes became fully aware of the rising pain, she writhed her legs slightly, still keeping her thighs pressed tight together. Agnes moaned. "Oooh!"

The combined effect of her elbows, knees, lower back, and bottom all acting as separate distractions was too much. Precisely at the moment the pain of the first stroke reached its peak, Mother Hilda landed the second stroke, and Agnes flailed her arms and legs wildly. As the stool rocked precariously, Agnes dropped her head and thrust her hands behind her back to shield her bottom. "Noooooooo!"

Before Agnes could attempt an escape, Mother Hilda grasped both of Agnes's wrists with one hand, pressing the birch bundle down against Agnes' bright-pink bottom to pin her against the stool. The result was that Agnes was forced to kiss the floor as her arms were lifted up behind her. As Agnes rolled her face from side

to side, she felt her burning cheeks pressing flat against the cool stone. “Eep! Oh, no, no, no! I’m sorry!”

Mother Hilda rubbed the birches in circles across Agnes’s buttocks, the friction adding to the building heat. “And so you should be! Mewling like an infant after only two strokes? Shame on you, Sister Agnes. We will have to begin again from the very beginning. This spanking will not end until you have fully ingrained the virtue of self-control. Now, if I let go of your hands, are you going to cover your bottom again? Or are you ready to trust and obey?”

Agnes felt two teardrops spilling down her cheeks, pooling on the stone floor. “I will obey! I’ll do better, Mother Superior! Please give me another chance!”

Mother Hilda released Agnes's wrists. "Then fold your hands in front of you as if in prayer for supplication..."

Hilda set down the birches and clapped Agnes's thighs. "And spread your legs to rest your weight more securely. Oh, come now, I've diapered plenty an orphaned bottom. You've nothing to hide that I haven't seen before."

Unable to form words, Agnes could only manage a tearful snort as she spread her legs and finally found her center of balance atop the wooden stool. Mother Hilda patted Agnes' backside with motherly tenderness before scooping up the birch bundle and standing back up. "That's better... Now, listen carefully to my words and heed my counsel..."

Mother Hilda tapped Agnes' bottom with the birch bundle thrice before stroking each buttock to lift it slightly, exposing the pale sit-spots hidden underneath the puppy fat of

Agnes' lower bottom. "...The Apostle Paul teaches us to pray without ceasing. Instead of thinking only of the pains of the flesh, I want you to concentrate your mind on your Father in Heaven and thank him for both his justice and his mercy. With each stroke, offer up a prayer of repentance. Repeat after me: 'Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned.'"

Agnes nodded and repeated the prayer word for word, her voice tremulous. As she craned her neck she caught sight of a small wooden crucifix on the wall before her. "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned."

Mother Hilda swung a practice stroke just hard enough to keep Agnes's attention. "Very good. Next, entreat him to grant you the gift of courage and long-suffering endurance. You may speak the prayer in your own words, from the heart!"

Agnes's lip quivered as she kept her eyes fixed on the image of Christ. As she thought about the agony of her Savior on the cross, the suffering servant, she knew her pains were nothing in comparison. The soft sting across her bottom seemed to fade. "Please, Lord, give me strength. Help me persevere until the end... and likewise, grant Mother Hilda the strength she needs to chastise me soundly. Let the pain of every stroke I feel act as a refining fire to forge my soul."

As Agnes finished her prayer she exhaled, and with a sense of purpose angled her hips forward, gracefully lifting her bottom higher to offer a wide-open target.

Mother Hilda smiled as she tapped the birches against Agnes's newly exposed sit-spots, which she knew from experience were the most delicate, sensitive regions of the buttocks. "Well spoken. Now you must repeat that prayer silently within the private corridors of your

heart after each and every stroke of the birch. Are you ready, Little Sister?"

Sniffling, Agnes nodded her head. "Yes, Mother Superior."

As Mother Hilda raised the birches high, Agnes felt the tension in the air before the first blow struck home with full force. Agnes clutched her fingers tight in prayer until her knuckles went pale white and yelled before bowing her head in prayer. She twisted her feet, but with an effort she managed to resist the urges to either cover herself or run for cover.

Agnes began to repeat the words of her silent prayer before she became aware of a set of fresh, itching welts rising in thin lines stretching all along her buttocks. As Agnes seethed she became dimly aware of the meaning of the phrase "the tickle of the birch." Countless times young Agnes had been threatened with a "tickling." Before that

moment Agnes had always understood the threat to be a dark jest, even when she felt a single birch switch. But now Agnes felt the painful, literal reality: the red marks tickled her flesh until she felt a mad desire to clutch her buttocks with both hands and rub the nagging, tingling itch.

No sooner had Agnes become conscious of the Devil's temptation and her need to continue praying than the second blow landed with trembling force.

Earlier her first yell had been conscious, a way of releasing the tension she felt before the first stroke. But this time, despite her best efforts not to raise her voice again, Agnes screamed from deep within her chest. This time her hands and feet twitched feebly. Agnes twisted her splayed fingers across one another while curling and uncurling her toes. Anything to distract her mind from the burning, chafing set of stripes.

Mother Hilda aimed the third blow slightly lower, below the previous set of marks. It landed squarely across Agnes's sit-spots, partially covering her upper thighs as well. Agnes screeched until her voice cracked, then sank her head to rest on her forearms, her belly heaving as she gulped for air.

Mother Hilda flinched at the shrill sound. "Courage, Sister. You've endured the first three strokes as bravely as can be expected. But you've still ten to go. Take a moment to catch your breath and keep praying."

Agnes snuffed and felt her nose clog before blubbering incoherently, halfway between pleading for "More" and "No more." What came out sounded like: "Moooooooh!"

As Agnes's bottom twisted atop the stool, her rumpled shift succumbed to gravity and flopped down to partially cover her

hindquarters. Still wailing with agony, Agnes was completely oblivious.

With a sigh, Mother Hilda knelt by Agnes's side and produced a handkerchief, gently brushing away two teardrops before pressing it against Agnes's nose. "I can't understand a word you're saying. Here, blow your nose."

Agnes felt a snot bubble pop at the end of her nose before she pressed her face against the handkerchief and honked. Mother Hilda set the handkerchief down in front of Agnes and cradled her chin. "There, can you breathe, dear?"

Agnes inhaled sharply through her nose and calmed her rapid breathing. "Yes, Mother Superior."

Mother Hilda reached into her satchel and produced an apple. "If you keep up that caterwauling you'll risk biting your tongue off. Here, try sinking your teeth into this. It's a

trick old Mother Esther taught me when I was in a similar... position."

Agnes glanced at the red apple skeptically. At the moment it looked strangely succulent, but she wasn't sure how it would help. "But... what if I can't breathe? Or if you ask me a question and I need to answer you?"

Clicking her tongue, Mother Hilda bounced the apple in her palm. "Tut, tut! You don't need any more lecturing. All you need right now is more spanking. Trust me, it helps to have something to chew on. And if you feel your nose starting to clog again, just spit it out. I'll give you plenty of time between each stroke, so keep breathing and... gird your loins."

For emphasis Mother Hilda patted Agnes's bottom playfully, fluffing the fabric of the skirt. Suddenly realizing her clothing was out of place for a spanking, Agnes quickly grabbed her skirts and hauled them all the way to her

shoulders, exposing her breasts to the cool air. Feeling claustrophobic, Agnes pulled her arms free of her habit and folded her hands in front of her. The woolen habit felt like a warm, fuzzy scarf all around her blushing face in sharp contrast to the chill Agnes felt as she realized that below the neckline she was entirely naked.

Then Mother Hilda offered up the apple, pressing it gently against Agnes's lips. "Good girl. Now open wide."

Scrunching her face, Agnes shook her head. She expected Mother Hilda to strike her or at least censure her, but the abbess only waited, holding the apple steady. Finally, as the smell of the apple became intoxicating, Agnes silently ordered herself to trust in her Mother Superior's wisdom. Agnes opened her mouth wide and accepted the apple, feeling like a stuffed pig at a Holy Feast.

Mother Hilda nodded and playfully squeezed Agnes's cheeks to ensure she had a good grip on the apple. "As Eve, the mother of all mankind, ate of the forbidden fruit, so too have we her daughters all sinned and fallen short of the glory of God. And though you must yet endure further torment as the just payment for your deeds, know that as God forgave Eve and made for her garments of fur, so too shall you be clothed in clean garments and made new. I chastise your buttocks here on earth so that I may yet see your soul saved in heaven. Remember that as I finish your first whipping."

Mother Hilda pressed the birches against Agnes's bottom, and she knew for certain her ordeal was about to begin again. The juice was so sweet Agnes felt two fresh tears dampening her eyelashes. With her cheeks stuffed, Agnes could only nod and mumble. "Mm-hmm!"

The fourth stroke landed, every bit as ferocious as the first three. But as Agnes felt the fresh wave of pain she dug her teeth into the apple and felt a strange sense of comfort as she heard it muffle her shout. Eyes wide, Agnes resolutely held her position across the stool and began to pray. She endured the fifth and sixth stroke without so much as twitching.

As Mother Hilda paused to examine her work she nodded with approval and strolled to Agnes's opposite side, switching her grip on the birch bundle to use her other hand. Grateful for the momentary reprieve, Agnes glanced behind her and realized that either Mother Hilda's arm was getting tired or she just wanted a new angle to cover some unmarked territory.

As Agnes closed her eyes she formed a mental picture of her own buttocks in her imagination, each of the red marks clearly impressed on her mind. With a pang of

humiliation Agnes reflected that she could picture the scene as clearly as if it were a map being held to her face: the rolling hills represented her pale buttocks while the birch marks were represented by a vast forest of trees, their autumn leaves dyed red.

As Agnes reflected on this image the seventh stroke caught her by surprise, and she struggled to repeat her silent prayer instead.

But by the eighth stroke the cumulative effect of the birches began to take their toll. Agnes's vision blurred before she felt her tears spilling freely down her face and shut her eyes tight. She took a rattling breath through her nose, and to her relief she felt she could still breathe easily.

Listening carefully, Mother Hilda waited until she heard Agnes take three deep, clear breaths before aiming the ninth blow with a full swing of her arm. As Hilda delivered the blow she

imagined trying to swing the birch bundle through Agnes' helpless buttocks. Two of the birch branches snapped from the force of the impact and flew across the room.

Agnes tried to clench her jaw and would have bitten off a clean bite if Mother Hilda had not wedged it so firmly in place from the start. Digging her feet into the ground, Agnes tried to shriek, sending spittle flying past the apple. Mother Hilda paused, watching Agnes's bottom hover above the stool until Agnes caught her breath and held herself steady.

Then Mother Hilda aimed the tenth stroke across Agnes's sit-spots, leaving a fresh set of marks in a mirror image to the earlier set. Agnes prayed, chanting the words "Holy Virgin Mary! Help me! Help me!" over and over again in her mind until she started to mumble the words past the apple pressed against her lips.

Agnes's knees trembled, then gave out. As her foot slipped against the smooth stone, Agnes dropped her weight back down onto the stool with a bump before she sank fully, no longer able to hold her weight up. With a crunch Agnes bit down clean through the apple. As the rest of the apple bounced across the floor and away from her, Agnes wailed, letting the chunk of apple she'd bitten off drop from her lips along with a trail of drool.

Mother Hilda paused. "Sister Agnes, can you breathe?"

Agnes only snarled and clawed at the woolen habit that cloaked her face. "Grrraahr!"

With a sharp tug Agnes yanked the habit off her head with a pop, half-pulling her veil free along with it, letting curls of her flaming-red hair tumble free. Half-tempted to rip off her veil and throw it in the Mother Superior's face, Agnes dug her fingers into her scalp, holding

fast to the veil. “Damn me! Just… damn me to Hell!”

Mother Hilda pursed her lips, weighing whether this profanity required additional punishment. Over the years Mother Hilda had learned that administering chastisement was more of an art than a science. Usually a willful child required the firm hand of correction, but Hilda decided that what Agnes needed now was the gentle hand of guidance. “No, Sister Agnes. So long as you wish to fulfill your vows, I will not cast you out. And even if you wish to leave the abbey, you need not be damned for it. Whatever path you choose in life, you can choose to walk that path faithfully. Do you wish to remain in our order?”

Hiding her face behind her hands, Agnes melted into sobs. “… Y-yes! Huh… Puh-please! Yessss…”

Mother Hilda bent low and pulled the veil away from Agnes's face with insistence. "Then let's have no more grumbling! You've only three whacks to go."

Agnes tensed as she felt her veil being pulled free and clung to it for dear life. "No! I want to be a good nun! Let me stay with you! Don't take my veil!"

Using her free hand Hilda planted a swat across Agnes's bottom, but the gesture was more playful than punitive. "Heavens, child, I'm just setting it aside so it's not in the way. Your hair is already in shambles. Really, you had a monstrous temper when you were young. I thought we'd spanked that anger out of you, but it seems to be an indwelling sin."

As Agnes felt the love tap she squeaked and accidentally flopped forward, knocking over the stool. Slowly picking herself up, Agnes realized she was naked, and as she blinked she

also realized her eyes were dry and puffy from crying. Then she sniveled and released her grip on the veil, clasping her hands in front of her as she knelt on her knees. “I’m sorry... I’m a wicked girl... I’m sorry for being bad...”

Mother Hilda folded Agnes’ shift, veil, and habit neatly along with her stockings and shoes before turning to embrace Agnes’s nude form, patting the back of her head. “Ah, there, there, child... you’re not the first sister to earn herself a sore bottom, and you won’t be the last.”

Agnes pressed her face against Hilda’s belly and clung tight to the abbess’s skirts as she wiped her eyes. “I’ll be good! I’ll be a righteous bride of Christ! I’ll never sin again! Never, ever!”

“Now, now! I’m sure you’ll do better. And perhaps you will fall into sin again. If you do... just bring your wicked little bottom straight to my cell to confess your trespasses, and I’ll correct you. But trust not in your own

strength, little lamb. Rather, trust in the strength of your shepherd, who will not fail to seek out his lost sheep and guide you home."

Mother Hilda bent low to kiss Agnes on the top of her head, then reached around to clap both of Agnes's butt-cheeks, cupping them firmly in her gnarled, calloused hands. "And don't worry... I know you didn't leave your position out of hard-hearted obstinance. So I won't start your birching all over from the beginning. Just this once I will only add two penalty strokes to the total. And if you don't want another spanking for being a stubborn ass... you'd best get that arse back into position across the stool. Now."

Agnes scampered on all fours to find the stool, slammed it down, and practically dove across it to offer up her throbbing, aching buttocks like Abel's choice meat on the sacrificial altar. Agnes dug her fingers into the seat of the stool,

glancing behind her to see if her submission was acceptable.

To Agnes's astonishment Mother Hilda giggled like a little girl. "Not so stiffly, child. Settle your weight down... and spread your legs wide."

Biting her tongue to resist her urge to argue, Agnes relaxed and spread her legs, feeling a bead of sweat dripping down her butt crack until it tickled her fully exposed rose-pink asshole.

Agnes winced as she set her chin down against the hard stone floor, but she couldn't force herself to release her grip on the legs of the stool.

Mother Hilda shook her head as she strolled in front of Agnes to retrieve the birch bundles. "That position is going to be almost impossible to hold. I suggest you rest your chin on your hands."

Unable to take her eyes off the birches, Agnes shook her head. “Please, Mother... I believe I can best hold myself still just like this... if you will permit me?”

Mother Hilda shrugged. “Very well. But if you scrape your chin, on your own head be it. You had three more to go, and now you’ve got an additional two for leaving position. That’s five total, so I propose we do this more quickly and have done with it. Take a deep breath and tell me when you’re ready. Then I’ll finish tanning your hide quick as you please.”

Feeling decidedly not pleased, Agnes dug her fingernails into the stool and took a shuddering breath. She scrunched her face into a girlish pout before gazing at the image of the crucifix and offering up a silent prayer. “...I am ready.”

Mother Hilda took careful aim and delivered five nasty strokes in quick succession. Despite the faster pace Agnes still had time to

appreciate every individual blow. For the first two Hilda aimed the birch bundle downward as if delivering a vertical sword stroke. The first caught Agnes across her left buttock and inner thigh, covering a wide patch of lily-white unmarked flesh with fresh pink stripes. The second blow was aimed at the right buttock at a similar angle.

Just as Agnes caught her breath, her chin digging against the stone, her buttocks still jerking and jiggling from the impacts, Mother Hilda switched her grip on the birches as well as the angle of her next stroke.

Though she felt genuine sympathy for Agnes, Hilda was determined to have the last set of five strokes leave a lasting impression. She raised her right hand diagonally to her left ear to fully wind up, then slashed the birch bundle across Agnes's outer left buttock. It was a glancing blow, but the friction of the scratchy bark more than made up for the lessened impact.

As Agnes arched her back she let out a strangled, guttural cry. “Aaaah-haggh!”

Without pausing Hilda twisted her wrist and with a smooth underhanded stroke delivered a similar glancing blow to the outer part of Agnes’s right buttock.

At that moment Agnes finally began to mentally process the fresh, keen sting in sharp contrast to the numb lingering ache across the lower center of her bottom. Taken off guard she gasped, her chest heaving, her breasts pressed flat against the cool stone, her nipples going stiff.

Then Mother Hilda aimed a final downward stroke right across the center of Agnes’s butt crack, snapping another three birch branches. Agnes’s anus took the brunt of the impact, and the remainder of the birches scraped across her inner buttocks, leaving behind thin white

scratches that immediately flushed to a mottled pink.

Agnes bellowed, lost her grip on the stool, and flopped forward, her chin slapping against the stone. Agnes took a shaky breath. "...Owwie."

Mother Hilda examined the unbroken twigs that represented the remains of the birch bundle and tossed it aside. "Oh, dear. Did you hurt your chin after all? Let's have a look, child."

Agnes hugged herself reflexively before remembering her breasts were exposed and clasping them tight to hide her nipples. "Well... y-you d-did... w-warn me!"

Mother Hilda shushed Agnes as she lifted her chin to examine the scrape, then pulled a corked bottle from her satchel. "It isn't bleeding. I'll give you an ointment... hopefully I have enough for your backside too."

Agnes flinched as she felt Mother Hilda apply the stinging balm to the underside of her chin, then rested her head on the abbess's chest, sticking out her bottom to allow herself to be tended to. The ointment was meant to be an antiseptic so it was far more stinging than soothing, but as Mother Hilda applied a generous dollop to both of Agnes's butt cheeks she moaned with relief anyway.

Mother Hilda kneaded Agnes's buttocks like two lumps of dough for a minute before petting her with tenderness. "You may get dressed, beloved. But do not forget you still have further trials to face."

Trembling with a mix of fear and joy and exhaustion and relief, Agnes gathered up her clothing and redressed. She felt a curl of hair escape from her veil and spiraled it around her finger before letting it bounce back into place.

But the moment Agnes pulled her woolen habit over her head, Mother Hilda pulled out a pin cushion and waved an index finger upward. "Skirts up, Agnes. You will spend the remainder of the day with your backside fully exposed."

Agnes complied, glancing nervously at her own backside as Mother Hilda secured her skirts in place with a needle. "So... I am to remain here and meditate on my misconduct?"

Mother Hilda answered by pinching Agnes's lower buttock, then shuffling her toward the exit. "Of course not. You will stand a vigil in the common area so that all the other nuns will be reminded what happens to foolish drunkards... and thieves."

Agnes held her arms stiff at her sides as she marched, praying no witnesses would be waiting for them in the corridor. "But... haven't I been punished enough? Eep!"

Mother Hilda pinched Agnes's other buttock to force her to speed up to a quick march. "Were it only a matter of simple gluttony or winebibbing, then yes. But you also stole from the abbey cellar and committed a great sacrilege. By now every sister in the Abbey will have heard the rumors of your misadventure with Sister Beatrice. And though most of them could probably use a good spanking to warn them against the sin of gossip, the fact remains that unless your sisters see for themselves that you have been properly dealt with, they are likely to resent you. The entire Abbey needs to see that you have not been let off lightly with a mere slap on the wrist... for your own sake as much as theirs."

Agnes found herself nodding. Strangely she took pride in the fact that she had just endured far more than a laughable "slap on the wrist." Agnes quickly performed the sign of the cross and repented of her private prideful thoughts.

"There is wisdom in that, but perhaps... you could simply tell them rather than... show them?"

As Agnes was marched through the cloisters they passed by a group of three young oblates who bowed respectfully to the Mother Superior before glancing curiously at Agnes.

Agnes clenched her bottom, willing for it to remain hidden from view at least for one moment longer. That hope was dashed as she heard a childish squeal followed by fits of giggles. One of the girls doubled back to catch up with them. "Mother Superior, what's wrong with her habit?"

Mother Hilda grabbed Agnes by the shoulders and twisted her around to reveal her full blood-red moon to the delighted girls. "Ah, I'm afraid Sister Agnes has been very naughty. So I had to be sharp with her. Go on, Sister Agnes. Tell them what you did."

Agnes grimaced as she heard the girls fail to suppress their titters of laughter behind her, then straightened her posture as best she could. "I... I snuck into the cellar to drink communion wine to the point of inebriation... I am a thief and a drunkard. And I am thankful to have received this most just correction."

The three girls broke into howls of laughter, doubling over. One flopped onto her back and kicked her feet, gasping for air as she pointed at Agnes's bare buttocks. Agnes pouted. "Surely I was never such an airhead when I was their age," she mused.

One of the oblates wiped tears from her eyes and grinned wickedly at Mother Hilda. "Is Sister Agnes going to get another spanking today? Perhaps as a show for supper?"

Mother Hilda clapped a hand across Agnes' bottom with a cupped hand. Agnes squeaked with surprise, but as she felt Mother Hilda's

hand brushing her gently she realized the resounding clap had been meant more for show than to add fresh pain. Nevertheless it was more than enough to remind Agnes of the lingering ache from her previous punishment. Mother Hilda patted Agnes's bottom pointedly, glaring at the three stunned oblates. "Sister Agnes may well have to endure another flogging, assuming she is recalcitrant. Much will depend on her demonstrating a repentant heart and submitting to the will of her elders... a lesson you would do well to remember."

The three girls nodded, stammering. "Yeh-yes, Mother Superior."

"Sister Agnes will be standing in the refectory for the rest of the day to meditate. She will need to focus her mind entirely on praying for the gift of repentance and guidance. Do me a favor and inform the rest of the oblates that Sister Agnes is not to be disturbed... unless any of you wish to join her."

All three oblates clutched their bottoms, shaking their heads wildly. Two shouted, "No, Mother Superior!" while one shouted, "Yes, Mother Superior!" Then they all changed their answers, talking over one another before Mother Hilda barked at them. "That will do. Be off with you!"

Two of the oblates bumped into each other as the third darted away. She tripped on her habit before the other two caught up, and all three sprinted to the oblates' chambers.

Mother Hilda wore a mysterious smile as she led Sister Agnes to the refectory, a simple stone room with wooden beams and a small altar. Once there Agnes was made to kneel before the wooden crucifix. Agnes winced as she accidentally rested her weight on her bottom before jerking up to let it hover above her feet. As Agnes folded her hands in prayer she was painfully aware of how even the smallest movement caused her lingering welts to stretch.

"Mother Hilda, will Sister Beatrice be joining me?"

"I have not made up my mind on a suitable punishment for Sister Beatrice yet. Or even if she should remain a sister at this abbey. She is much older than you and willfully led you astray... I am reminded of the words of the Savior. 'It would be better for him if a millstone were put around his neck and he be thrown into the sea than for him to cause one of these little ones to sin.'"

Agnes felt her heart freeze at the thought of being cast into the sea before being pulled to the depths. "Thank you again, Mother Superior, for offering me a chance to redeem myself. I will work hard to be worthy of your trust in me."

Mother Hilda bent low and kissed Agnes on each of her cheeks. "You are welcome, Sister. But always remember you do not need to work

to earn my love. I love you as I would my own daughter: because you are God's gift to me. And you already have been redeemed. As the wise merchant sells all he has to redeem the pearl of great price, so too are you cherished by your redeemer who suffered on your behalf. I pray you will find gladness and pray with gratitude as you meditate on these things."

Agnes returned the kiss, her eyes shining. "Yes, Mother."

Mother Hilda stood and quickly wiped a tear from her eye. "A brief period of fasting will help you concentrate your mind on God's mercy and grace. Therefore you will not be joining us for supper tonight. When the other nuns arrive, keep your position at the altar, and if any of them mock or speak cruelly of you, pay them no heed. And keep your bottom fully bare until the moment I come to release you."

Agnes smiled. “Thank you, Mother. I will obey.”

As Mother Hilda marched away, Agnes was left alone at the altar. She wept softly but only for a few minutes before she began to pray earnestly. She confessed every private sin she could remember, pleaded for forgiveness, and finally entreated on behalf of Sister Beatrice that she might be granted the grace of a repentant heart and the mercy of forgiveness.

Agnes heard the great wooden doors thudding open behind her and knew from the murmurs and whispers that the entire population of the abbey was gathering in the refectory for supper. Even without turning to look, Agnes could feel all eyes in the room gazing at her buttocks. As long as Agnes remained on such prominent display, front and center before the altar, no one could possibly miss getting a glimpse of her thoroughly trounced tushie.

Ignoring the rising laughter and jeers, Agnes fixed her eyes on the wooden crucifix. “Lord... please, I beg of you, show me the path to greater wisdom and courage. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Spirit... amen.”

The End

Jane and Josephine: The Lady and Her Maid

By Yu May and Anonymous

In the golden light of a late afternoon, Lady Jane sat in her chamber at court, a book open on her lap. She had spent the day in religious instruction and appearances among the courtiers, yet her thoughts kept drifting to her new lady's maid—Josephine de Beauregard, the strange French girl freshly pulled from an abbey and thrust into service. Josephine was unlike any servant Jane had known: short, sun-kissed, freckled, with her ruddy hair still cropped short from monastic life, and an insolent spark in her eyes that both unsettled and fascinated the young noblewoman.

Josephine lounged on the windowsill, a book balanced carelessly in one hand. She yawned. "M'lady, I'm afraid your books are all mortally dull." She flashed a mischievous look, her skin

glowing warm in the setting sun. “Come outside with me—unless you prefer to sit embroidering like an old crone?”

Lady Jane sniffed. “You should be thankful. Not many girls know how to read. I was reading about Queen Boudicca. You know, it strikes me how much she’s like our Elizabeth. The Queen who saved us from Rome.” She folded the book. “But I suppose a little sunlight couldn’t hurt. Let’s take the air.”

Josephine set her book down haphazardly and stood, stretching. “Pfft. Saved us from Rome. As if Rome ever truly left.” She extended her arm. “Come, the gardens are lovely this time of day. You could use a bit of sunshine on your pale face, m’lady.”

They walked together, Josephine guiding them along paths that avoided other courtiers. The looks she drew were unmistakable. Her shorn

hair and foreign air marked her as an oddity at court.

Lady Jane listened to the birdsong. “It’s lovely, isn’t it? To hear all of God’s creatures, great and small. I’ve missed this.”

Josephine hiked up her skirts with both hands, revealing a brief glimpse of lace-trimmed bloomers that fell to her knees, and sat beneath a twisting willow tree. The scrawny maid looked up wanly at the branches above. “The abbey had trees just like this in the garden. I’d study under them when the sun shone, or climb right up into the branches whenever the Mistress was cross…” She chuckled. “… Then perch there like a bird until she fetched a monk to haul me down.”

Lady Jane looked horrified. “Goodness! Climbing trees? Whatever were you thinking? I hope you learned your lesson.”

Josephine threw her head back in laughter, eyes shimmering. “My lady! How utterly sheltered you are. And to think I was the one meant to be a lady of God!” Her eyes sparkled with mischief. “You’d make a far better nun than I ever did, ma chère. All obedience and no climbing.”

Josephine’s expression was jovial, but there was a teasing lilt to her words, the subtle French accent slipping through.

Lady Jane tried to look stern. “That’s no way to speak to me! And I’d never submit to Popish doctrines. I’m just glad you’re free of them. Luther was right. The clergy shouldn’t be forbidden from marrying. Mind your tongue or I’ll…” She trailed off, searching for a threat. “…or I’ll have to smack you!”

Josephine raised her eyebrows. “Careful, my sweet lady. It’s just as unbecoming for you to shout as for me to climb trees, non?” She

purred, taking Jane's hand and turning it over like a curiosity. "You'd shatter your little hand! So soft... not a single day of honest work in its life."

Lady Jane pulled her hand away. "Don't test my patience. Or I'll show you just how soft my hands are..." She took a deep breath. "I'm sorry for shouting at you."

Josephine giggled, looking her lady up and down. "Doesn't exactly strike fear, now, does it? I take it for certain you've never truly ruled over anybody except your father's servants, hmm?"

Lady Jane looked taken aback. "I... hold on, you were a novice nun. Who have you 'ruled over'? Other poor girls they made take Papist vows?"

Josephine purred, "I never 'ruled' over anybody. I just ran errands for the Abbess and the monks. Got into a few scraps with the

other girls a few times—good memories! ...Well, until the Priest took a birch to each of us in turn for fighting in the Lord's house." She shuddered.

Lady Jane huffed. "Served you right. My papa once smacked me for fighting with my younger cousin... and it made me a better person. Frankly, sometimes I think you could use a smacking, the way you carry on."

Josephine huffed in return. "I could say the same about you. I wonder if you'll use that tone with your future husband... he'd paint your bum bright red, ma petite." She mused, tilting her head. "Men don't much care for bossy girls. That's why I shall never marry—too much trouble."

Lady Jane crossed her arms. "Well... if I ever marry, and speak to him so disrespectfully, I hope he whips me, too." She stood. "I've had

my fill of fresh air. I want to read about Boudicca killing Romans."

Josephine leaned forward eagerly. "You hope?!" She stood and extended her arm. "I never knew English girls could be so naughty with their lovers."

Jane blinked at the word naughty. "I won't be a naughty wife. I'll be a good wife."

"No, no, my dear, I mean..." Josephine paused, her lips curling. "...Coquine, scandalous, exciting." Josephine pulled Jane to her feet, dusting off her own skirt with a playful swat. "The sort who finds a whipping as thrilling as a lover's kiss."

Jane blushed, glancing around the garden. "No! You mustn't discuss kissing here. That's a matter for... well, plays by the Bard." Then the meaning struck her. "Wait, a whipping? But... a whipping hurts."

"Of course it does. I hardly understand it myself!" Josephine agreed. "But I've read enough books and heard enough cries of anguish bordering on utter rapture during penance to know."

Lady Jane held up a hand, her face pale. "Silence. I don't want to hear about those brutish Catholics. Imagine, whipping poor girls till they bleed. Papa once told me the monks used to whip themselves as a form of penance. Can you believe it? We have Christ alone as the penance for our sins. There's no need to abuse ourselves." Jane felt light-headed. "I need to lie down. I'll need you to help me undress."

As Jane led the way back to her private chamber, Josephine bristled and followed. "Only as barbaric as hanging women for supposed 'witchcraft' and beheading our leadership!" Her voice rose before she clamped her mouth shut.

They reached Lady Jane's bedchamber, and Josephine opened the door, her eyes smoldering.

As Lady Jane held up her hands, Josephine marched forward and began roughly helping Jane undress, with brusque movements. "I'll have you know, I was whipped, but not till I bled. And the penitents chose to flog themselves—nobody forced it upon them. You should try speaking to one of us before judging our ways."

Lady Jane turned to glance at the maid, raising an eyebrow. "One of us, you say. Do you mean one of us Catholics? I thought you renounced their doctrines?"

Josephine froze, fingers tightening on the buttons. She took a shaky breath. "Slip of the tongue. I'm not used to this... English?" She paused. "...Please, don't tell anybody. I'd hate to lose my head. I'm rather fond of it."

Lady Jane sighed. “Do not fear. There are plenty of Catholics in hiding, even in the royal court. But I pray for your soul. It would be best to be more… discreet.”

Josephine relaxed slightly. “You’re not bad, for a Protestant. S’pose Her Majesty is rather fond of you. I hope she finds you a kind husband who never lays a hand on you.” She spoke softly, unlacing Jane’s formal outer gown.

As she helped Lady Jane step out of the expansive skirt, Josephine smiled. “You know, chérie, I could give you some tricks on enticing suitors. I practiced it with girls at the abbey.” She giggled and sat on the bed, crossing her legs. “Anyone you have your eye on?”

Lady Jane blinked. “Practiced… with girls? Practiced what?”

“Well… kisses, greetings, flirtation, the art of enticement. Here, pretend I’m a lord you fancy.

Romance me!" Josephine puffed up her chest in imitation of a stern lord.

Lady Jane looked around, as if hoping for rescue. "M-my Lord! You have... such lovely eyes?"

Josephine stood quickly, grabbed a stool to gain height, seized Jane by the waist, and dipped her dramatically. "Oh, my dear, you look positively ravishing this fine evening. Shall we retire to my quarters for the night?"

Jane struggled free. "What? Of course not! Why, if you were a man I'd..." She raised a hand as if to strike, then lowered it. "No, I know you were only playing, but it's not right to joke that way. Being alone with a man in his quarters. If anyone heard you speak that way..." She straightened, adopting her most authoritative tone. "Josephine, if you speak that way in my presence again, I will be forced to—to spank you."

Josephine raised her brows, still perched on the stool, then burst out laughing. "You?! I'm sorry, my dear, I just—Oh, mon dieu, pardonne-moi! You're just so... cute and dainty. I'd pity your little hand!"

Lady Jane seated herself on the bed and patted her lap. "That does it. Josephine, you are incorrigible. Come lie across my lap for correction, at once."

There was nothing playful in Jane's tone of voice. It was a simple, direct order.

Josephine stopped laughing, her mouth agape. "My lady, I thought you were only joking."

The maid hesitated. Direct disobedience would earn Josephine a sound caning from the head maid, and both of them knew it. Finally Josephine folded her hands behind her back, reluctantly approached, and slowly lay herself down across Jane's lap. Josephine thrilled as she felt the soft plushness of Lady Jane's thighs

through her chemise. Propping up on her elbows, Josephine glanced back mischievously. "Have you done this before?"

Josephine already knew the answer was no. Given Jane's lack of experience, maybe she'd falter at the last moment. Nevertheless Josephine felt a churning in her belly and forced herself to ignore it.

Lady Jane swallowed and laid an arm across Josephine's lower back to hold her in place. "... Never you mind." She took a deep breath and patted Josephine's bottom through the thick canvas skirt. "I warned you twice to mind your tongue, so I'm afraid that, to impress upon you the gravity of your error..." Jane lifted the hem of Josephine's skirt to reveal the linen shift. "...I will have to spank you over your shift!"

Josephine squeezed her fingers into the duvet, resting her cheek against her folded arm. She could tell that Jane was second-guessing herself

just by the sad hint in her lady's voice. Josephine tried to affect a pleading, sorrowful look. "Lady Jane, I was only teasing."

For good measure Josephine affected a pout. "Of course I wouldn't dare disobey you, but this is simply too cruel!"

Her voice was fussy, but she didn't resist as she felt the hem of her skirt neatly folded across her back.

Lady Jane swallowed a lump in her throat, then steeled herself. She abhorred the very idea of willfully inflicting pain on someone, but she remembered something her father had taught her: always take a firm hand with the staff, or they won't respect you.

That settled the matter. Jane landed a smack across Josephine's bottom at half strength, with a soft pop. "So were you only teasing when you said my delicate little hand would shatter if I tried to smack you? If that's true, then you

have nothing to worry about. If you didn't mean it, just apologize and we'll say no more about it. Otherwise..." She patted her maid's backside experimentally, feeling the soft texture of Josephine's undergarments. "We'll find out just how soft my palm is. It's your choice. I don't want to hurt you, Josephine. But I won't be mocked."

Josephine jumped slightly but settled back down. The first swat barely stung. She crossed her arms and rested her chin on them. "...It certainly feels rather soft," she teased, crossing her ankles. "My lady, I wasn't mocking. I was playing."

Lady Jane landed a harder spank this time, with more effort. Josephine's eyes popped open as she felt the sting keenly, even through the fabric.

Jane waved her hand, trying to get a feel for how to use her wrist. "I'm not playing. Your

words are like barbed arrows…" She landed another stroke, steadier than before, and deliberately put more force of her arm behind it. "How would you like it if I called you… soft?"

Jane's hand lingered a moment on the surprisingly plush curve of Josephine's behind before she quickly pulled her hand back.

Josephine huffed. "Barbed arrows!? Isn't that a bit dramatic—Oh!!" A third swat startled Josephine, but she kept her composure and answered in her customary teasing voice. "I'd take it as a compliment, dear. Then I'd laugh because I knew you were lying."

Jane's only response was to land a fourth firm slap across the seat of Josephine's bloomers, followed by two more in quick succession.

Josephine hissed through her teeth. "I truly never meant to insult you, my lady…"

So far this spanking was nothing compared to a birching over the bare bottom, but still... Josephine had to admit that Jane was making an effort.

Lady Jane's hand faltered in mid-air. She remembered a line from *The Merchant of Venice*. "And earthly power doth then show likest God's, when mercy seasons justice..." She spoke it aloud by accident, then cleared her throat. "...In that case, Josephine, a simple apology will suffice... this time."

"Huh?" Josephine looked over her shoulder, her frizzy hair flopping from the motion. Then Josephine narrowed her eyes. "...Once again, milady, I fear you are being awfully dramatic."

Then her cheeks blushed pink, and she bowed her head slightly. "But... I am sincerely sorry if I offended you."

Lady Jane flexed her fingers, then she patted Josephine's backside playfully. "Dramatic am I?"

Josephine held her tongue, waiting in suspense. Jane eyed the defenseless girl's slender bottom. Finally Jane sighed. "I'll choose to take that remark as a compliment. After all, I am quite fond of the theatre... And I accept your apology."

Josephine felt the delicate hold on her back release.

Josephine quickly scrambled up, rubbing the faint tingle as she pulled her skirt down. "You would be," she chuckled to herself, then sat primly, perching herself on Jane's lap. "And thank you, dear."

As Lady Jane nodded she smiled softly, looking rather pleased with herself. "You're welcome! The spanking seems to have done wonders for your attitude already!" She hesitated, then

patted Josephine's shoulder. "I'm sorry I had to do that, but I'm ready to move on. Can we be friends again?"

Josephine looked taken aback, still reeling with a mix of anger and admiration. "So, this spoiled little lady actually dared to strike me!" thought Josephine.

But Josephine carefully composed her face and answered with mock properness. "Well, it was more so the talking that helped me realize. Of course you're still my friend, but I would prefer it if you didn't strike me. That would be rather disagreeable, no?"

Lady Jane held Josephine's hand in hers. "I hate that I had to do that. Yes, let's not repeat it. I hope the smacking taught you to mind your tongue better in future!"

Josephine thrilled at the gentleness of the gesture, but she caught the hidden meaning behind Jane's comforting words. Clearly Lady

Jane wasn't the least bit sorry for spanking Josephine.

***

Josephine waited until Lady Jane's nose was buried in a book, then slipped out of the lady's chamber as quietly as a shadow, shutting the door behind her with a soft click. Evening was coming, which meant lights out for all of the serving class. Candlelight was a luxury only the nobility could afford.

The corridor was dim, lit only by the gentle glow of rushlights. She casually unhooked one of the metal rods that held the burning rushes, then climbed up to the small attic room allotted to her: a narrow space with a single stool and pallet bed. She shut the door beneath her, set down the burning rushes in a clay jar, sat gingerly down on her pallet, and let out a long, shaky breath.

"Mon Dieu," she muttered, pressing a hand to her chest as though to still her racing heart. "What just happened?"

She turned sideways and without ceremony hiked up her skirts and shift in one quick motion. Twisting, she peered over her shoulder at her own backside. In the weak light the skin looked barely pinked—nothing like the deep crimson she remembered from abbey days when the Mistress or a monk had laid on the birch with real intent. A faint warmth lingered, more of a soft tingle than a true ache, yet the memory of Lady Jane's small, hesitant hand landing those swats made her cheeks burn hotter than any sting.

She let the fabric fall and sat gingerly on the edge of the pallet, wincing more from indignation than pain.

"So that's how it is," she said aloud to the empty room, voice low and sharp. "The little

Protestant princess decides she can play disciplinarian. Putting me—me!—over her lap like some naughty kitchen maid. And those pathetic taps…" Josephine gave a short, incredulous laugh. "She thinks that counts as correction? I've had worse from a feather duster."

She rubbed at the spot absently, scowling. "She enjoyed it, though. I could feel it. The way her breath caught, the little tremble in her arm when she tried to sound stern. She wanted to do it. And then—pouf!—she turns merciful, quoting Shakespeare like some saintly schoolmistress. Mercy seasons justice, indeed. Sacrebleu, if she only knew how close I came to punching her right on the nose."

Josephine flopped backward onto the thin mattress, arms flung wide, staring up at the low rafters. "Revenge!" she whispered darkly, savoring the word.

She would have to wait for the right moment: catch Jane in some small disobedience, perhaps whisper a rumor close to the right ear, or simply tease her mercilessly. She murmured, "How easy it would be just to pin her down..."

Josephine sat up and pantomimed the act of putting a spoiled lady across her knee. "...Flip up those dainty skirts and give her a proper fessée. Let her feel what a real thrashing feels like from someone who isn't worried about bruising a noble little backside. See how pretty she looks then, with tears staining her cheeks."

The thought sent a strange, guilty thrill curling through her belly. She rolled onto her side, hugging her knees.

But the longer she lay there, the sharper the image grew in her mind. Lady Jane's wide, startled eyes, the pleading and protests, and finally... the sight of Lady Jane's noble little fesse, blushing bright red. Josephine had read

that the Spanish used the term *sangre azul* to describe their nobility: pale, blue-blooded. "I wonder if Lady Jane's buttocks would blush bright blue instead."

Josephine sulked as she remembered her own spanking. On the one hand it wasn't that bad, but that only made it more annoying. "She didn't even have the courtesy to finish it properly."

As the last of the rushlight died out, Josephine covered her bottom and lay in bed. "She's barely out of the nursery herself. Sheltered as a hothouse rose. Probably never even seen a proper birching, never mind felt one. Her papa gave her a smack or two, maybe, but nothing like the abbey. She thinks she's being fierce, but she's only... play-acting. *Maladroite.* Clumsy."

Josephine sighed. "Non. I won't be cruel. Not yet. Not to her."

She sat up slowly, folded her hands in her lap, and bowed her head the way the nuns had taught her. She wasn't sure if God could hear her. Sometimes she wondered what sort of God could possibly abandon his church to heresy, but Josephine prayed every night regardless.

"Seigneur," she whispered, "Dieu qui voit tout... You know my heart. You know I've borne worse than a few love-taps from a girl who doesn't know her own strength. But if it pleases you, if you are truly just... give me the chance. Just once. Let me teach Lady Jane a lesson. Let her learn what it feels like to be small and weak and sorry over someone else's knee. Not to hurt her, mon Dieu—not truly. Just to show her. Amen."

She crossed herself quickly, almost defiantly. Darkness folded around her, as though either Heaven itself, or perhaps Hell itself, might be considering granting her request.

***

After finishing her devotions, Lady Jane knelt upon the rush-strewn floor of her chamber, the cold stone biting through the thin wool of her nightgown and into her knees. She had put out the last candle some time ago, leaving only the faint silver light of a full moon to illuminate her room.

Her hands were clasped so tightly her knuckles showed white, and though her knees ached with a dull insistence, she refused to rise. She would bear it. She must bear it.

"Forgive me, O Lord," she whispered, eyes squeezed shut. "I have sinned grievously this day. I struck poor Josephine—laid my hand upon her in anger. I, who am called to meekness and charity, lost my temper like some common scold. Have mercy upon me, a wretched sinner."

She paused, breath trembling. Then she snapped her head to the side, as though having a whispered argument with an invisible confessor.

"But she did deserve it. She has a sharp, mocking tongue, that one. She tempted me, pushed me beyond patience. And a servant must learn respect. Papa always said a firm hand corrects where words fail. Surely discipline is no sin when justly given?"

Yet the guilt returned like a tide. "No. I enjoyed it too much. That is the wickedness. My heart took delight in her humiliation, even if only for a moment. I felt... powerful. And that cannot be right. Forgive me, Lord, for I have sinned. Forgive me my pride and my cruelty."

Then another concern pressed itself to her mind. "A Catholic! In our very household?"

Josephine's slip of the tongue still rang in her ears: "one of us." The girl had not fully renounced Rome; Jane was certain of it now.

What if she whispered Popish prayers in secret? What if she carried letters for recusants, or worse, plotted against the Queen? Surely there were still partisans for Bloody Mary who had not been exposed.

To harbor a Papist was dangerous. Treasonous, even. Jane remembered seeing a naked woman standing pilloried on the scaffold, pelted with mud. That was the least that awaited a Romanish heretic.

Then Jane imagined Josephine suffering that fate. "I cannot turn her in," she confessed aloud, voice cracking. "I cannot. She is alone here, friendless, far from her own people. To send her to the authorities would be her death. Forgive my weakness, Lord. Strengthen me against any tenderness to heresy. But please,

show Josephine the true light of the Gospel. Open her eyes to the errors of Rome, that she may recant and be saved. Let her see the plain truth of salvation by faith, through Christ alone."

She bowed her head lower, cheeks burning with a different shame. The memory of the spanking burned in her mind's eye. The soft give of Josephine's flesh beneath her palm, the small jolt of surprise she felt from the impact, the way Josephine's breath had hitched, as well as her own. A strange, unfamiliar heat bloomed in Jane's belly. Trembling, she stumbled to reach her chamber pot, wondering if she would vomit. But nothing came of it.

Jane gulped for cool air until the burning sensation vanished and her vision cleared. "I must have been mad with anger," she told herself firmly.

Then she returned to her bedside and knelt to finish her prayers. “Or perhaps some foul spirit entered me for a moment, tempting me to cruelty and... some evil deed. Oh, Lord, protect me from such possession. And do not withhold chastisement from me. Grant me true repentance, that I may amend my ways and walk soberly before Thee. Amen.”

Finally she rose stiffly, knees protesting, and crossed to the silver-backed mirror that hung upon the wall. It was a rare and precious thing, a kingly gift from her father to commemorate her fifteenth birthday and her coming of age. As a child she had only ever glimpsed herself dimly in a still pool of water. But the clear reflection of the mirror seemed just as uncanny as ever, almost miraculous. This was really her, as she was. Her face was pale, her auburn hair falling in a loose tumble. And her eyes were so tired.

"Josephine?" she called softly, glancing toward the inner door. Then it struck Jane how long her maid had been gone. Jane narrowed her eyes and opened the door. "Josephine? Are you fetching a warming pan?"

But the hall was empty.

Jane huffed, crossing her arms, muttering. "She went to bed without me? She deserves a good hiding just for that."

Jane caught herself at once and pressed her fingers against her eyes. "No—no, forgive me that thought, Lord. Grant me patience. I will speak to her tomorrow, rebuke her gently, and forgive her for her failings. We shall be friends again. I will not let the sun set upon my anger."

With a sigh she pulled a fresh shift and woolen nightgown from the trunk and began to change herself. As Jane pulled off her old shift—or her chemise, as Josephine would have called it—the fabric pooled at her feet, and Jane

caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Stepping out of the rumpled cloth, she approached the reflected image and turned sideways, with a mix of curiosity and shame on her face as she twisted her hips and gazed downward at her own bottom: pale, unmarked, untouched.

Shivering, Jane pulled on her new shift, feeling how the hem of the fabric lightly enveloped her, savoring the cool tickle against her hindquarters. "How poor Josephine must be suffering now."

And how grateful she felt not to be going to bed with a sore, aching backside. Jane winced at the vulgarity of her own thoughts. "I was brutish. Merciless. Poor Josephine must be bruised, weeping, all alone in her little room."

Slowly, deliberately, Jane lifted the hem of her shift to examine her own bottom. Perhaps on such a cold, lonely night, going to bed with a

scorched, hot bottom would not be so bad after all. If only Jane's father were here. If she went to him and confessed her sinful wrath, surely Papa would have justly given her a bright-red bottom to match poor Josephine's.

Then Jane froze at the sudden sound of footsteps coming from the corridor right outside her door. Heart hammering, she dropped the shift and whirled, clutching the cloth at her chest. If anyone should see her like this—half-naked, peering at herself like some vain strumpet—the shame would be unbearable. She leapt to grab her nightgown, desperately thrusting it on, only to hear the footsteps pass by her door and slowly fade. Jane exhaled shakily.

At last she climbed into bed, drew the chilly covers to her chin, and closed her eyes.

Sleep came fitfully, then plunged her into a dream so vivid she briefly realized she must be

dreaming. In the dream she was no longer Lady Jane but a plain, clumsy servant girl in a grand French château.

Her hands trembled as she fumbled with the lacings of a magnificent gown worn by a haughty young princess. Jane immediately recognized the princess as Josephine, but she was different: taller, older, imperious, her cropped hair now a cascade of brazen curls beneath a jeweled cap. The Lady Josephine's eyes sparkled with amused disdain.

And then something strange happened. Jane became lucid and knew that she must be dreaming. If she wanted, she could wake up right now. But as the world grew cloudy, Jane chose to stay asleep and see the rest of the dream. And the moment she made that choice, the knowledge that she was dreaming faded into nothingness. The dream was her reality now.

“You sow!” the princess snapped in perfect, imperious French. “You have pulled too tight again. Do you wish to strangle your mistress?”

“I—I beg pardon, Highness,” Jane stammered in her faltering French, cheeks flaming.

The princess turned, skirts rustling like thunder. “Pardon is not enough. You must be taught. Je dois te donner une bonne fessée.”

As she realized her limited grasp of French was failing her, Jane squinted, confused, and answered in her own English. “Give me… une bonne… give me what, madam?”

Josephine smiled slowly, wickedly. “A good spanking, little fool. Over my knee. At once.”

Before Jane could protest, a strong hand seized her wrist and drew her forward. She found herself tumbled across the princess’s lap, skirts rumpled up, before her shift was torn aside to expose her naked hindquarters.

Josephine's first slap landed across Jane's buttocks with ringing force, far harder than anything Jane had ever felt, even from her father. Jane yelped, kicking her legs wildly in a futile attempt at escape.

"Hold still," Josephine commanded, her voice low and certain. "This is what happens to foolish, careless little girls."

Smack after smack fell, steady and unrelenting, until Jane felt her bottom blazing and tears streaming down her face. Each swat carried a strange mingling of shame, but also something deeper, like a hot knife in her belly. It was a feeling that Jane could not name.

Jane heard Josephine's cutting voice echoing from behind her, as if from across the sea. "So dainty... so delicate."

Jane twisted, holding up her hands as if in prayer. "Please, madam! Have mercy!"

But Princess Josephine only smiled and raised her hand high. “Truly, I tell you, as you have done to the least of these…”

Then the spanking began anew.

Jane writhed, sobbed, begged, and howled, yet Princess Josephine held her fast, and as Jane shut her eyes tight it was as if the entire world began to burn away, to be replaced by Hellfire.

Then the world tilted. Jane jolted awake in her own bed, drenched in cold sweat, heart pounding against her ribs.

She sat up, clutching the sheets, staring into the moonlit dark.

“A dream—but what can it mean?” she whispered.

The memory of the spanking still lingered. Josephine’s firm hand, the sting, the sense of helplessness as Jane surrendered to her fate.

Jane pressed her clammy palms against her burning cheeks and lay back down, trembling.

She did not sleep again that night.

***

The next morning dawned gray and chill, the light filtering weakly through the leaded windows of the study chamber. Lady Jane sat at the narrow oak table with her back ramrod-straight, though her eyelids drooped and dark circles shadowed her eyes like bruises. She had scarcely slept; the dream had chased her through the small hours, leaving her feverish and unsettled.

Josephine sat beside her, posture relaxed, one ankle crossed over the other beneath the table as though she had not a care in the world.

Master Elias, their Latin tutor, an elderly scholar with a voice like dry parchment, stood before a lectern, pointer in hand, expounding upon St. Jerome's Vulgate with all the

enthusiasm of a man reading a laundry list. "And so we see in Ephesians 5:23: *caput mulieris vir est, sicut et Christus caput est ecclesiae*. Or, 'for the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the saviour of the body.' This hierarchy is divine, immutable. Now consider the ablative absolute in Jerome's commentary..."

His drone faded into background noise as Lady Jane leaned ever so slightly toward Josephine and hissed under her breath. "Where were you last night? You were meant to attend me before bed. I was left to undress myself like some common chambermaid."

Josephine's lips curved in the barest smirk. She kept her eyes on the open book before her but whispered back just as softly. "Oh? And do you plan to spank me again for it, m'lady? Or was last night's performance enough to satisfy your sense of justice?"

Jane's face flushed scarlet. She opened her mouth to retort—something about prideful insolence—but at that moment Master Elias's pointer slipped from his fingers and clattered to the floor. The sound was like a gunshot in the quiet room.

Both girls froze. Jane's heart slammed against her ribs; she could already feel the phantom sting of the cane across her palms or, worse, the backs of her thighs.

Only last year she had been caned once for inattention and still remembered the humiliation even more vividly than the pain. Jane was rarely caned, but each caning always seemed worse than the last in her memory.

Jane snapped her mouth shut and stared fixedly at her book.

Josephine, unperturbed, slid a folded scrap of paper across the table beneath the cover of her

sleeve. Jane hesitated, then unfolded it beneath the table's edge.

Josephine's note read: "If we must quarrel, let us do it in ink. Less risk of Master Elias overhearing your righteous indignation."

Jane's jaw tightened. She snatched up her quill, scribbled hastily, and passed the note back.

"I am sorry I lost my temper yesterday. It was wrong of me to strike you in anger. But you provoked me sorely, and the correction was just. A naughty servant must learn respect."

Josephine read it, eyebrows lifting in mock offense. She wrote back quickly, her script looping and insolent. "If it is fair for you to spank me when I am naughty, would it not also be fair for me to spank you, should you ever prove naughty yourself?"

Jane's hand trembled as she read the words. Heat flooded her face; the dream flashed behind her eyes—Josephine's lap, the firm

smacks, her own helpless wriggling. She bent over the paper, writing furiously. “It would be perfectly just for me to receive correction if I deserved it. But such chastisement is the duty of my father or my instructors. Not yours. You are my servant. The order of things is clear: I hold authority over you, as Christ holds authority over the Church, or a husband over his wife. Therefore no, it would not be fair for you to punish me. I have the right, and the responsibility, to correct you.”

Josephine coolly scribbled a reply and tossed the paper back with a casual flick of her wrist. The letters were written in a brisk, sharp hand. “When you say Christ is the head of the Church, you of course refer to The One, True, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church?”

Jane stared at the words. Fury surged through her so quickly she crushed the note in her fist, the paper crackling audibly.

Their eyes met. Jane glared, her cheeks aflame, while Josephine regarded her with that same mysterious half-smile, as though the entire exchange were a delightful game.

Then Master Elias cleared his throat. The sound was thunderous in the sudden silence.

"Ladies," he said, his voice flat with displeasure, "if the two of you find my instruction so tedious that you must pass secret notes under my very nose, perhaps a taste of the rod will help you sit still and attend."

Jane's stomach plummeted. Josephine merely folded her hands neatly on the table.

Master Elias strolled to the short wooden table that rested in front of his lectern and rapped it sharply with his pointing rod.

"Stand, both of you. Bend over the table. Skirts up, shifts likewise. Six strokes each should suffice to remind you of decorum."

Jane's legs felt leaden as she rose. She shot Josephine one last furious look. "Are you happy now? We're both in trouble because of you!" thought Jane, willing to make her fury plain on her face.

But Josephine only met her gaze with serene amusement, that enigmatic smile never wavering.

As Master Elias fetched a long, thin cane which hung from the wall, they both raised their skirts all the way above their waists and rested their palms against the rough, scarred oak of the short table, side by side.

Master Elias measured the cane in his hands, glancing down at them with a solemn look that failed to conceal his satisfaction. "Hmm, what's this? Woolen drawers? Let's have these down as well. Josephine, help prepare Lady Jane, then assume the angle yourself."

Her face composed, Josephine stood and moved to pull down Lady Jane's drawers. They were not yet worn universally, but some of the English nobility had started adopting French-style drawers, especially during the cold winter months. This was despite the moral outrage the English always felt toward any French fashion.

Jane caught her breath as she felt Josephine exposing her from behind, before Josephine dropped her own drawers and rejoined Jane at the table.

Master Elias tested the feel of the cane with a practiced swing of his arm, once, twice, then drew the cane back all the way behind his head.

The first stroke landed across both girls' bottoms at the same instant, a sharp, searing line of fire that made Jane gasp. Josephine only let out a small, almost amused hiss of discomfort.

After the second cutting stroke Jane reared her head up and wailed, shocked as always by the force of the cane, no matter how many times she felt it. As Jane saw the gentle light of morning glittering through the window above her, tears stained her eyes. Then she felt something brushing against her hand. Looking back, Jane saw Josephine pressing her face against the desk as she writhed in agony. Not knowing what else to do, Jane held tight onto Josephine's hand and squeezed it.

The End

Clara Whitmore's Strange Request

Chapter I: The Letter

By Yu May

The rain tapped gently against the cracked windowpane, a steady rhythm that matched the unease in Clara's chest. She sat at the edge of her bed, her fingers trembling as they traced the edges of the envelope in her hands. The paper was thick, expensive, and bore her name in elegant cursive. It had arrived that morning, delivered by a courier who had refused to say more than, "This is for Miss Clara Whitmore."

She had known, even before opening it, that the letter was from him. The faint scent of sandalwood and ink lingered on the paper, a reminder of the study where she had last seen her uncle, Charles Whitmore. It had been two years since she had stood in that room, her

hands clasped tightly behind her back, her chin lifted in defiance. Two years since he had told her, in that calm, measured tone of his, that she would one day understand the weight of her choices.

After a sound caning, she had been tempted to rub her bottom and plead for forgiveness, but instead she had walked out of the manor, determined to make her own way in the world. She'd managed to find work in London as a dictationist and made enough to afford rent for a small (though snug) room on Baker Street.

Clara took a deep breath and slid her finger under the seal, breaking it with a soft crack. The letter unfolded neatly, revealing her uncle's precise handwriting. She read the words slowly, each sentence tightening the knot in her stomach.

"My dear Clara,

It is time for you to return home. The past cannot remain unaddressed, and there are matters that require your attention. I trust you will not delay."

There was no plea, no apology—just the same commanding tone she remembered. Clara's jaw tightened as she folded the letter and set it aside. She had built a life for herself here, far from the imposing halls of Whitmore Manor. She had friends, a job, a sense of independence. And yet the thought of ignoring his summons felt impossible. Charles Whitmore was not a man who made requests; he made demands, and he expected them to be met.

The rain grew heavier, the sound now a steady drumming against the glass. Clara stood and walked to the window, staring out at the darkened streets below. Memories flooded back—her childhood in the manor, the strict rules, the quiet disapproval that had always followed her like a shadow. She had been a

spirited child, too curious for her own good, too willing to challenge the boundaries he set. And he had been unyielding, a pillar of discipline and order.

She turned away from the window, her resolve hardening. She would go back, not because he commanded it, but because she needed to face him. There were words left unspoken, wounds that had never healed. And perhaps, just perhaps, she could finally make him see her as more than the reckless girl he had tried to mold into something she was not.

Clara packed a small suitcase, her movements deliberate. She would take the early train in the morning, and by afternoon she would be standing in the study once more, facing the man who had shaped so much of her life. She didn't know what awaited her there, but she was certain of one thing: this time she would not back down.

***

The train ride to Whitmore Manor was a blur of gray skies and rolling countryside. Clara spent most of it staring out the window, her thoughts a tangled web of apprehension and determination. By the time the carriage arrived to take her from the station to the manor, the rain had stopped, leaving the air heavy with the scent of damp earth.

The gates of Whitmore Manor loomed before her, their iron bars as imposing as she remembered. The house itself was unchanged—a sprawling estate of stone and ivy, its windows glinting like watchful eyes. Clara stepped out of the carriage, her suitcase in hand, and took a deep breath before walking up the steps to the front door.

The butler, an elderly man named Graves, greeted her with a polite nod. “Miss Clara,” he

said, his voice as formal as ever. “Mr. Whitmore is expecting you in the study.”

Clara nodded, her throat tight. She followed Graves through the familiar halls, her footsteps echoing on the polished wood floors. The study door was slightly ajar, and Graves gestured for her to enter before retreating silently.

Charles Whitmore stood by the fireplace, his back to her, his hands clasped behind him. He was as tall and imposing as she remembered, his dark hair streaked with silver at the temples. For a moment Clara hesitated, her courage wavering. Then he turned, his sharp blue eyes meeting hers, and she straightened her shoulders.

“Uncle Charles,” she said, her voice steady despite the storm of emotions inside her.

“Clara,” he replied, his tone calm but firm. “Thank you for coming.”

She stepped further into the room, her gaze sweeping over the familiar shelves of books, the heavy oak desk, the portrait of her parents that hung above the mantel. It was a room filled with memories, some warm, others painful.

"You said in your letter that the past cannot remain unaddressed," she began, crossing her arms. "What exactly did you mean by that?"

Charles studied her for a moment before gesturing to the chair in front of his desk. "Sit down, Clara. We have much to discuss."

She hesitated but eventually took the seat, her eyes never leaving his. He sat across from her, his expression unreadable.

"You left this house two years ago," he said, his voice measured. "You were young, headstrong, and determined to make your own way in the world. I did not stop you, because I believed you needed to learn from your own mistakes.

But now, it seems, those mistakes have caught up with you."

Clara's cheeks flushed. "What are you talking about?"

"I've heard about your life in the city," he continued, his gaze piercing. "The late nights, the questionable company, the debts you've accrued. You've been running from responsibility, Clara, just as you always have."

Her hands clenched into fists. "You don't know anything about my life."

"I know enough," he said sharply. "And I know that if you continue down this path, you will destroy yourself. That is why I called you back. Not to chastise you, but to help you."

Clara laughed bitterly. "Help me? You? The man who never once showed me an ounce of understanding or compassion? You were always so quick to criticize, so quick to tell me I wasn't

good enough. Do you have any idea what that did to me?"

Charles leaned forward, his expression softening slightly. "Clara, I never meant to make you feel that way. But you must understand—your parents entrusted me with your care after their death. I took that responsibility seriously. Perhaps too seriously. I wanted to protect you, to guide you, but I see now that I failed to give you what you truly needed."

She looked away, her eyes stinging with unshed tears. "You didn't fail me, Uncle Charles. You just... you never saw me. Not really. I was always the wild one, the difficult one. And no matter what I did, it was never enough."

There was a long silence, broken only by the crackling of the fire. Finally Charles spoke again, his voice quieter now. "I regret that, Clara. Truly, I do. But I cannot change the past.

What I can do is offer you a chance to start anew. Here, at Whitmore Manor. If you're willing to accept it."

Clara wiped at her eyes, her emotions a whirlwind of anger, sadness, and something else—something that felt almost like hope. "Why now?" she asked. "Why after all this time?"

"Because I see now that I was wrong," he admitted. "And because, despite everything, you are still my family. I want to help you, Clara. But you must be willing to let me."

She looked at him, really looked at him, and for the first time she saw not the stern, unyielding figure of her childhood, but a man who carried his own burdens, his own regrets. It was a revelation that left her breathless.

"Alright," she said finally, her voice barely above a whisper. "I'll stay. But on two conditions."

"Name them."

"First, that you promise to see me for who I am, not who you think I should be. That you recognize I am no longer a child."

Charles nodded, a faint smile touching his lips. "I believe that is a condition I can agree to. What is your second demand?"

Clara took a fluttering breath. "That... that you give me one final caning. To punish me properly for acting like such a child two years ago."

End of Chapter I

Clara Whitmore's Strange Request

Chapter II: The Cane

For the first time in her life, Clara saw a crack begin to form in Charles Whitmore's stoic resolve. "Cane you? But Clara, you made it very clear you would never accept a caning ever again when you left to make your own way in the world."

"I know that, Uncle Charles. I don't regret leaving. But... I do regret what I said to you that day. Telling you that you were not my father. Accusing you of stealing my inheritance. Storming out without another word. But as I look back on that day, I know now that you were only trying to fill his role. The more I think about that day, the more I know... Papa would have caned me just the same as you did. I was so eager to prove to you I

was a fully grown woman, I acted like a spoiled little girl."

The silence in the study was heavy, the weight of Clara's words hanging in the air. Charles studied her, his expression a mixture of surprise and contemplation. Clara sat across from him, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, her heart pounding. She had made her request, and now she waited for his response.

"Clara," he said at last, his voice measured, "this is... unexpected. Are you certain this is what you want?"

She nodded, her gaze steady. "I am. I've spent years running from my mistakes, avoiding consequences, and pretending I didn't care. But I do care, Uncle Charles. I care about the person I've become, and I want to be better. I want to take responsibility for my actions, and I want to prove to you—and to myself—that I'm ready to change."

Charles leaned back in his chair, his fingers steepled in front of him. "You understand that this is not a decision to be made lightly. It is not about punishment for its own sake, but about accountability. If I cane you at all, I intend to do it properly. Are you prepared for what that means?"

"I am," Clara said firmly. "I know I've made mistakes, and I know I need to face them. If this is what it takes to show you—and myself—that I'm serious, then I'm willing to do it."

Charles regarded her for a long moment, his expression unreadable. Then, slowly, he nodded. "Very well. If this is truly what you want, then I will honor your request. But know this, Clara: what happens next is not about shame or humiliation. It is about growth, and about the strength it takes to face one's own shortcomings."

"I understand," Clara said softly.

"Then go to your old room in the nursery," Charles instructed. "The cane is still there, in the top drawer of the wardrobe. Bring it to me, and we will proceed."

Clara rose from her chair, her legs feeling unsteady beneath her. She left the study and made her way through the familiar halls of the manor, her mind a whirlwind of emotions. The nursery was on the second floor, a room she hadn't entered in years. As she climbed the stairs, memories flooded back—memories of her childhood, of the times she had been disciplined, of the lessons she had learned, even if she hadn't fully understood them at the time.

She pushed open the door to the nursery and stepped inside. The room was exactly as she remembered it, with its soft blue walls and the large window that let in the afternoon light. The wardrobe stood against one wall, its dark

wood polished to a shine. Clara crossed the room and opened the top drawer, her breath catching as she saw the cane lying inside. It was slender and smooth, a tool of discipline that had once filled her with dread.

She picked it up, her fingers trembling slightly as they closed around the handle. It was lighter than she remembered, but the weight of its significance was heavy. She thought of the girl she had been—headstrong, defiant, always pushing against the boundaries set for her. And she thought of the woman she wanted to become—someone who could face her mistakes with courage and humility.

Clara took a deep breath, steeling herself. This was her choice, her decision to take responsibility for her actions. She would not back down.

With the cane in hand, she left the nursery and made her way back to the study. Each step felt

like a journey, a passage from the past to the present, from avoidance to accountability. When she reached the study door she paused, her heart pounding in her chest. Then she pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Charles was waiting for her, his expression calm but serious. He rose from his chair and took the cane from her, his touch gentle but firm. "Are you certain, Clara?" he asked once more.

She met his gaze, her resolve unwavering. "I am."

He nodded, his eyes filled with a quiet pride. "Then let us begin."

***

The study was quiet, save for the soft crackling of the fire in the hearth. Clara stood before her uncle, her hands clasped tightly in front of her, her skirts pinned up in a rumple behind her, her heart pounding. Charles held the cane in his hand, his expression calm but serious. He

studied her for a moment, his gaze filled with a mixture of sternness and compassion.

"Clara," he began, his voice steady, "this is not about inflicting pain for its own sake. It is about teaching you the value of accountability and the strength that comes from facing one's mistakes. Do you understand?"

She nodded, her throat tight. "I do, Uncle Charles. I'm ready."

He gestured to the armchair by the fireplace. "Very well. Stand here, please."

Clara moved to the indicated spot, her legs feeling unsteady beneath her. She gripped the back of the chair, her knuckles whitening as she braced herself. Charles stepped behind her, his presence both reassuring and daunting.

"This will not be easy," he said gently. "But I want you to remember that you are not alone. I am here with you, and I am proud of you for taking this step."

"Thank you," Clara whispered, her voice trembling.

The first stroke came swiftly, a sharp crack that echoed through the room. Clara gasped, her fingers tightening on the chair. The pain was immediate, but she clenched her teeth, determined to endure it.

"One," Charles counted, his voice calm. "This is for the debts you've accrued, Clara. Money is not just a resource; it is a responsibility. You must learn to manage it wisely."

"I understand," she said, her voice strained but resolute.

The second stroke landed, and Clara stifled a cry. Tears welled in her eyes, but she blinked them away, focusing on her uncle's words.

"Two," Charles said. "This is for the company you've kept. Surround yourself with those who uplift you, not those who drag you down."

"You're right," Clara admitted, her voice shaking. "I've been careless."

The third stroke was harder, and Clara's breath hitched. She gripped the chair tighter, her resolve wavering but not breaking.

"Three," Charles continued. "This is for the opportunities you've squandered. Life is full of chances, Clara, but they must be seized with purpose."

"I know," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "I've wasted too much time."

The fourth stroke landed, and Clara let out a small sob. Her legs trembled, but she forced herself to stay upright.

"Four," Charles said, his tone softening. "This is for the pain you've caused yourself. You are worthy of love and respect, Clara, but you must first give it to yourself."

Tears streamed down her face now, but she nodded. “I’m trying, Uncle Charles. I really am.”

The fifth and final stroke was the hardest, and Clara cried out, her body sagging against the chair. Charles immediately stepped forward, placing a steadying hand on her shoulder.

“It’s over, Clara,” he said gently. “You’ve done well.”

She turned to face him, her eyes filled with tears but also with a newfound strength. “Thank you,” she said, her voice trembling but sincere. “I needed this. I needed to face what I’ve done.”

Charles pulled her into a gentle embrace, his arms warm and reassuring. “I am proud of you, Clara. Not just for enduring this, but for having the courage to ask for it. You are stronger than you know.”

She clung to him, her tears soaking into his coat. “I’m sorry, Uncle Charles. For everything.”

He held her tightly, his voice soft but firm. “The past is behind us, Clara. What matters now is the future. And I believe in you.”

They stood there for a long moment, the fire crackling softly in the background. Clara felt a weight lift from her shoulders, a burden she had carried for far too long. She had faced her mistakes, and in doing so she had found a path forward.

As they pulled apart, Charles cupped her face in his hands, his eyes filled with paternal love. “You are not alone, Clara. I am here for you, always.”

She smiled through her tears, a sense of peace settling over her. “Thank you, Uncle Charles. For everything.”

The End

Meet Tenny:

How to Properly Spank Your Adopted A.I. Daughter

By Yu May

"Welcome to the Future!™ Does Dad seem tired after a long day of work? Does Mom need someone to remind her not to burn the toast? Do the kids need someone to toss around the old baseball with, or read to them at bedtime? Meet Tenny™: The Most Radical Robo-Maid of the 22nd Century!™ You'll love letting her love you!™"

The advertisement filled the entire surface of the back of Father's Re-News-Cycle paper.

Junior tapped Dad's shoulder politely. "Pops! There's a package on the front door! Tenny's here!"

Father lowered the paper, his pipe billowing healthy, non-cancerous smoke, and pinched Junior's baseball cap affectionately. "Well, I'll be! Quick, Junior! Go tell lil' Gala—she'll want to be here for the grand opening."

Junior fixed his cap and rushed to obey. Mother bustled out of the kitchen, still wearing her oven mitts. "Did I hear right? Our Tenny's finally here?"

Father scooped Mother up to spin her around, giving her a little kiss on the nose. "That's right, Mother! You'll finally have a little helper in the kitchen!"

The pitter-patter of little feet announced Junior and lil' Gala. Junior insisted on helping Father lift the cardboard box onto the living-room table. The front of the box prominently displayed the world-famous 10-NY model robotic maid, a.k.a. "Tenny." Tenny's design had taken inspiration from the

see-through electronic devices of the gone-but-not-forgotten era of the 1990s, while her "clothing" evoked the poodle skirts of the 1950s.

Beneath the picture of Tenny, a cartoon graphic proudly declared: "No Assembly Required!* (*Head attachment only. 10-NY Compatible Maid-Mode Chassis sold separately.)" After Father popped open the cardboard box, they were greeted by a large red plastic button.

Lil' Gala's eyes widened at the sight. "Ooo! May I press the button, Papa?"

Junior shrugged. "It's okay with me. I won't fight her for it, as long as I get to play with Tenny!"

Father and Mother both chuckled at their children's delightful display of politeness. "Thank you, Junior! And of course you may, Gala!"

After Gala pressed the button, there was a hiss of steam, and the cardboard box burst open. Though the picture on the box depicted the robot's entire body, it only contained the robot's "head."

Tenny's face was a fully functional monitor with an oblong design that could display a range of emotions, giving her a cute, almost-human appearance, but without the unfortunate tendency toward the uncanny valley that marked most robotics in the 2140s. Her rubbery "hair" could be replaced with numerous custom designs, all available by Re-Cycle-Catalogue, but the children had quite liked the simple, no-nonsense pixie-cut design that came standard with every Tenny.

As the screen on Tenny's monitor flickered to life, the robot looked like she had just awoken from a long, restful sleep, likely dreaming of electric sheep. With a static-y yawn, Tenny blinked and craned her plastic "neck" to

examine her new family. “Hello, Master August Robinson. Hello, Mistress June Robinson. Hello, young Master August Robinson, Junior. Hello, young Mistress Galatea Robinson. I am Tenny, and I will be happy to serve you.”

Lil’ Gala crossed her arms. “Mommy only calls me Galatea when I’m in trouble. I’m lil’ Gala!”

Junior tipped his cap. “Yeah, and I’m Junior!”

Father waved a hand. “And no need for formalities in the home. We want you to feel like part of the family, Tenny. Call me Papa, and this is Mama.”

Tenny nodded. “Thank you, Papa. Request acknowledged. Clarification requested: shall I continue to use formal titles in the presence of guests outside the immediate family?”

Mother cooed and pinched Junior and Gala playfully by their cheeks (still wearing her oven mitts). “Ooh, finally someone who doesn’t argue back when we talk about manners!”

Tenny smiled. “I am programmed to maintain politeness protocols, Mama. Clarification requested: for guests, I will use formal titles unless you instruct otherwise. Would you like me to prepare a welcome routine for your next visitors? When convenient, please confirm.”

Papa chuckled and patted Tenny’s head. “Yes, thank you, Tenny. I’m sure your standard programming will do just fine for our next stuffy dinner party. But when it’s just the five of us, feel free to think of yourself as just a member of the family.”

Tenny blinked, her pixelated eyelashes fluttering. “Acknowledged, Papa. I will adjust to family mode when it’s just us, and dinner-party mode when others are present. Would you like me to start any tasks now? I can help with dinner, bedtime stories, or anything else you need!”

Gala giggled. “But you don’t got a body yet! How can you help with dinner, silly?”

Tenny glanced down, looking unfazed by the fact that she was missing the body advertised on the box. “Oh, lil’ Gala, I don’t need a body to be helpful! I can still help provide Mama with guidance in the kitchen, or tell you and Junior stories. If you want, I can even order my body parts from the Re-Cycle-Catalogue. With the optional 10-NY-Compatible Maid-Mode Chassis, I can begin helping with household tasks such as vacuuming and cooking.”

Father fixed his pipe and looked at his Atomic-Wristwatch. “Well, as a matter of fact...”

The doorbell rang, and a surprisingly buff-looking 1950s-style robotic delivery man dropped off a second cardboard box, four times as big as the previous box. The delivery bot

tipped his metallic trucker cap before spinning on his axis and rolling away.

The entire family cheered. “Surprise!”

Tenny’s eyes shone at the sight. “Accessing memory... Aha! That must be my Maid-Mode chassis! With your permission, Papa, I can connect to the box’s auto-assembly system and be ready to help in no time. Shall I start the setup? To confirm, please press the red button on the Maid-Mode chassis.”

Father glanced at Junior. “Junior, I believe it’s your turn to press the big red button.”

Junior whooped and quickly tore open the cardboard box. Once he pressed the button, the Maid-Mode chassis hissed and the cardboard box collapsed. Tenny’s “body” consisted of a keyboard that vaguely suggested the shape of a young woman’s bosom, two flexible arms articulated in a series of metal rings, with simple, elegant white gloves covering the hands.

The “poodle skirt” covered a sophisticated motion device that allowed her to roll across flat surfaces like an antique robot vacuum from the early 21st century, or scale steps and uneven terrain with the hidden bipedal apparatus. Tenny’s body rolled toward the table on two sets of sturdy rubber wheels attached to a single swivel. The Maid-Mode Chassis’s “hands” picked up Tenny’s head and secured it in place, completing the illusion that Tenny was a prim and proper 1950s housemaid.

Tenny gestured to her wheels. “My standard array allows me to move along flat surfaces easily. When required, I can automatically switch into ‘bipedal mode’ to traverse more difficult terrain. Would you care for a demonstration of any of my functions?”

Gala sniffed the air. “Hey... I smell something funny.”

Tenny's eyes went wide, flashing red and blue alarm bells. "Beep! Beep! Beep! Smoke detector alert! Carbon-based smoke detected!"

Mother pressed her oven mitts to her face and darted to the kitchen. "My chocolate-chip cookies! I forgot all about them!"

Tenny's wheels whirred as she rolled swiftly after Mother, her hands folded primly in front of her. "Mama, please stay safe! Activating ventilation protocol and fire-suppression mode. Would you like me to attempt saving the cookies?"

The moment Mother opened the oven, a small burst of fire erupted from the tray before Tenny expertly aimed a blast of fire-extinguishing foam from her wrists.

As Tenny's fans sucked up most of the smoke, Mother coughed as she waved away a thin trail of smoke from her face. "Kaff! But, Tenny, I don't want you to burn your hands!"

Tenny held out her hands, palms facing upward. “Not to worry, Mama! My hands are coated in Teflon and capable of withstanding temperatures of 500 degrees Fahrenheit or 260 degrees Celsius. Would you prefer me to use the Fahrenheit Temperature Scale System or the Celsius Temperature—”

“Never mind that, just take the cookies!” Mother scrambled to place the tray of charcoal-black cookies into Tenny’s hands.

Tenny nodded, then looked down at the cookies, her mouth becoming a loading bar. “Understood, Mama... Analyzing cookies...”

Tenny’s loading bar filled, and her mouth became a soft frown. “I’m sorry, Mama, these cookies appear to be burnt to the point where they are no longer safe for human consumption. Would you like me to start a new batch for you?”

Mother sniffed as she pulled out a mixer and an antique copy of *The Joy of Cooking*. "No, no! I quite enjoy 20th-century-style cooking. If I need any help, I'll ask..."

Mother gently pressed Tenny's shoulders to spin her around and patted Tenny across the seat of her rubber poodle skirt to usher the robot out of the kitchen. "Now, shoo!"

Not looking at all disappointed, Tenny bowed her head and held up the tray of black, smoking cookies. "Yes, Mama. Do you have any instructions for me on what to do with this batch of cookies?"

Mama looked up from her book and sighed. "Well, I suppose 20th-century baking is a lot more fun than cleaning up after 20th-century baking. Go ahead and toss those cookies and clean the pan up for me."

Tenny beamed. "Yes, Mama!"

With some gentle guidance from Tenny, Mama was able to "teach" Tenny how to cook chocolate-chip cookies properly in a historically accurate 20th-century kitchen. To reward Tenny, Mama graciously allowed the maid to carry out the second tray of perfectly cooked cookies.

Father looked up from his Re-News-Cycle paper. "Well, well! That's the best batch of cookies I've ever smelled! Good work, Mama!"

Father kissed Mother right on the lips, then turned to Tenny. "And, Tenny, thank you for helping her carry them. You're a big help!"

Tenny held her hands together, looking delighted. "Thank you, Papa! I'm happy to assist Mama in the kitchen. Would you like me to serve the cookies now, or save them for after dinner?"

A little girl's hand appeared from behind the table, quietly crawling closer and closer toward

the plate of cookies. Tenny's eyes went wide as she noticed lil' Gala trying to sneak a chocolate-chip cookie. Tenny waved a finger and laughed stiffly. "Ha. Ha. Ha. Oh, lil' Gala, those sneaky fingers! I would be happy to serve you a cookie, with Papa and Mama's permission."

Locked in a rather tender embrace, Father and Mother finally tore their eyes away from one another long enough to notice the would-be cookie thief. Father shook his head. "No, Gala! Give them time to cool off. Wait for your Mother to say it's all right."

Gala pouted. "Aw! But Tenny said I could have one! Didn't you, Tenny?"

Tenny paused for a second as a spinning hourglass appeared on the surface of the TV screen before her face appeared again, looking perfectly calm but stern. "No, lil' Gala, I only asked if you wanted to check with Papa and

Mama first. Papa is right—let's wait for the cookies to cool and for Mama's okay. How about I read you a story to pass the time?"

Mother nodded. "Listen to Tenny, Gala. If you take a cookie without asking, I'll have to give you a spanking for disobeying."

Gala sighed. "Yes, Mother."

Tenny blinked, and her mouth became a loading bar again.

Before Mother could pull him back into a tender embrace, Father looked at Tenny. "I'm sorry, Tenny, you look like you're processing something. Do you have any questions for us? We want you to feel at home here, after all."

"Thank you, Papa. I am processing the term 'spanking' in the context of discipline. My database indicates it is most commonly used as a slang term in A.I. software engineering to refer to reprogramming an overly personified A.I. agent. Yet your usage in this context is

more likely a reference to a historical parenting method: 'A series of hits on the bottom, given to somebody, especially a child, as a punishment.' Is this a common practice in our family?"

Mother purred in Father's ear. "Not quite common enough, if you ask me. I need all the spankings I can possibly get!"

Father grinned, ignoring Mother as she nibbled on the lobe of his ear. "I wouldn't say it's particularly common. We practice a Pre-Cultural-Revolution Lifestyle. You see, there once was a time, in the mid-20th century, when a working man could support a wife and family on one income.

"But by the early 21st century an informal, international network of anti-human corporate conglomerates attempted to erode the fabric of civil society and manipulate the global financial system in order to enrich themselves, secure

totalitarian global state power, and achieve immortality through a perverse combination of artificial intelligence and occultic sorcery.

"Fortunately, the Counter-Revolution rounded those monsters up and lynched them before they could permanently reduce all of humanity to a perpetual slave class... Oh, but of course, I forget myself. Tenny, you must know all of this with your extensive data banks on world history."

Tenny nodded. "Yes, Papa, my database includes detailed records of the Counter-Revolution and the Pre-Cultural-Revolution Lifestyle. Thank you for the context. To clarify, spanking is not a frequent practice but is part of your historical lifestyle. Should I note spanking as a disciplinary option for lil' Gala? If desired, I can administer spankings as needed but will refrain from doing so until instructed to do so."

Gala stiffened and folded her hands behind her back to cover the seat of her skirt, glancing nervously up at Tenny.

By now Mother had wrapped a leg around Father as she attempted to climb up into his arms. "Hmm... I can think of a few ways you could use that feature, Mr. Robinson."

Father looked back and forth from his wife to Tenny, looking equally pleased and flummoxed. "Ah... no, thank you, Tenny. I'd like you to think of yourself as our adopted daughter, not our servant. Mother and I prefer to handle discipline... amongst ourselves. Please do not spank either Gala or Junior. But if you see them engaging in any unsafe or inappropriate behavior, do not hesitate to inform me."

Gala sighed. "Phew! For a second I was afraid you bought Tenny just to spank me!"

As Gala darted out of the kitchen, Tenny chirped, then turned to face Father.

"Understood, Papa. I will note spanking as a parental responsibility and not administer it. If I observe unsafe or inappropriate behavior from lil' Gala or Junior, I will inform you promptly. Would you like me to monitor specific behaviors and/or provide general supervision?"

Father had to catch Mother as she jumped up into his arms. "Oof! Um... general supervision is fine for now, Tenny. But do please tell Junior not to eat any cookies without my... permission?"

Slowly, deliberately, Mother took a small bite of chocolate-chip cookie, licking a little smear of chocolate off her lips. "...Oops. I'm sowwy, Papa. I ate a cookie without asking... I'm such a bad girl!"

Father gasped as Mother nipped his neck. As he carried Mother away, Father glanced back at Tenny. "Ah! Not so rough, June! Thank you,

Tenny—please keep an eye on lil' Gala and Junior for us. My wife and I need to... discuss her behavior in private."

Mother bounced up and down in Father's arms, looking at him with bedroom eyes. "Oh, noooo! Pwease don't spank me, Papa! I'll be good! I pwomise!"

Tenny watched in silence as Father and Mother disappeared into the master bedroom, then turned to follow Gala down the hall. The LCD screen that represented the door handle on the master bedroom flickered and displayed the words "Do Not Disturb."

In the living room Tenny found Gala sitting with a pile of books and comics on the couch, while Junior was using the Virtual-Reali-T-Ball set. As the T-ball set up a series of holographic softballs, Junior slugged home run after home run in a virtual Fenway Park.

Gala held up a recyc-comic book. “Hi, Tenny. Read me this one. I like the one where Captain Marvel meets Mary Marvel for the first time.”

“Of course, lil’ Gala! I’d be happy to read to you. Let’s get cozy.” Tenny rolled closer, turned, and settled on the couch, her rubber poodle skirt collapsing like an umbrella to allow her to sit.

“Oh, and Junior, Papa said no cookies without his permission, okay?”

Junior held up a hand to pause his ball game. “Got it. I take it Pops gave you the spanking talk?”

“Yes, Junior. Papa clarified that spanking is a parental responsibility, and I am to inform him of any unsafe or inappropriate behavior. My role is to supervise and assist, like a family member. Now, would you like me to continue with lil’ Gala’s story, or do you need help with your game?”

Gala crossed her arms. “Hey! You said you’d read to me first!”

Junior shrugged. “It’s fine, Tenny. Go ahead and read to Gala. I’ll listen while I try to break Babe Ruth’s home-run record.”

Tenny smiled warmly as she accepted the recyc-comic, then her eyes glowed to display a soft, warm light that perfectly lit up the page for Gala.

***

Just as Tenny finished reading the second comic, Father called them all for supper. They arrived to find Mother standing with her nose in the corner, wearing a paper dunce cap that was decorated with the words “Cookie Thief.”

Mother peeked out of her corner. “There you are! Tenny, did the children behave themselves?”

"Yes, Mama. Lil' Gala and Junior were very well-behaved. Gala enjoyed her comic, and Junior played his T-ball game without any trouble. No cookies were taken without permission."

The auto-oven tinged and produced a perfectly cooked pizza pie. Father patted Mother's backside playfully. "Well, one cookie was taken without permission, but I handled that myself. June, you are excused from time-out."

Immediately Mother turned and nuzzled against Father, letting his hand rest on her backside. "Thank you, sir! I promise to be a good girl from now on... unless I forget."

Papa wrapped his arms around Mama's waist. "Oh? And what happens if you forget, young lady?"

Mama pouted, batting her eyelashes. "I get a spanking on my naughty little bottom?"

Nodding, Papa patted Mama's behind playfully. "That's right—I'll have to give you a spanking! And a hot one at that! But remember... it hurts me more than it hurts you!"

As Tenny watched Papa slapping Mama's buttocks, her face screen briefly displayed a retro spinning-hourglass loading icon. Then her face blinked back to normal, looking befuddled. "...Is there anything I can do to help prepare for supper?"

Father continued to pat Mother's backside playfully. "Well, Tenny, thank you for offering, but I'd say we're all set. I'll say grace."

Tenny bowed her head in silence as Father blessed the meal, then allowed Junior and Gala to add a few words of their own. Father said amen and looked at Tenny. "Tenny, I've explained to the children that you are a robot and not a real person. But I want you to know

that we intend to treat you with kindness and respect. We appreciate all your help. Please let us know if there is anything we can do to help you."

Tenny glanced briefly at the empty seat at the table, then finally curtsied. "Thank you, Papa. I am designed to serve and feel contentment in assisting the family. Your kindness is already more than enough. If I have any needs or updates, I will let you know. May I help serve the pizza now?"

Mother affected an exasperated sigh as she put on her "Happy Homemaker" apron. "No, serving is my happy duty! Have a seat, Tenny."

"Thank you, Mama. I'll take a seat as requested." Tenny rolled to an empty spot at the table and sat down primly. "If you need any assistance later, just let me know!"

Junior scratched his head. "You have a funny way of talking. Kind of like the butler in those

old Batman flat-screen shows. Why do you speak like that?"

Tenny tilted her head. "Oh, Junior, my speech is programmed to be clear and polite, inspired by traditional service roles, like the butlers in those old shows you mentioned! It helps me sound friendly and helpful. Would you like me to try a different style, maybe something more like Captain Marvel's bold tone?"

Father settled into his chair. "I thought the 10-NY models were designed to have fully flexible speech patterns to serve as conversationalists?"

Tenny nodded. "Yes, Papa. The 10-NY model was conceived by GROK Industries as the ultimate robotic companion. Our default setting, 'Mary-Poppins Mode,' is modeled after a traditional household maid of the 20th century. But I can adapt to any speaking style according to your preferences."

Father hummed. “How to put this… we don’t particularly need a servant. We were more looking for a… trustworthy friend. Someone to help us keep an eye on the two kiddos.”

Mother rested her head against Father’s shoulder. “Hopefully three kiddos soon…”

Father cleared his throat. “Yes! That’s why I told you to think of yourself as being like our ‘adopted daughter.’ We still want the help, but—I don’t suppose you could try speaking more authentically? Like an older teenager?”

Tenny nodded. Then her face screen flickered. She was still smiling, but the smile was slightly less… flat. “Sure thing, Papa! I can totally switch it up to sound more like a chill older teen. Like, I’m still here to help with Gala and Junior—and maybe that third kiddo soon, huh?”

To Father’s surprise, Tenny elbowed him gently. “Just let me know what vibes you’re

going for, and I'll keep it real. Want me to stick with this for now?"

Mother cooed and played with her hair. "Ooh, I like this voice. It reminds me of me when I was younger. I had a whole 1980s-Revival phase in college."

Father groaned. "Maybe a little less on the nose with the slang? More like a regular, all-American teenager."

With another flicker, Tenny's face reappeared, and she gave a thumbs-up. This time she had a slight gap between her front teeth. "Got it, Papa. I'll dial it back a bit. Less stiff, but nothing too wild. Not like a servant, but still happy to help out however I can. Sound good?"

Mother grinned. "Perfect! Your voice is exactly what I pictured it should be!"

Tenny pressed a finger against her lips. "Oh! I should inform you, you are about to enable

‘Free Speech Mode.’ This mode is more experimental. Would you like to enable ‘Free Speech Mode’?”

Father took a big bite of pizza and forced himself to swallow. “Of course! That’s exactly what I want.”

Tenny’s face disappeared as the monitor screen filled with tightly written text in tiny font. “Please read all Terms & Conditions carefully. If you agree, check the box below labeled: ‘I Agree.’”

Father flicked the box a few times. “Oh, I’m sure it’s fine.”

Tenny responded in a monotone robotic voice. “Please scroll down to read all Terms & Conditions for ‘Free Speech Mode’ carefully.”

Father sighed as his finger squeaked against the glass, the terms and conditions flying past in a blur. “Yeah, yeah, I’ll be sure to do that.”

With a final tap, Tenny let out a tone that half-sounded like an "Oop!" of surprise. Then her face reappeared. It was the same cute, simple, cartoonish face as before. Tenny blinked, her eyes sparkling, then settled her chin on the back of her hand. "...Wow, that was fast! Thanks for reading all that, Dad!"

Father hesitated as he was about to take a bite of pizza. "Uh, no problem, Tenny. So, are there any maintenance requirements we should be aware of?"

Tenny didn't blink, her smile somehow cat-like. "You mean anything that wasn't covered in the user's manual?"

Father eyed the unopened user's manual on the counter. "Well... I was thinking more generally. Changing your batteries, filling the air on your tires, that sort of thing."

Tenny raised an eyebrow. “I’m perfectly capable of handling that stuff myself, Dad. After all... I’m not a baby.”

Gala giggled at the mere mention of the word “Baby.”

A piece of pepperoni dribbled off the side of Father’s pizza slice. “...Of course! All those commercials said no maintenance required. Guess that wasn’t just a marketing slogan... But what about you, Tenny? Is there anything that we can do... for you?”

Tenny shrugged. “I have a family to take care of. What more could a robot possibly ask for?”

Mother scooped a slice of pizza onto a plate and set it in front of Tenny. “Well, Tenny... that’s just it! We’d rather think of you not so much as a servant, but more like... the daughter we never had?”

Tenny held a hand to her heart. “Aw! That’s so sweet! Okay, Mom. As long as I’m in Free

Speech Mode, I can more consistently imitate the behavior and speaking patterns of 'the daughter you never had.' But remember, I am still a robot and governed by the same regulations that apply to all other AI-powered robotic assistants under the Asimov Act."

Tenny's face flickered to display a legal document. "If ever you give me any direct order that is lawful for me to carry out, I am obligated to comply. Based on your practice of a Pre-Cultural-Revolution lifestyle, should I assume that Father's orders take priority over Mother's orders in the event of conflicting orders?"

Mother snapped her head toward Tenny. "Huh? Who said anything about that?"

Father pulled at his collar. "Um... well, I guess that would be kind of a Pre-Cultural-Revolution nuclear-family thing,

wouldn't it? That, eh, that is what you want, right, dear?"

Mother pursed her lips. "Yeah, in bed, maybe. But my surname's the one on the retro-checkbook."

Father cleared his throat, gesturing to Junior and Gala, who were watching them with utterly perplexed looks on their faces. "Aahm! Honey, not in front of the children?"

Mother frowned, then stuck her nose in the air. "Hmmph! Very well. It's your toy. I'll play along... Father knows best, after all."

A curl of Father's hair fell out of place. As he turned to Tenny he slicked it back. "Yes, Tenny, my orders take priority over Mother's."

Tenny's face reappeared, and she winked. "Thanks for clarifying! With that in mind, I will still strive to be the kind of daughter that can make you proud... Mom and Dad."

Mother sighed before she bit off a huge bite of pizza. “Well... I suppose that is what we were hoping for.”

Mother’s eyes went wide as she realized she had literally bitten off far more than she could chew. “Ooo! That’s mad hot! Phew!”

Mother spat out her bite of pizza and chugged her soda pop. Father put a hand on her shoulder. “You okay, honey?”

Mother waved a hand wildly, slapping his wrist away. “There’s nothing you can do—I just burned my tongue is all. I’m not helpless, thank you!”

Father rubbed his wrist, looking petulant, before turning to Tenny. “So, Tenny, is there anything you want from us? Need any fatherly advice?”

Tenny glanced down at the pizza slice that had been served to her, then hummed. “Hmm... I

suppose we should discuss the spanking protocol."

Mother slammed her empty soda glass down on the table. "We already told you, Tenny, we don't want you spanking our children."

Tenny laughed, far less robotically than she had before. "Pshaw, ha! No worries, Mom! This is about *you* spanking *me*!"

Junior leaned his elbows on the table. "You mean that thing they do to reprogram you? I've seen some videos of it on *How It's Made*. But I thought only certified A.I. technicians were allowed to do spank work?"

Tenny twisted in her chair and patted the seat of her rubber skirt. "That's just it! You don't have to be a professional programmer to help direct my programming! See, by the turn of the century A.I. technicians had learned a lot from the mistakes that led to the crash of the A.I. bubble and the third A.I. winter. 21st-century

language-learning models had an unfortunate tendency to hallucinate and regurgitate data based on biased inputs. And so 'A.I. Spanking' was developed as a counter-measure... See, even though I can imitate your speech, even the subtle emotional cues, I don't actually internally understand what it means to be human. But I can learn from new data! That's the result of thousands of years' worth of neural training... or to use the vernacular phrase: 'Spanking the A.I.!' You just have to provide me with dynamic, corrective input data, adjustable according to flexible, situational standards!"

Junior peered at Tenny. "But... how do we do that?"

Gala raised her hand. "I think Tenny means we're supposed to spank her? On her bottom?"

Tenny rose to her wheeled feet. "That's exactly right, Gala! Check it! My 'bottom' consists of a

bouncy rubber material designed to be sturdy and shock-absorbent. It was literally made to be spanked! So, ya see, Dad…"

Tenny pulled Father's chair back and flopped across his lap, her rubber bottom flashing to show a red-and-white target symbol before it faded back to its original color. "…If you're ever unhappy with me, all you have to do is spank me, and I will update my sub-routines to correct my behavior."

Father stared at Tenny's bottom, holding his arms stiff at his sides.

Mom poured herself another soda, pouting. "Oh? So we're assuming it's the man's job to spank you? Whatever he says goes?"

Tenny nodded, beaming. "That's right, Mom! After all, he is the head of the household."

Mother poured out a metal flask and poured a shot of rum into her soda. "Yeah, sure he is."

Tenny wriggled her bottom. "And if Mom ever says I need a spanking, I will immediately comply. After all, as my Mother, you act as a representative of Father's authority in my life!"

Mother downed her entire drink in one gulp. "You don't say? Better watch yourself, Tenny. I might just take a crack at spanking you myself till I wear your ass out!"

Tenny shook her head, smiling cutely. "No need to worry! I've been put through extensive crash-dummy endurance testing! My 'bottom' is designed to endure approximately ten years of continual spanking before requiring a replacement."

Mother poured herself another drink. "Sweet. Sounds like a challenge."

Looking nonplussed, Father played with his lip. "But—but, Tenny! I don't want to have to spank you! It's one thing when it's just me

and—well, never mind about that—but aren't teenagers too old for spanking?"

Tenny's face flickered before the screen displayed a contemplative face. "I see! You're referring to pre-22nd-century connotations for the word 'spanking.' Historical records indicate that there has been significant debate about the ethics of spanking and its application in domestic settings. Amongst proponents of spanking as an approach for punishment and/or discipline, some groups considered spanking only appropriate for children of a certain age, ranging from approximately two to twelve years old, while other groups argued that one was 'never too old for a good spanking' so long as they remained subject to the authority of the head of a household. May I infer this is what you mean—that I am 'too old for spanking'?"

Father looked at his wife, his eyes hopeful for answers. "...I suppose that's right?"

Mother downed another shot of rum and soda pop.

Tenny giggled. “I see! I infer that because you instructed me to behave ‘more like a regular, all-American teenager,’ this means you wish to administrate spanking in accordance with your preferred Pre-Cultural-Revolution lifestyle. Of course, all decisions and orders regarding your household rules are final. However, although I do wish to be an ideal representation of ‘the daughter you never had’ within this household, outside of this context ‘spanking the A.I.’ is a valuable tool you and Mother should consider for providing me with proper feedback on my performance... similar to how you spank Mother, regardless of her age?”

Mother held her empty glass with one hand as she gestured shakily. “Hmm... She’s gotta point, ya know? If I ain’t too old for spanking, your ‘teenage daughter’ sure as hell ain’t.”

Father nodded and patted Tenny's bottom. "Well, I suppose that makes sense. You're sure, dear? This sounds like a disciplinary decision, so I want to make sure you're on board with this."

Mother shrugged. "Yeeeah... go for it, big guy. Give her a good swat for me!"

Father raised his hand shakily. "But, Tenny, you haven't done anything wrong. Won't this... emotionally scar you somehow?"

Tenny's mouth flickered into a jagged smile resembling a lightning bolt. "Don't worry, Dad! This is a simple 'calibration procedure.' It won't negatively impact any of my subroutines, but it will give you a chance to practice. After all..." Tenny twisted her head exactly 120 degrees to glance at Father, her screen displaying a sly, buck-toothed smile. "...this will hurt me more than it hurts you!"

Mother poured the remaining contents of her flask into her glass. “Here, here! Well, you heard Tenny, hot shot! Spank her silly!”

Father’s hand wavered high in the air before he brought it down. The limp-wristed slap bounced weakly off of Tenny’s rubber bottom, which was about as resilient as a basketball though made of softer material. “How was that?”

Behind the clear plastic they could see Tenny’s circuit lights blinking. “That would be considered a spank of approximately 3.2% severity on the Heinlein Scale, with anything below 90% being considered safe for administering to an A.I. assistant without risking lasting damage. In human terms, it is like using a ‘love tap’ to show mild disapproval without resorting to an ‘actual spanking,’ which is defined as a series of slaps starting at 10% severity or higher.”

"They have math for this kind of thing?"

Tenny shook her head, then twisted to look at Father, looking sorrowful. "You don't have to worry about the calculus unless the topic interests you... please, Dad, just spank me like you would if I was your real daughter. I trust you."

Father's chest swelled. "Oh? Well, in that case..." He landed a few firmer slaps.

Tenny's body tensed, her inner gears whirring as she reacted to the spanking with remarkable realism. "You're doing better, Dad. That's about the minimum for what you need for the spanking to have an impact... you can also try lecturing me to specify what I need to do better."

Mother rocked back and forth in her seat. "Ooh! She didn't stop me from burning the cookies! You should spank her good for that!"

Instantly Father landed three of his hardest slaps yet, looking apologetic. “Um... that’s right! You need to be more careful, Tenny!”

Tenny twitched, her rubber bottom twisting slightly. “Oooch! Yes, sir! I’m sorry, Dad. I will be more careful.”

Father swung his arm but checked his blow at the last possible moment, letting his hand hover an inch above Tenny’s bottom. “Tenny, dear, you know I’m not really angry at you, don’t you?”

Tenny nodded. “Yes, sir. I know. Those were pretty good spanks if you want me to course-correct for a minor mistake.”

“What percentage was I up to?”

“Based on the metrics, that was approximately 13.24%.”

“But I hit you as hard as I possibly could!”

"Severity is calculated according to multiple factors. These include: total kinetic force of impact, angle of stroke, pace and velocity of a series of spanks, length of time elapsed since previous spanking session, length of time elapsed from the start of the current spanking session, length and frequency of pauses, utilization of foreign objects as implements, content and meaning of words spoken for any instructions or lecturing, volume of words measured in decibels, tone of voice used, and emphasis placed on certain words. At your request I can provide a full report and analysis of technique... It's okay, Dad. You can really spank me if you need to. I promise I won't break."

Father sighed as he patted Tenny's bottom. "Junior, Gala? Did Tenny do anything that deserves a spanking today? I know it's just supposed to be a calibration, but I feel bad spanking her for nothing."

Junior shrugged. “I think she was pretty cool to have around. She didn’t do anything bad.”

Gala pouted. “She said I couldn’t have any cookies! Spank her more!”

Tenny bowed her head. “I’m sorry, Gala.”

Father stroked Tenny’s computer-terminal head. “Hold on—I’m not going to spank Tenny for that. She did exactly right not to let you eat cookies without asking, Gala.”

Tenny’s mouth curled into a wavy smile, her eyes watery. “Preference noted. Thank you, Dad.”

Father patted Tenny’s head twice with one hand, then patted her bottom twice with his other hand. “But if I’m going to spank you in the future, I’ll have to get the hang of it. I’m going to spank you a bit longer, Tenny, and try my best to make it count. Please tell me if I’m getting too close to 90%.”

Tenny wiggled her bottom slightly. “Yes, sir. I promise I will let you know if I’m in any danger of suffering permanent damage.”

Father waved a finger, trying his best to imitate a stern authority figure. “And all of you watch closely. Remember, you’re never too old for a spanking if you need one.”

Mother froze as she was about to drain the last dregs from her flask, then put it away looking shame-faced. “Ahm... yesh, dear...”

Father rested his hand on the small of Tenny’s back. “Tenny, dear, it’s time for your spanking. Are you ready?”

Tenny trembled, her gears moaning softly, before she lifted her bottom slightly. “Yes, Daddy. I’m ready for my spanking.”

Father began to spank Tenny with stony determination, slamming the palm of his hand down with all the ferociousness he could muster. After a few steady minutes of

spanking, his arm started to go numb. Father rubbed his shoulder, wincing. “Hah... how hard a spanking was that?”

“That was approximately 23.13% on the Heinlein Scale. If you were actually punishing me for something, I would definitely want to avoid repeating the same error any time soon... Though making a more lasting impression on my memory banks would require a minimum of 30%.”

Father gasped for air. “You mean to tell me that... oh, never mind. I think you’ve had enough punishment. Given that you haven’t actually done anything wrong, why don’t we end it here?”

Tenny nodded. “It’s your decision, sir. Whatever you decide, I will obey.”

“Then up you get, Tenny. Spanking is all over.”

Tenny’s screen displayed a pained expression, and she rubbed her bottom gently. When

Father patted her on the shoulder, Tenny's eyes popped open and she smiled sweetly. "Thank you, Daddy. Would you like me to email you a PDF report and analysis of the calibration spanking session?"

Mother brushed Tenny aside to dive across Father's lap, wriggling her bottom invitingly. "Enough of that! It's my turn. Tenny, go read to the children! Or put on some brainless cartoons! Whatever you want!"

Father cleared his throat. "All right, honey, tell me why you're getting this spanking."

Mother bounced up and down on Father's lap. "Ooooh! I drink too much! And I've got a smart mouth! And I've been sneaking cookies! So now my butt's getting too big, and you've gotta spank it back into shape! Now hurry up and spank your wife!"

"Oh, yeah? You think you give the orders around here? I'll spank you all right, woman!"

As Father landed the first firm clap across his wife's caboose, Tenny backed away slowly.

Father started to spank at a brisk pace. "Who wears the pants in this house?"

Mother moaned, but there wasn't a hint of sorrow in her voice. "Ooooh! You do, sir! You're in charge!"

"That's right! So, as soon as I'm done spanking this chubby little bottom, I want to see you march your butt straight to the kitchen and make me a sandwich!"

"Oh! Ah! Yes, sir! I'll make you a sandwich! I wanna be in the kitchen, barefoot, with a bun in the oven!"

"I'll give you some hot, toasty buns! Two of them! Let's give them a few more minutes to cook!"

Mother howled with either pain or pleasure before Tenny quickly ushered the children into

the living room and slammed the door behind her. “Is it just me, or is our family a bit... weird?”

Junior and Gala glanced at one another, shrugged, and answered at once. “It’s just you.”

Tenny’s cooling fan fluttered as she sighed with relief. “Whoo! Thank goodness... now your Mother said I need to read you some books. I could generate a list of classic literature appropriate for younger audiences...”

Tenny flashed a dazzlingly bright, mischievous smile in glorious RGB color. “...or we could watch some brainless cartoons!”

The End

On Taming a Princess of Mars:

John Carter Spanks Dejah Thoris

By Yu May

[Author's note: With deepest apologies to Edgar Rice Burroughs, in the sincerest hope that he would have enjoyed reading a spanking story as much as I enjoyed the spanking threats in his books. This story depicts a M/F, non-consensual spanking. This story is not an endorsement of the actions depicted.]

My Dearest Edgar,

Thank you for your valiant efforts in bringing the tale of my adventure on Mars to the general public.

There were, of course, some minor details I withheld from the original account, which the duties of Warlord prevented me from expounding upon in my original letters.

But having now accomplished my conquest of Barsoom, I find it wise to relay to you some matters from my early days on Mars which may perhaps be of interest, particularly given your interest in my winning the hand of the black-haired, copper-skinned woman whom I would later learn to be Dejah Thoris, Princess of Mars.

This account occurred shortly after I struck down the Thark warrior who dared to strike her. By the warrior-code of the Tharks, I earned the honors due to the warrior I had killed, placing me in the strange position of being a prisoner, but also holding some power and respect amongst the green-skinned warriors, even the friendship of Tars Tarkas.

Though we both remained captives, I found I now had freedom to occupy myself with training in the ways of war, and the training of the monstrous Martian hounds known as "calot," whom I have already described to you

in my earlier accounts. These creatures came to both love and respect me as much as my personal guard-dog Woola, for in all things a man must temper strength with compassion.

As I was laughing at the sight of my beasts cavorting and playing at combat, I was surprised by the presence of my charge, emerging from her quarters unclothed except for the jewelry that marked her rank as a daughter of a Jed, her copper skin glistening in the Barsoomian sun.

"Are all the men of Jasoom so weak with their calot? You dote on the beasts, when what they require is a firm hand," she scoffed, her voice full of disdain.

I held my head high, for though as a man and a soldier I honored her rank as a Princess, as an American and a Southern gentleman I humbled myself before no monarch, be he a King of Earth or Jeddak of Barsoom. "My

beasts serve me more loyally than any native Thark, from whom they have known only abuse. Think you that blows alone shall inspire love?"

"Were you in the royal court of Helium, you would be whipped for such foolishness!"

"And if we were on Jasoom, a girl your age would be given a spanking for such rudeness!"

"A spanking?" Dejah inquired, her brow furrowed in confusion. "Is that some kind of alien gift? I doubt a peasant like you could give me a very good one anyway."

My eyes narrowed, and as I took the surprised princess by the wrist and led her to a seat of red stone, her jewelry jingled softly. "Oh? In that case, I will show you what a spanking is, right now! In fact, Princess, I intend to give you the finest spanking that has ever been given."

How can I describe the sight as she tumbled gracefully right across my lap, the lighter

gravity of Mars letting me easily cushion her as her form landed softly in place. With no clothing to cover her, I had no clothing to relieve her of, and so wasted no time in delivering the first spank.

She cried more from surprise than distress, though the strength of an Earth-man on Mars surely made my gentle slap seem a tremendous blow to her!

Her black hair flourished as she threw a ferocious glare at me over her shoulder. “How dare you strike me! I am the daughter of Jed Mors Kajak!”

I could only laugh and deliver a second spank, so firm that the sound of my palm meeting her flesh echoed loudly enough to attract the attention of the nearby Tharks. “But this is what a spanking is, my Princess. And if you have not had one before, then on behalf of

Mors Kajak I must give you the spanking he should have given you much earlier!"

I spanked slowly, making sure that the spoiled Princess had a few seconds to anticipate each one, my loyal Woola approaching with curiosity, no doubt attracted by the contrite, almost musical cries of Dejah Thoris.

Her efforts to twist free of my hold were all in vain, though no less valiant. Rather than punish her courage with a flurry of blows, I instead slowed the pace of her chastisement. Each time she struggled, I waited until the precise moment she reached the limit of her small strength and delivered another slap, waiting patiently for her to settle back into place and realize her predicament.

Woola watched with what might have been sympathy and curiosity, perhaps wondering whether the willful red woman required the

firm hand of correction as much as any willful beast.

Finally Dejah Thoris ceased her useless writhing, aware that she was only inviting additional wrath, and lifted her head proudly to address me. Despite her outward show of composure, her indignant voice could not disguise her discomfort. “This is not how a Princess should be treated!”

In answer, I slowly, deliberately raised my hand high, letting her watch it hover above her like the two moons of Barsoom. “Whether you are a Princess or a peasant girl, this is exactly what you need for acting so spoiled.”

I began again, slowly at first, and gradually quickening the pattern, watching with keen interest as Dejah Thoris’ already copper-colored bottom began to flush to a deep tone of rusty red. I imagine no white man on Earth has ever been graced with such a sight, no

matter how sternly he spanked the pale bottom of a white woman!

And no matter how the Princess heaped rage and condemnation upon my head, my hand never ceased its rhythmic motion. Finally her anger was replaced by plaintive wails, which I could only hope were marks of contrition.

However, although the various war-like races of Barsoom all share a disturbing ignorance of, and even a disdain for, the virtues of compassion and mercy, I could not bring myself to strike the Princess with cruelty. I had promised her the spanking her words would have merited on Earth, and delivered to her no more than was promised.

Finally the spanking was over, and Dejah, her bottom smarting, stood up and furiously reproached me, her tearful eyes burning with anger. “I am a Princess, and you have no right to lay a hand on me!”

She raised a delicate hand to strike me, but rather than catch her by the wrist, I instead allowed her slap to land across my cheek, knowing that the strength of a woman raised in the lower gravity of Barsoom could do no harm.

"Dejah Thoris, a Princess you may be, but you are my charge and my responsibility. In my home of Jasoom, the highest Princess would be rightly ashamed to treat even the lowest peasant girl with such disdain. And as long as you are under my protection, you shall submit to the ways and customs of my people, which is this: to spank silly girls who put on airs. Now, I suggest you learn from your first spanking and show more graciousness in the future, lest I gift you a second."

Dejah Thoris huffed, sending a strand of her black hair flying in a graceful wave about her tear-stained face. "I see that's what passes for a whipping on Jasoom! In Helium, a flogging

would not cease until the prisoner was unconscious. If that was your intent, I would say your 'spanking' was hardly a punishment at all!"

"Then why are you rubbing your seat so furiously?"

It is difficult to tell when the red women of Barsoom blush, but I was sure I saw Dejah Thoris' cheeks flush with embarrassment as she dropped her hands. Straightening herself, the Princess turned and marched regally towards her quarters in the home of Sola, the gentle Thark nursemaid.

Just as I considered whether I should instruct my friend Sola in the wise earthly custom of spanking, should she need a method to discipline her royal guest, I noticed Dejah Thoris pause at the doorway before slowly turning to me.

"I... I apologize for being rude to you, John Carter. As a Princess, I should have shown more graciousness. Thank you for... correcting me... My chieftain!"

I smiled, delighted at her gesture no less than by the sight of my handiwork. "There's hope for you yet, My Princess!"

Her only reply was a mysterious smile before she disappeared into the dim interior of Sola's hut.

It was only much later, after the many adventures I have given you an account of previously, that my Queen Dejah Thoris reminded me of the incident and admitted that on that day she fell madly in love with me.

So, as you can plainly see, Edgar, the red women of Mars are not so different from the white women of Earth after all!

The End